

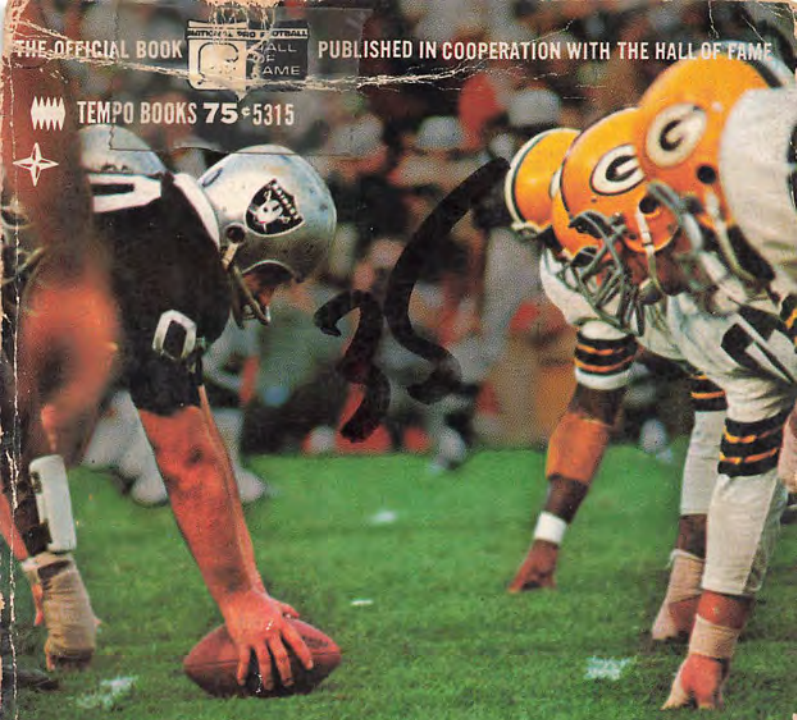
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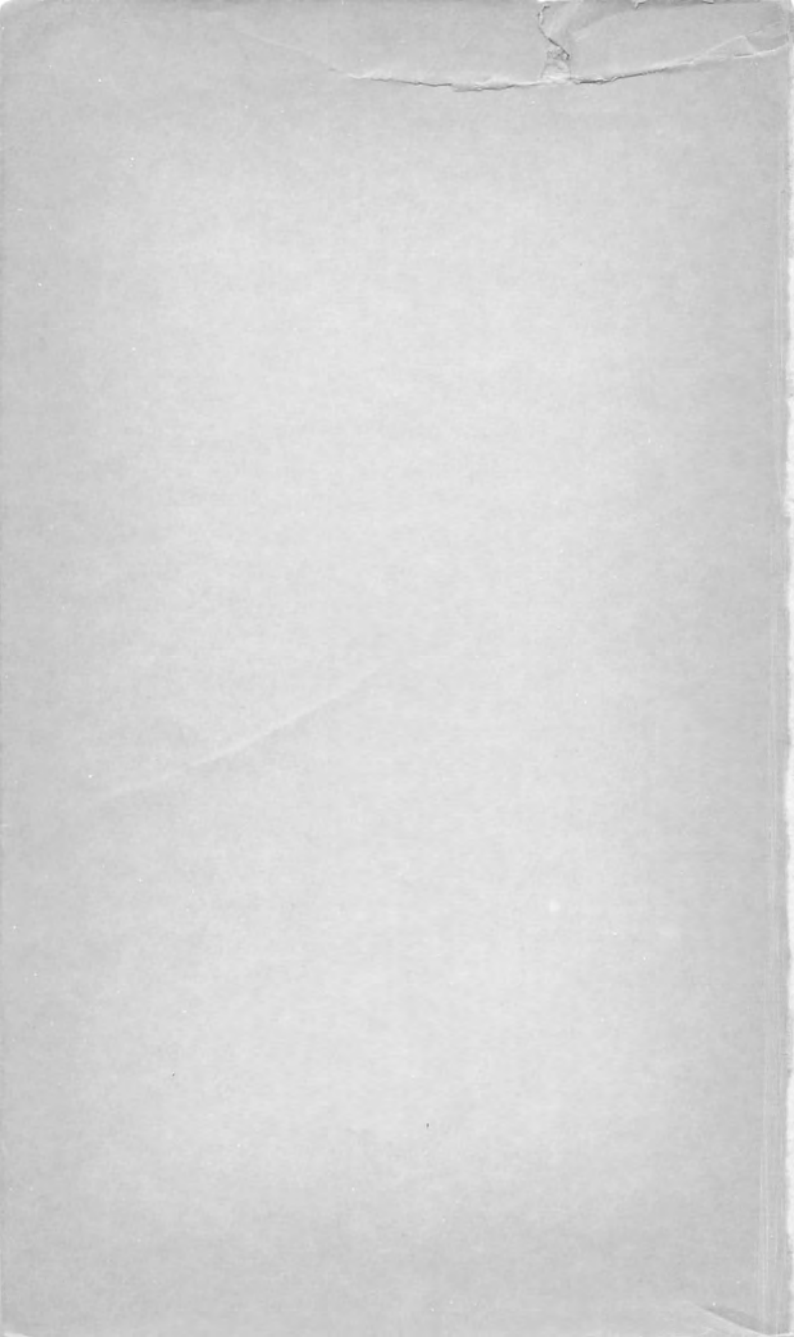


A FAMOUS SPORTSWRITER'S TRIBUTE TO THE GAME'S GREATEST PLAYERS

PRO FOOTBALL'S HALL OF FAME

BY ARTHUR DALEY

THE SUPERSTARS AND COLORFUL PERSONALITIES OF
AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING SPORT



Pro Football's Hall of Fame

Here is the glamor of the powerhouse pro game, the thrills and excitement, the belly laughs, and the legendary exploits of pro football's immortals: Jim Thorpe, Fats Henry, Red Grange, Johnny Blood, Ernie Nevers, Cal Hubbard, Bronko Nagurski, Mel Hein, Dutch Clark, Don Hutson, Sammy Baugh, Joe Carr, Bert Bell, Tim Mara, George Marshall, Curly Lambeau, and George Halas.

Their deeds and their daring were phenomenal (Thorpe alone performed enough unbelievable feats to fill a book), but they were human beings, too, and Arthur Daley—one of America's outstanding sportswriters—has succeeded in chronicling the meteoric rise of professional football through the achievements and the struggles of these all-time greats.

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Pro Football's Hall of Fame

The Official Book



by **ARTHUR DALEY**

With a Foreword by Dick McCann

Published in Cooperation with the Hall of Fame



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NEW YORK

TO TIMMY

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Foreword

The milestone men of pro football. . . . Their deeds and dogged faith wrote the history of this great game.

—From the official announcement of the first selections for Pro Football's Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio.

Do you hear a sort of hollowness in "hall of fame"? To me, the words sound worn. They've been called into service too often with careless reverence.

There's a hall of fame for almost anything or anybody, on almost any level—national, state, county, parish, city. Perhaps not yet for precinct or ward, nor maybe for Cape Canaveral's out-of-this-world crowd. But just about everything and everybody else seem to have a hall of fame.

Sometimes these halls of fame assume physical forms. A wall which some hurried architect forgot, or which is confronting a perplexed efficiency expert, gets plastered with metallic chunks or wooden slices called plaques. Or a rotunda's lonely elegance becomes a barracks for statuary.

Usually, though, a hall of fame doesn't receive anywhere near this attention and never gets any further than being a mere file of names that once each year or so comes somewhat alive at a head table.

Pro football couldn't boast of even as simple a thing as that until a few breathless months ago. However, once it came into being, Pro Football's Hall of Fame has emerged with sudden magnificence above and beyond all others. It is not just a monument to the mighty. It is a real-life tribute to fans, especially to those in the town without a team who made it all possible.

How it all came about, finally, is interesting and warm. . . .

Over the years, there had been a lot of talk about a hall of fame for pro football, but no action. Once something almost happened. About twenty years ago, early in the benevolent reign of Commissioner Bert Bell, National Football League clubowners warily recognized the right of Latrobe, Pennsylvania, to the NFL's Hall. Latrobe is the little mining town where, most historians agree, the first player was paid and the first pro game was played.

But money was lacking. The go-ahead gathered dust, and two more decades almost slipped by.

A young newspaperman in Canton, Ohio, then got to thinking that his town ought to show more active pride in its rich football heritage. Canton, thought Germane Swanson, should be the home of pro football's hall of fame. Canton, where the old-timers still mull over the long-ago gridiron glories of the legendary Jim Thorpe and his Canton Bulldogs. Canton, where the National Football League was formed at a meeting in an automobile show-room in 1920.

Swanson carried his idea to Editor Clayton Horn, who liked it and promptly hurled it in challenging headlines to his readers. Many civic hands stretched out to pick up the flung-down gauntlet. Prodded at all times by the local newspaper, Canton's citizens staged a series of swift, well-calculated moves . . . much like a football team nursing time and hopes on its way downfield to a score.

Approval of state, county and city authorities was obtained. Public land would be available for an appropriate building.

Businessmen offered their services in a money-raising campaign. . . . Industry would provide a fat sum for such a fund. . . . Jaycees would do the legwork. . . . All civic groups were ready to roll up their financial sleeves.

The only items remaining on the most-wanted list were recognition and cooperation from the National Football League.

They were not immediately forthcoming. Canton encountered envious opposition when it presented its plan to the NFL. Stirred, all of a sudden, by the fervor of this town without a team, various league cities felt a possessive urge to keep the pro football hall of fame as their very own. And, too, Latrobe came alive again.

Canton's generous offer to provide a house for pro football's homeless heroes, strangely, had to face a vote. It was almost as if there was a ballot on whether or not to accept a

birthday cake. Canton's plan was well-conceived and had been persuasively presented, but it went down to the very last vote in the league's roll call before it was determined that Pro Football's Hall of Fame would be established back where it all had begun at the start of the Roaring Twenties.

Pro football received a rousing welcome on its return to the old home town. All the alluring pre-campaign promises were fulfilled—the land . . . the money . . . the building.

Beautiful but purposeful, the building rises from a perfect setting in a fourteen-acre tract of wooded park land. It's within punting distance of the local high school stadium . . . and you can hit the dome with a lateral pass from any lane of the interstate highway.

Inside, the building is exciting. The museum area has muscles because historical items are exhibited with modern display techniques. Selective slide projectors enable the curious to see any or every football team in pro history—almost every player. Miles of motion picture film reeled in from all of the teams, and from independent producers, from television networks and even from Hollywood, are available for showing at various points in the building . . . as well, of course, every hour on the hour in the little theater downstairs. The library grows daily and should, in time, become a mecca for all football buffs, historians and authors; and, of course, it will be available for use by students doing themes, term papers and post-graduate work. An art collection already includes some valuable oils and water-colors, numerous sketches from illustrators and pieces of sculpture.

The combat and color of the game prevail throughout; they are not stifled even in the hallowed area of the Hall of Fame. The Hall is done with dignity . . . there are the inevitable bronze busts, the hushed air—but, please! do not come to bury Caesar, but to praise him. Your heroes will leap alive right out of the wall at you from the near-life murals depicting them at their best.

Who picked these first seventeen men for the Hall of Fame?

Why were these few picked from the thousands? How? And who's next?

Actually, these questions tumbling from the lips of fans sound more like challenges with chips on their shoulders. Pro football has such fierce sectional rivalries; its rooter interests are more intense than religious beliefs; its fans, such partisans.

Considering all the circumstances, the selection formula is as fair as mere humans could devise. (After all, Heaven had trouble on its first picks. Remember Lucifer?)

First of all, the wide differences in playing conditions throughout the game's history had to be considered. Playing standards and statistics have been materially affected from era to era. It was quickly determined, therefore, that to evaluate the players properly they had to be judged on the basis of being the best of their time. Selections, thus, will be made from each of the following periods:

1943-1963: This period goes back to the inception of the free substitution rule which definitely has enabled present-day players to reach previously unattainable statistical heights.

1933-1943: This period begins with the year of the most sweeping rules changes and the most historic league re-organization. Separate divisions were created, standard schedules decreed and a championship game established—but most of all, the playing of the game was opened up offensively by adoption of rules allowing forward passes from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage.

1920-1933: This period covers the early organizational days of the National Football League, when many trying conditions affected the output of the athletes and imposed numerous obstacles.

1895-1929: This period saw many great players, some great teams. But most pro football then was on a pick-up, semi-pro basis. There were no leagues, no organization of any kind. Records are largely sketchy, and sometimes questionable.

There is an additional classification . . . for non-players such as coaches, officials, club executives, newspapermen, announcers and any others who make great contributions to the game off the field. These men can still be active to be eligible; a player must be retired from competition for at least three full seasons.

However, no specified length of service is required. Pro Football's Hall of Fame doesn't feel that greatness can be controlled by a calendar. Time, it recognizes, is a good test for greatness, but never a penalty.

Any fan can nominate as many players as he wants. Nominations will not be evaluated on the basis of quantity—a player who gets merely one call will take his alphabetical place on the list of eligibles just the same as the player who gets one thousand.

Nominations are presented to a National Board of Selectors. It is comprised of fourteen members—one from each franchise area of the NFL, chosen by the football writers and radio-TV men of that section. Thus, large or old, small or new, each pro football territory has an equal vote. New York's millions can't swamp Green Bay's thousands (on or off the field!).

The Board meets once each year, face to face, to discuss the nominations, and not by mail or telephone. No set number will be selected for the Hall each year, nor is any specific majority established for the Selectors. They aren't hampered by too many rules.

For the first picks opening the Hall of Fame, the National Board of Selectors strayed somewhat from the strict lines of the four eras. They asked themselves these questions:

"In writing a history of pro football, what men would you have to say created milestones? What men contributed the most in its rags-to-riches rise?"

From the thousands, seventeen stood out—the seventeen whose stories you are about to read. No one is better qualified to tell you of the deeds and dogged faith of these milestonemen than Arthur Daley. His typewriter wears cleats. Let's listen to its clatter. . . .

DICK McCANN



JIM THORPE

The Incomparable Indian

KING GUSTAF of Sweden was aglow with admiration when he placed the laurel wreath on the head of Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian from Oklahoma, during the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm.

"You, sir," said His Majesty, "are the greatest athlete in the world."

"Thanks, King," said the noble redman.

If the acknowledgment did not have the flowery grace that proper court protocol requires, it mattered not. The essential facts were indisputable. Jim Thorpe was the greatest athlete in the world, and it did not take a regal pronouncement to make it official.

The supreme test in any Olympics is the decathlon championship competition. Track and field can offer no more formidable challenge than this searing search of man's speed, strength, skill and stamina over a ten-event program. Only supermen of astounding versatility can become proficient in it. Thorpe won the Olympic decathlon championship with ridiculous ease and set a world record.

The Olympics in Stockholm also had a pentathlon championship, a lesser five-event competition. The big Indian also won that and set a world record. No one even pressed him.

More than half a century has passed since the King of Sweden acclaimed Thorpe the world's greatest athlete. The designation still is valid. No one ever can prove it, of course, but the evidence is overwhelming that Jim Thorpe was the finest natural athlete that America has ever produced.

When the twentieth century reached its mid-point in 1950, the Associated Press polled sportswriters the country over to determine the No. 1 performers in each sport over the previous fifty years. Voting was close in some fields of athletic endeavor. But when it came to football, there was no contest. Jim Thorpe, already a legend, won by a landslide.

Unbelievable were the heroics that Thorpe furnished for the little Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. So devastating a performer was he at halfback that the Carlisle Indians were able to defeat such reigning powerhouses of the college gridiron as Harvard, Penn and West Point, among many others. In both 1911 and 1912 the ranking authority in the game, Walter Camp, named Thorpe on his All-America first team. In that era the Camp selections were regarded as official.

In 1915 a professional football team was organized in Canton, Ohio, for the first time in a decade. By the way of insuring themselves a gate attraction from the start, the canny promoters signed the most famous football player in the land, Thorpe.

It was the Indian's enormous prestige that moved the Canton Bulldogs along the road to success. Without him the operation might have foundered, but the man was such a living legend that he drew the crowds and gave the play-for-pay phase of the sport a stability and appeal it hitherto had lacked.

The pro game was still groping toward its date with destiny when the American Professional Football Association was formed in 1920. Its first president, naturally enough, was Thorpe. From this amoeba a year later sprang the National Football League. If the historical line between the mighty monolith of pro football today and Jim Thorpe seems almost invisible, it's there nonetheless.

The thunderous impact of the Indian on an entire nation is almost beyond comprehension today. But a half-century ago the Sac and Fox was so fabled a character that he might have served as the prototype of Frank Merriwell. Merriwell had prodigious skill in every sport. So did Thorpe. There was one huge difference, though. Merriwell was fiction. Thorpe was fact.

He was the greatest football player in the land. All the experts admitted as much. He was the greatest track and field athlete in the world. The Olympics proved it. But he also was a big league baseball player for eight seasons with the New York Giants, Cincinnati Reds and Boston Braves.

He shot golf in the 70's, bowled in the 200's. He could box, wrestle, swim, shoot—well, there just wasn't anything in sports that this abundantly endowed nature boy couldn't do superlatively well. He had size at 6 feet 1½ inches and 190 pounds. And he had blinding speed to go with it.

Thorpe had versatility in general and versatility in particular. On the football field he could do everything. He blocked with the crumpling effect of a man chopping a cane stalk with a machete. He tackled with numbing force. When they gave Old Jim the ball, though, he was in his element.

He was a wraith in an open field. He had a swivel hip that could—and did—knock tacklers cold with a twist. More often, however, the tackler would miss him entirely.

"I give 'em the hip," he once said in amusement, "and then I take it away."

As if the hip movement was not frustrating enough, the Indian had another weapon. His stiff-arm was as lethal as a Joe Louis jab, and he'd leave flattened corpses along his path.

Massing defenses against him was impossible because he had the ability to strike anywhere. He could run the ends and slash off the tackles in fast and shifty fashion, but he also had explosive power in splintering through the middle of a line.

The forward pass was sparingly used in his heyday. But he was an adequate passer and an adequate receiver. It must be presumed that he would have been great at each if he'd arrived on the scene some four or five decades later.

But if the arm wasn't important in the Thorpe era, the foot was. It was here also that this incredible man excelled. He was a deadly field kicker from anywhere inside midfield. Oh, yes. He also could punt. In one game against Lafayette his shortest punt measured 70 yards.

If the Harvard-Carlisle battle of 1911 is not a typical example of the epic Thorpe performances, at least it will serve as a generous sample. Harvard was the strongest football power in the land, the national champion the previous year. Once again the Crimson was loaded, three-deep in manpower under that coaching genius, Percy Haughton.

He was facing another coaching genius in Pop Warner. But Pop was strapped. His Carlisle Indian squad consisted of only sixteen men, most on the smallish side. Some of his blockers weighed as little as 170 pounds. But Pop had one secret weapon, Jim Thorpe.

The Crimson horde swept easily for a touchdown. Into action moved the supple Indian. He pounded into scoring territory and kicked a 23-yard field goal. He booted a 45-yarder and a 37-yarder. To the vast astonishment of the pro-Harvard gathering at Cambridge, little Carlisle led at the half, 9-6.

The Harvard players were more than astonished. They were shocked into a state of indignation at such a show of disrespect. In a cold fury the red jerseys returned to the fray and contemptuously brushed aside the upstarts who were bedeviling them. The Cantabs rolled to a touchdown and had enough momentum left against stiffening opposition to add a field goal.

The crowd relaxed. Surely it was all over. Harvard led, 15-9, and it was inconceivable that Carlisle could do further damage. But just before the teams lined up after the next kickoff, Thorpe walked over to his quarterback, Gus Welch.

"Gimme the ball," growled the warrior.

They gave him the ball for nine straight plays. The big Indian tore Harvard apart. On the ninth play he rocketed over the goal line for a touchdown. The score was tied, 15-15, and the Harvards suddenly realized that they had a tiger by the tail. By this time they were perfectly willing to settle for a tie.

Not so that fiercest of competitors, Jim Thorpe. Only victory would satisfy this one-man gang. Harvard yielded ground grudgingly under his savage pounding and finally braced on its own 43-yard line. It was fourth down.

"Set the ball up," ordered Big Jim. "I'll kick a field goal."

"From midfield?" questioned Welch, the quarterback.

"Yes, from midfield," snarled Jim.

He did too. His 50-yarder split the posts and won the game for the Carlisle Indians, 18-15. He had scored every point.

No man in the history of football saw more players pass in review than the saintly Amos Alonzo Stagg, who reached his hundredth birthday in 1962. How did he rate the Sac and Fox?

"Football will never see another as great as Jim Thorpe," said the Grand Old Man of the gridiron.

Percy Haughton of Harvard was almost as emphatic.

"Here was the theoretical super-player in flesh and blood," he said.

Many years later Gil Dobie of Cornell was raving about the extraordinary abilities of Doc Blanchard as an all-round football performer. The usually dour Dobie was waxing lyrical when a thought entered his mind and made all superlatives stick in his throat.

"Only one man could have crowded Blanchard back onto the second team—Jim Thorpe," he said.

There was a rather illuminating exchange when the selection committee held its first formal meeting to pick the char-

ter members for the Professional Football Hall of Fame at Canton. The youngest of the selectors was so impressed by the skills of the modern specialists in the National Football League that he had difficulty putting Thorpe in any sort of perspective. He needed help. So he sought it from Jimmy Conzelman, the only selector who had actually played pro ball against Thorpe.

"Thorpe's qualifications are beyond challenge," the selector said, "but one thing bugs me. He played in an entirely different era. The game has now reached a peak of perfection undreamed of in his day. How would he have fared if he had come along fifty years later? Could he have been as great a star in this faster and better game? Could he even have made it today?"

Conzelman ran his fingers through his mane of white hair. There was a solemn earnestness in his words when he spoke.

"Jim Thorpe," he said, "could have made any team in the National Football League today. What's more, he would have been the best player on that team. I might also add that he would have been the best player in the entire league."

Who was this extraordinary individual?

Jim was the son of Hiram Thorpe, a bear of a man who was a muscular 230 pounds. Hiram, in turn, was the son of an Irish adventurer and an Indian girl. Hiram also married an Indian. She was Charlotte View, the granddaughter of Chief Black Hawk, the greatest of all Sac and Fox warrior chieftains. She was three-quarters Indian and one-quarter French. So Jim's ancestral strain was slightly mixed since he was five-eighths Indian, one-quarter Irish and one-eighth French.

"It makes me an American Airedale of sorts," he once said whimsically. He was born in Oklahoma on May 28, 1888, and grew up on a ranch. While still a boy, he could break horses and rope steers with artful skill. He shot his first deer when he was only ten and was an accomplished woodsman at that early age.

His Indian name was Wa-Tho-Huck, which means Bright Path, and no one in the history of American sports was to light up a brighter path than he. But he preferred his name of Jim and used no other.

Being an outdoor man both by nature and ancestry, young Jim found school confining. He submitted to classwork at the Sac and Fox school on the reservation, but when he was sent

for more advanced work at Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas, he ran away.

Then destiny reached out for him. The traveling superintendent of the Indian trade school, Carlisle Institute, was searching for students and accidentally stumbled across the one youngster who would make Carlisle a household word, Jim Thorpe.

No farseeing man was the superintendent. He was no talent scout of extraordinary perception and therefore able to recognize latent athletic genius. He was merely selecting another Indian boy for his school, and it was an unprepossessing one he found.

When Jim enrolled at Carlisle as an apprentice tailor (it was primarily a trade school) in 1904, he was a skinny little kid of fifteen. He was not even 5 feet tall and weighed only 115 pounds. But he was growing. Two years later he was husky enough to play guard on the tailors' team in the Shop League. The tailors won the school championship, and seven of them were promoted to the varsity scrubs for the next year, 1907. They called their team the Hotshots.

In the spring of 1907 Jim caught the eye of Pop Warner, another of the happy accidents which was to speed him along the road to greatness. Not only was the broad-shouldered Pop an outstanding football coach at Carlisle, but he doubled effectively as the track and field coach.

One afternoon during track practice, a slim Indian boy waited on the sidelines to perform his task of tidying up the field after the athletes had departed. The yardbird was Jim Thorpe. The high jumpers fascinated him. This was an era, mind you, when only the exceptional jumpers could clear 6 feet. Using the clumsy techniques of that day, the Indians kept brushing off the bar at 5 feet 9 inches.

"I can jump that high," the kid in the dungarees said scornfully.

"Let's see you do it," jeered the other Indians.

They made such a hubbub that Warner turned his gaze. He turned just in time to see Thorpe approach the bar with the bouncy spring of a panther. Four inches of daylight separated him from the crosspiece as he sailed over. Warner gasped. He walked over to the nineteen-year-old stripling.

"Listen, son," he said, "if you can do that much in overalls and sneakers, you can clear 6 feet easily in a track suit and spikes. Report to the track team tomorrow."

"I can't, sir," said Thorpe. "I'm playing football for the Hotshots and I'd like to finish the season."

"You're also a football player, eh?" said Warner. "I don't remember ever seeing you around."

"Perhaps you will from now on, sir," said Thorpe.

"Perhaps I will," said Warner.

It was an understatement, to say the least.

When Thorpe graduated to the varsity from the Hotshots that autumn, Warner paid him little heed. Carlisle had one of its better teams and the line-up was set. Because the Indian school had something of a suicide schedule, Pop concentrated on his first team and paid most attention to Albert Payne, the heavy-duty left half.

There was no real reason why young Thorpe should command attention. The guard on the Hotshots had been converted into a varsity halfback and he was a total novice at the job. He knew nothing of what he was supposed to do, messing up plays in the scrimmages and frequently falling over his own interference.

Yet something happened during a tackling drill one day that made Pop wonder. The Indians had been slipshod in defending against punt returns in one of their early season games, and Pop cracked the whip on them. The varsity lined up in punt formation and raced downfield as one of the second-string backs assumed the hopeless task of trying to return the punt against an eleven-man phalanx that had no opposition to slow it down.

Thorpe caught the punt near the goal line. With a sudden burst he was past the advance men. Then he was moving at full speed in his hip-swinging style. Some tacklers bounced off him. Others grabbed handfuls of air. Thorpe fled into the end zone. He returned upfield, grinning in delight. The smile faded because Warner was glaring at him.

"Who do you think you are?" roared Pop. "This is supposed to be tackling practice."

"Nobody tackles Jim," said Jim, grim and unsmiling.

Warner wheeled on his varsity and lashed angrily at them.

"Let's see you hit in there," he shouted. "Smack him down so hard he won't get up. This isn't tiddlywinks. This is football. Hit! Hit! Hit!"

Thorpe tried again. He was almost in the clear when he was hit. Two Indians scissored in on him from either side in crashing tackles. Thorpe wriggled his hips and left them un-

conscious on the ground behind him as he continued into the end zone. Warily he approached Warner again.

"I thought I told you this was tackling practice," said Pop. But he said it softly this time.

"Nobody tackles Jim," repeated the stubborn Thorpe.

It was weeks before anyone tackled Jim again because he rode the bench in the early Carlisle games. Then came a battle with rugged Penn at Franklin Field. It was so rugged that Payne was carted off the gridiron on a stretcher. Warner scanned his bench and into his mind popped the vision of Thorpe threading his way through tacklers in practice.

"Thorpe," called out Pop. "Go in for Payne."

Jim was such a novice that he had only a skimpy knowledge of signals, plays and assignments. His first college play was a miserable snafu. He got tangled up with his own blockers and down he went.

If he arose in bewilderment, it left him as soon as he looked down the field and saw the goal line 65 yards away. It was something he could recognize. That's where he was supposed to go. That's where he went.

He let the interference go its way. He went his. With speed and brute strength he burst through the scrimmage line. He sprayed tacklers behind him and raced 65 yards for a touchdown. Warner's eyes glistened as he counted seven Penn tacklers strewn about the landscape.

"This is fun," said Jim as he trotted back to his teammates. "Let me try it again."

They let him try it. He went 85 yards for a touchdown the next time. Instinct was his guide and Thorpe had more football instinct than any other man who played the game. Raw novice though he was, he still had a field day against the polished performers from Penn. Carlisle won, 26-6.

With the Sac and Fox still getting his football schooling, little Carlisle went on to beat Harvard. Then came victory over Minnesota, champion of the Big Ten. The only defeat that year was against Princeton, and it took a muddy field to slow down the marauding Indians.

In the spring of 1908 this athletic marvel turned to track. He won the high jump at the Penn Relays at 6 feet 1 inch. He branched out into other events until he was the star of the most colorful track team in the land, the Carlisle Indians. That's what gave the idea to Harold Anson Bruce.

Bruce was the track coach at Lafayette College and had one of the strongest, best balanced teams in the East. He

needed an attraction for Alumni Day and invited Warner to bring his Indians for a dual meet. Warner demanded a guarantee that was staggering. But Bruce went all over Easton, Pennsylvania, passing the hat until he had raised the agreed sum. Then he began to worry. If anything went wrong he'd have to flee town in disgrace.

Anxiously, Bruce went to the railroad depot to meet a trainload of wild Indians. The train stopped. A few passengers got off at one end of the train, a few at the other. Down the steps of the middle car came Warner, chewing disinterestedly on a wisp of straw. Bruce almost swooned.

"P-P-Pop," he stammered, "where are your Indians?"

"I got enough," said Pop.

"But Pop," wailed Bruce. "I have a strong team of forty-six. It's a fourteen-event program. Tell me the truth, I beg you. How many Indians have you brought?"

"Five," said Pop.

"This is disaster," moaned Bruce, one step removed from hysteria. "You haven't a chance of winning."

"Wanna bet?" said Pop, fishing a wad of bills out of his pocket.

Bruce clutched at a post for support. Then Warner hit him with the crusher.

"By the way, Harold," he said, "I wish you'd run off this meet as fast as possible. We'd like to catch the 4:46 train out of here."

With sinking heart Bruce sent his well-trained legions against the pitifully small band of Indians in the dual meet. The result had to be lopsided. It was.

Arquette and Tewanima ran one-two in the 880, the mile and the two miles; Johnson won the quarter and Shenandoah won the high hurdles and was second in the lows.

The fifth Indian was Thorpe. He started slowly by finishing second in the 100-yard dash. Then he warmed up. He won the high jump, the pole vault, the shot put, the broad jump and the low hurdles.

Carlisle won the meet, 71-31, and caught the 4:46 train out of Easton.

Thorpe attracted the eye of Walter Camp in the 1908 football season when he was named to the All-America third team, a big honor for so little a school. Carlisle was good but not great that season, and its top achievement was holding

unbeaten Penn to a 6-6 tie. The tying touchdown, naturally enough, was scored by Thorpe.

That was the year this amazingly versatile athlete really branched out. He was the leading hitter as the first baseman on the baseball team. He won half a dozen events in every track meet. He starred at basketball, lacrosse and wrestling. It was his football skill, though, which left Warner aghast.

"Jim was just a growing boy in those days," he was to say many years later. "He didn't like to practice and was inclined to be lazy. But when he went all out in a game, no man could match him. That was barely half the time.

"He regarded it as fun. He never snarled. He joked and laughed with his teammates and talked to the boys on the other team. He had a natural change of pace that floated him past the other team, and his reactions were so fast that sometimes you couldn't follow them with the naked eye. Punishment didn't mean a thing to him. He was fearless and he hit so hard that the other fellow was always getting the bruises."

The Carlisle system of education did not follow strict academic lines. Most of the pupils worked on farms in the summer vacation period, and it was the summer of 1909 which was to affect profoundly Thorpe's future. It was to cost him his Olympic medals, innocent though he was of any real guilt.

Jim awaited assignment with a singular lack of enthusiasm that summer. Two teammates on the Carlisle baseball team, Jesse Young Deer and Joe Libby, gave him the idea.

"Jim," they said, "we're going to North Carolina to play baseball this summer. Why don't you come with us?"

"Sure," said Jim, "it will be a lot more fun than working on a farm."

They hooked up with the Rocky Mount team, Thorpe as a third baseman. He was offered \$15 a week. Since he had to eat, he took it, never dreaming that he therefore was professionalizing himself. In his unworldly Indian mind a professional was someone who played for John McGraw on the New York Giants. He regarded himself in his heart as an amateur who happened to be lucky enough to get a little eating money. And he never gave it a thought.

One day his manager, trapped by a pitching shortage, came to the strong-armed Sac and Fox.

"Think you can pitch, Jim?" he asked.

"I'm willing to give it a whirl," said Thorpe with a careless shrug of his shoulders.

So he became a pitcher. In the usual improbable Thorpe fashion, he won twenty-three of twenty-five games for Rocky Mount.

It was life without strain. Thorpe stayed out of school both the 1909 and 1910 football seasons, playing ball in the Carolinas and finally in Arkansas. When the league collapsed, he went back home to Oklahoma and found an eager letter awaiting him from Warner.

"If you come back to Carlisle and start training," wrote Pop, "I think you can make the Olympic team that is going to Stockholm."

Jim returned. He left as a boy but he came back as a man—barrel chest, thick neck and oaken legs. He had grown to 6 feet 1½ inches and filled out to almost 190 pounds. He was bigger, stronger, faster.

He had not touched a football in two years. So Pop used him sparingly in the opening game against Dickinson. Thorpe played seventeen minutes and scored seventeen points. Warner yanked him quickly against St. Mary's before his juggernaut trampled the opposition to death. Jim scored three touchdowns.

Strong Georgetown came next, but Carlisle went into an early lead and Pop didn't have to hurry Jim into action. When he got in, he unveiled that lethal stiff-arm for the first time and rolled unmolested for 40 yards and a touchdown. The football writers perked up their ears and sharpened their pencils. One expert had this to say:

"While Carlisle has a fine team and one of the best backs in the East in Thorpe, the Braves are stepping out of their class against Pittsburgh, Harvard, Army and Syracuse."

Warner arrived for the Pittsburgh game with his little squad of sixteen men.

"They have us licked," announced Pop to his Indians, a psychological jab intended to send them on the warpath.

"They have not," bellowed Thorpe. "We'll show 'em."

Thorpe had a lot of showing to do. The Panthers were laying for him. Two and three and four Pitt players went for him at once. No holds were barred in a roughhouse exhibition, but no roughing could knock the grin off Thorpe's face.

"Next play will be off left tackle," he'd shout at his tormentors. Then he'd slash off left tackle. He kept calling the plays in advance, inviting Pitt to stop him. They could not. He poleaxed them with his straight-arm and knocked them

galley-west with his hips. He smashed them to bits. Carlisle won, 17-0.

"Thorpe is everything they said about him," wrote the critical experts who had derided him. "And more."

Against unbeaten Lafayette the big Indian gave a phenomenal exhibition of his punting ability. No kick was less than 70 yards. In his spare time Jim scored two touchdowns and a field goal as Carlisle won, 19-0.

Tough Penn came next and the Indians were at a disadvantage because Thorpe was hobbling about with an injured leg. It cramped his style so much that all he could do was set up two touchdowns, score one himself, intercept Penn passes and charge in so fiercely from the defensive secondary that the Quaker attack never could get unwound. Carlisle took that one, 16-0.

The epic performance of Thorpe against Harvard was the climax of the 1911 season. This was the one in which Thorpe kicked four field goals and scored a touchdown to tally all the Indian points in an 18-15 upset of titanic proportions. Incidentally, Thorpe gained 173 yards that afternoon.

"This was one of the two greatest games I ever played," Jim admitted many years later. "The other was against Army the following season."

Between those two high spots was another peak. It was the double victory of the big Indian in both the decathlon and pentathlon at the Stockholm Olympics in 1912.

Had he desired, Jim also could have competed in the regular high jump. He qualified for such a post in the Olympic tryouts. Considering the fact that he had trained for versatility rather than individual excellence, his qualifying leap almost defies belief. Thorpe high jumped 6 feet 5 inches.

No athlete on the American Olympic team was better rested than Thorpe. Everyone else worked furiously aboard ship. Jim never flexed a muscle. One day he took a piece of chalk and drew a line on the deck. He paced off 23 feet and drew another line. It was the broad jump distance.

"Hey, fellows," said Johnny Hayes, the marathon champion, to a couple of fellow Olympians. "The Indian is about to work." Thorpe measured the distance with his eyes. He went back to his deck chair and went to sleep.

In Stockholm he moved about with the convivial weight-throwers who didn't have to pay strict attention to training rules. It would have hampered the athletic career of a lesser

man, but the big Indian was a freak of nature who could perform his heroics in spite of it.

Such was his fame that when the 1912 football season arrived he was a marked man. Every team massed defenses against him. At all cost Thorpe had to be stopped. No team could. He slashed his way to twenty-five touchdowns and rolled up 198 points. This, mind you, was against the best opposition in the land.

One blinding revelation of his skill came against Dickinson. Carlisle was having unexpected trouble and the teams were locked in a scoreless tie. Only the prodigious punting of Thorpe had kept Dickinson at bay. Again Carlisle was in a jam, backed against its goal line. Again Thorpe went back to punt.

It looked like total disaster. The Carlisle center passed the ball over Jim's head and the ball rolled to the back edge of the end zone. He raced back to retrieve it as a wave of tacklers rolled in on him. He side-stepped one and straight-armed another. He swung his hips like a dog shaking off water. But he shook off tacklers.

Thorpe ran 110 yards for a touchdown. It broke Dickinson's collective heart and it broke the game wide open. Carlisle won, 35-0.

There was a slight variation against Lehigh, one of the better teams in the East. The Engineers were touchdown-bound. The quarterback, Vin Pazzetti, was good enough to make Walter Camp's second All-America that season. He fired a pass to a teammate alone in the end zone. The man never caught it.

A cyclone named Jim Thorpe whirled up and intercepted the pass. Tacklers bounced off like ping-pong balls. Only Pazzetti, one of the fastest men in football, had a chance of making the tackle. Thorpe ran away from him. It was a 105-yard run. Carlisle went on to win, 34-14.

The Indians were wary when they faced Syracuse, because the Orange had vanquished Carlisle the year before, 12-11. A missed try for the extra point by the normally reliable Thorpe had cost them a tie. They met this time in a sea of mud. It took all the fire from Jim's blazing speed and his wide sweeps were ineffective in the scoreless first half. Pop Warner was furious when he charged into the dressing room.

"Haven't you any sense?" he raged. "We're getting nowhere with those end runs. We can only win by pounding through the middle."

"Why run through 'em when you can run around 'em?" said Thorpe lazily. Pop exploded.

"So you're the great Thorpe," he shouted, biting off the words. "You're great when things are easy. You can run when no one is near you, when no one is hitting you. But can you blast your way through a line? Can you bull your way past those big bruisers? Are you a half-baked halfback or a real football player? You'll have to show me."

Warner wheeled and walked away. The ever-present grin faded from Thorpe's face and the dark eyes smoldered.

Syracuse paid for it. Thorpe was a madman in the second half. He pounded the middle of the Orange line, scored three touchdowns and paved the way for two more. The score was 33-0.

Then came a scoreless tie with Washington and Jefferson, later to earn a Rose Bowl bid. A 45-8 trouncing of Pitt followed. Army was loaded. It had such All-America candidates as Prichard, Merrilat, Weyand and Devore, the captain of the team. Devore was a tackle and a great one.

It seemed, however, that every time he reached for a ball carrier he was cut in half by that matchless blocker, Jim Thorpe. The West Point captain finally became so blind with rage at such repeated frustration that he was put out of the game for fighting.

Thorpe went through the cadet line as though it were an open door. Once three West Pointers hit him simultaneously. He gave them a free ride over the goal line. He threw six straight passes to Arcasa for another score.

One West Pointer was so severely injured trying to tackle Thorpe that his football career came to an end. Fortunately, though, he was to go on to bigger and better things. He was Dwight D. Eisenhower, the starting right halfback that day.

In the second half Thorpe caught an Army kick on the 10-yard line and went darting through the cadets like a salmon through minnows. He went 90 yards. But there was a penalty against Carlisle. West Point kicked again. Thorpe caught the ball on the 5-yard line. He went 95 yards.

"That has to be the longest run I ever made," said Jim with a quizzical grin. "If I counted right, I went 185 yards for one touchdown." Army was routed, 27-6.

The game against Penn exposed the one weakness in the Thorpe armament. The Indians lost, 34-26, and the tally which put the Quakers out of reach was a gift. In one crucial

situation Penn threw a long downfield pass, one born of desperation.

Thorpe was a big cat in covering the receiver, staying with him easily. But once they went beyond midfield the laziness in his system came to the surface.

"Why waste energy?" he said to himself. "They'll never complete this pass anyway."

He came to an indolent halt and abandoned his pursuit. But he was wrong. Penn completed one of those heaven-help-us passes, one that Thorpe could have deflected or intercepted. It was to prove the key play of the game.

By the time of the finale with Brown, skeletons of Thorpe's venture into professional baseball as a summer lark were being rattled in the closet by investigators from the Amateur Athletic Union. If Jim was troubled, he didn't show it against the Bruins.

He ripped off three touchdown runs from beyond midfield. He was the magnificent all-round football player again with his blocking, tackling, kicking, running and passing. Near the end he threw a 25-yard forward to Wheelock and then bulled over for the tally from point-blank range during a 32-0 rout.

This finished Thorpe's collegiate career. It had paradoxical overtones because those last two super-sensational seasons were achieved while he was technically a professional. Thorpe, of course, was unaware of it. In his childish innocence the Indian never dreamed that he had violated the amateur code by accepting token amounts of money for the fun of playing summer baseball.

The A.A.U. formally—withal reluctantly—declared him a professional. The International Olympic Committee demanded the return of his Olympic trophies. Jim's name was expunged from the lists as Olympic champion, and the second-place winners replaced him on the rolls. He was stripped of all the records he held.

The furor over his amateur status shot Jim onto the front pages. It attracted the attention of the publicity-conscious John McGraw of the New York Giants, the greatest baseball manager in the business. Although McGraw had a low opinion of college athletes, he couldn't resist Thorpe.

"If he only can hit in batting practice," reasoned the Little Napoleon, "he'll be a big draw at the gate."

McGraw phoned Warner and then spoke to Thorpe.

"I have a rough, tough, fighting team," said the fiery little

martinet. "We could use you. I'll give you \$4,500 a year for a three-year contract."

"Five other big league teams have offered me that much," said the Indian.

"Then I'll give you \$5,000 a year," said McGraw, bristling slightly. His animosity for the Indian had begun.

"Take it," said Warner to Thorpe, "although I have to warn you that McGraw is a far stricter disciplinarian than I ever was. He'll lash you and drive you. He'll make you work."

Thorpe reported to the Giant training camp at Marlin Spring in Texas in the spring of 1913. He and McGraw clashed from the first day, two strong-willed men who refused to bend.

Although Jim hit well and fielded well in the pre-season games, his off-the-field irresponsibility drove McGraw to black anger. Thorpe temporarily crippled Jeff Tesreau, the huge pitcher, with his roughhouse wrestling in a clubhouse frolic. He gravitated instinctively toward the gayer blades on the ball club and made the nocturnal rounds with them.

Trying to drive the Indian into observing training rules, McGraw played Thorpe sparingly once the season started. Jim did well enough whenever he played with any degree of regularity, but his hitting fell off when he was kept idle on the bench. Idleness drove him to ignoring curfew and that further alienated him from McGraw.

Eventually he was farmed out to the minors, loaned to the Cincinnati Reds, brought back to the Giants, and finally traded to the Boston Braves. It was with the Braves that he found a kindred spirit, that screwball wonder, Rabbit Maranville. One of their most publicized antics was the night they spent in a treetop, playing Tarzan and his Mate long before those fictional characters were even invented.

Restlessness grew within Thorpe during his early years as a major league baseball player. It was not a sufficient outlet for the animal spirits that bubbled within him. In 1915 his frustrations came to an end.

After a ten-year lapse professional football was about to be revived in Canton, Ohio. There was only one way to insure its success. The Canton Bulldogs could achieve it instantly by enlisting the services of the greatest performer the sport had yet produced, the fabulous Jim Thorpe.

He was offered \$500 a game. If that seems trifling by modern standards, it was not in that era. It was five to ten times

as much as any other player was getting. It was Thorpe who drew the crowds. It was he who touched the fuse to a pro football rocket that sputtered for a long while but eventually went zooming.

Right from the start Thorpe was the blazing log on the fire of the heated rivalry between those Ohio neighbors, Canton and Massillon. If the line-ups changed from week to week in the carefree catch-as-catch-can system of that day, they always were loaded with the best possible talent when the two teams faced each other.

That's how Knute Rockne, a recent Notre Dame graduate, first met Thorpe. If Rock, the starting left end for the Massillon Tigers, was awed by finding himself on the same football field with the legendary Indian, he tried not to show it. On the first play from scrimmage, he burst into the Canton backfield and spilled Jim with a savage tackle. Thorpe stared at him in mild disapproval.

"You shouldn't do that, Rock," he said. He pointed to the stands. "See all those people. They came to see Old Jim run. Be a good boy and let Old Jim run."

Rockne gritted his teeth. He knew only one way to play football, doing his very best at all times. If Thorpe wanted to run, he'd have to work for it. He crashed in harder the next time and again tossed the Indian for a loss.

"I told you, Rock," said Thorpe, getting annoyed, "that these people came to see Old Jim run. You better let him run."

More determined than ever, the future great coach came tearing in. Something hit him. He thought the grandstand had collapsed on top of him. Vaguely he heard the roar of the crowd cheering Thorpe's 60-yard touchdown romp. Rockne lay on the ground, dazed and inert. A strong hand yanked him to his feet. He staggered and looked into the Indian's beaming features.

"That's the way to do it, Rock," said the cheerful Thorpe. "You let Old Jim run."

Stout Steve Owen of the Giants had a somewhat similar experience when he first broke into pro ball as a 260-pound tackle for the Kansas City Cowboys. By that time Thorpe was so old and fat that he was used mostly as a blocking back. Owen measured the Indian with a respectful wariness and barged in. He deftly side-stepped Thorpe's block and tumbled the ball carrier for a loss.

"The Indian is getting too old," said Steve to himself, and confidence surged within him for the first time.

Stout Steve gave himself the luxury of a sharper angle and stampeded through again. He pushed Thorpe aside and again threw the ball carrier for a loss.

"I don't have to worry about Thorpe," he said to himself. "He doesn't have it any more."

When Owen charged in the next time he ignored Thorpe. He bulled in on the man with the ball. A train—or something—collapsed around Stout Steve. Through the hole he had just vacated sped the ball carrier on his way to a touchdown. Thorpe had finally thrown a block. He hauled the groggy Steve to his feet and admonished him.

"Never take your eye off the Old Indian," he said.

It was good advice because Thorpe was as deceptive in pro ball as he was in college. But he was nowhere near as consistent. No longer did he have a Pop Warner to drive him to greatness. He had only himself and he was no stern taskmaster. When he didn't feel like playing all out, his team lost. When pride or some inner urge fired him up, his team won.

In 1916 Thorpe was at his indolent worst for the Canton Bulldogs against the Massillon Tigers. It was a scoreless tie. They played a week later for the championship. The Bulldog safety man that day was Harry Costello of Georgetown.

"It was like a day off," he recounted many years later. "I didn't make a tackle. Thorpe made them all. Massillon had the great forward passing combination, Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne. They didn't complete a pass. Thorpe was everywhere. We won, 28-0, and he scored every point."

One day a wealthy Canton supporter announced that he would give a bonus of \$100 for each touchdown. Thorpe never saw the notice but Costello did. The Indian was tremendous that afternoon. He was the workhorse ripping off yards. But as soon as Canton neared the goal line, Costello would get solicitous.

"Jim," he said, "why don't you take a little rest and let me carry the ball?" Not a touchdown did Thorpe score.

On the train that night the Indian learned that he had been victimized. He went on the warpath, turned Costello upside down and shook all the money out of his clothes. Thorpe counted off the bonus loot and pocketed it himself.

"Now you and Jim are even," he said to Costello.

During most of its formative years pro football had no his-

torians and few incidents were recorded. So only fragments remain. Here are a few.

When Fritz Pollard of Brown joined the Massillon Tigers, he brought with him the reputation of being one of the most elusive of all runners. He had a knack of being able to sidestep a tackler without yielding a fraction of his wondrous speed. He was nicknamed "The Shadow."

Thorpe made no effort to tackle him the first few times Pollard ran wide. He just studied Fritz's style. Then the ex-Bruin rocketed off on another sweep toward the sidelines with the big Indian in parallel pursuit.

"Get over the line," shouted Jim. Fritz ignored the warning and put on an extra burst of speed. But speed was something Thorpe also had. He wrapped one arm around Pollard's neck and took a leap over the sideline, hauling Fritz with him. But the Indian twisted his body in mid-air so that he would have Pollard cushion his fall. Fritz crashed down and Thorpe crashed heavily on top of him.

Jim got up. Fritz lay there unconscious. Then his eyes flickered. He put a hand on his neck and felt his body. He shook his head unbelievably and spoke.

"Mr. Thorpe," he said, "you sure are a mean man."

Mean? George Halas of the Chicago Bears never thought Thorpe was mean. The Papa Bear played often against him and he swears to this day that the Indian was the cleanest player he ever faced.

"Many a time he had a chance to rack me up," he related admiringly, "but he never took it. I'll never forget one time when I caught a short pass, stumbled and fell. Because I was so close to the goal line, I started to crawl toward a touch-down.

"It was a foolish thing to do because I had every right to expect two knees to come slamming down in the middle of my back. But the guy who hit me was the big Indian. He hit me like a ton of bricks. But his legs straddled me.

"'All right, Georgie,' he said, 'if you want to play being a horse, I'll ride you.'"

"And he rode my nose right into the dirt."

In the twilight of his career Jim became the owner of the Bulldogs and his team took the field one day in desperate shape. It had only six healthy backfield men. An enemy tackle of monstrous proportions decided that a short cut to victory was to cripple the remaining able-bodied Bulldog backs.

He was cruel and vicious about it. He flattened two of the backs with such premeditated violence that they had to be carted to the sidelines. Nor did the roughneck stop when he had reduced the Canton backfield to four. Manifestly the man had to be taught a lesson.

Thorpe was on the sidelines, a leg so twisted that he barely could hobble. He waited until the other side had to punt. Then he put himself in the game as soon as Canton took possession of the ball. He dropped back into punt formation. The ball snapped back to him and Jim stood there as the huge tackle swept in on him. The tackle was snorting fire and brimstone at this matchless opportunity of flattening the Indian chief like a rug.

When the tackle was only five yards in front of him, Jim lobbed the ball at him. Instinctively, the monster caught it. This made him a ball carrier and eligible to be tackled himself.

This was as crafty an Indian ambush as was ever devised. Thorpe hit him. He couldn't have wreaked worse damage if he had used a tomahawk. They carted the villain off the field on a stretcher and had to summon an ambulance.

Thorpe was endowed with physical skills such as few men ever had. When youth departed from him, the downhill slide began. After a while he had only his name to sell. He sold it to Cleveland, the Oolang Indians, Rock Island, Portsmouth, Hammond and the New York Giants, then just born.

The wage scale with the Giants was an odd one of \$200 a half. If he played a full game, he got \$400. He never got the \$400. He gave exhibitions as a kicker even though the drive was gone from a leg which once punted 90 yards and kicked a 75-yard field goal. He was forty-one, still trying to cling to that long lost youthfulness, when he played his last game for the Chicago Cardinals.

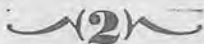
He became the first president—his fame got him the job—of the American Professional Football Association, the forerunner of the National Football League. But he had no executive talent. By that time he couldn't even handle himself.

The man who could make those long, stabbing runs of unparalleled brilliance in the game of football could not even get away from the shadow of his own goal posts in the game of life. It was an unhappy, difficult life that ended at the age of sixty-five.

To recount details would mar the picture. It is better to remember him as the electrifying figure who lit up the sports

world with a brightness it never knew before or has known since. No one said it better than the King of Sweden when he declared:

"You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world."
Let that be Jim Thorpe's epitaph.



PETE HENRY

The Jolly Jolter

THE SIGNING of Wilbur (Pete) Henry to a professional contract by the Canton Bulldogs was the big news of the day in the Canton press. It commanded front-page headlines and was of such transcendent importance that it relegated to a comparatively minor place on the sports pages the other football news item which broke on the same day, also in Canton.

The item which received secondary consideration was the announcement that a group of determined and dedicated men had formed an organization designed to bring some order out of the chaos which was professional football. They had banded together to create the National Football League.

If it seems slightly ludicrous now to hail the signing of one man as being more significant than the forming of an entire league, it did not seem that way then. The play-for-pay sport had been such a haphazard operation that few even dared dream it would grow into the colossus it is today.

The National Football League was merely an amorphous mass. But Pete Henry was solid—and, oh, how solid he was! He brought to line play the same flair for prodigious excellence that Jim Thorpe had imparted to backfield play. That's why the overjoyed Canton followers had to regard his acquisition as a coup, well worthy of front-page recognition.

"The best tackle I ever saw," wrote Grantland Rice, most authoritative of the press box pundits, "was Fats Henry."

Fats Henry or Pete Henry. It was the same guy, all 250 pounds of him. No one ever called him Wilbur, the name he

received after he was born in Mansfield, Ohio, on October 31, 1897. It just didn't fit him. In fact, there was little about the man that did fit as expected. He was the complete paradox.

To begin with, he didn't look like a football player. He was a roly-poly and seemed both short and pudgy. But he was a 6-footer. He seemed soft and fat at 250 pounds. But his flesh was as tightly packed as if riveted by steel. He gave the impression of slowness. But he had the swift reflexes and pouncing speed of a tiger. He was a mountain of good nature, easygoing and prone to laughter. But he was a fierce, uncompromising competitor.

Perhaps there never was a more picturesque descriptive phrase offered of this paradox than the one supplied by an unidentified sportswriter on the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

"He walks on feathers."

Henry moved with the light-footed nimbleness of a gazelle and struck with all the devastating destructiveness of a stampeding elephant. It was this extraordinary blend of agility and strength which enabled him to execute one of the most amazing feats in football annals.

It happened when he was playing tackle for Washington & Jefferson College against Westminster. It was a punt situation, and Norm Hoelzle dropped back to handle the kicking assignment while the rest of the Westminster team braced in tight, shoulder-to-shoulder alignment to wall out W. & J.

Henry burst past that defensive wall as if it weren't even there. In a flash he was in the Westminster backfield. Hoelzle's right leg had already begun its pendulum swing for the punt and the ball had already been dropped from his hands. There was no contact.

"Fumble!" screamed Hoelzle. "Where's the ball? Fall on it, somebody!"

Westminster players looked frantically around for the football. They need not have bothered. Henry had it under his arm and was disappearing downfield for a 45-yard touchdown romp.

This agile giant had just performed the incredible feat of snatching the ball out of mid-air in the fraction of a second it took to drop from the kicker's hands to his foot. Impossible? Of course it's impossible. Henry did it anyway.

"Henry was the greatest punt-blocker the game ever knew," said John Heisman, a pronouncement which came from his twin towers as a top coach and top historian.

That episode against Westminster can serve as an example of Henry's agility. Here's one which demonstrates his strength. Before a game between his Buffalo team and the Canton Bulldogs, Tommy Hughitt had a brainstorm. He was the coach and quarterback of Buffalo.

"Listen, fellows," he said to his squad of hard-bitten operatives. "I've decided how we best can handle Henry. We've got to show him right from the start who's boss. I'm going to run the first play at him and everyone will rack him up at once. Maybe it will level him off."

The first time Buffalo had the ball, Hughitt triggered his bomb and aimed it straight at Fats.

Henry reacted like a coiled spring. He collapsed the entire side of the Buffalo line, telescoping into one mass of flesh. Heinie Miller, the end, Lou Little, the tackle, and Swede Youngstrom, the guard. He piled the three of them atop Lud Wray, the center. Then he leaped joyously into the backfield and smeared Hughitt for a loss. Pete was laughing uproariously as the dazed and dismayed Buffalo assassins struggled to their feet.

"Damn you, Pete," moaned Little, eventually to become famous as coach of Columbia's Rose Bowl team.

"Lou, you don't mean that," said the good-natured Pete.

"No, I guess I don't," said Little, rubbing his wounds.

"Let's not get Pete mad, fellows," said Youngstrom.

"We don't want him stomping all over us," agreed Little. "The next time he knocks us down, just get up like little gentlemen and keep your mouths shut."

Hughitt, the instigator of the plot, said not a word. But he had gotten the message—emphatically. He didn't run a play at Henry's side of the line for the rest of the afternoon.

When Walter Camp, football's No. 1 authority, was naming Pete to his All-America college team, he had this to say:

"Henry's defense had been so good as practically to force the attack to give him a wide berth. His endurance is phenomenal. I rate him one of the most remarkable performers ever seen on a gridiron."

Many years later Hughitt discovered the same thing—the hard way.

Pop Warner, speaking from his eminence as one of the greatest of all coaches, named Fats to a post on his all-time All-America team.

"Henry had no superiors as a tackle," he said.

More than a quarter of a century later, Lou Little added his own amen.

"Pete was the best," he said simply.

When a lineman becomes famous, there can be no mistaking the fact that he has earned it. Yet no acclaim came to Fats Henry in the beginning. His high school team in Mansfield was the worst in the school's history. In 1913, for instance, it lost to Delaware (Ohio) High by an 88-0 score.

It also lost a game to Fostoria one season, 1-0. That score is not as tricky as it appears at first glance. Mansfield was being soundly beaten, 28-7. When an official's ruling was displeasing, the team walked off the field. Thus the official forfeit score of 1-0.

Pete came to Washington & Jefferson, uninvited and unannounced, as a wide-eyed, innocent looking boy of seventeen. He appeared so fat and blubbery that he deceived Coach Bob Folwell into making the happiest mistake of his career.

Freshman were eligible for varsity competition in 1915 and Folwell was not impressed by the 215-pound fat boy with the slightly knocked knees.

"What position do you play, Henry?" he asked.

"I was a fullback in high school, sir," said Pete in his typically mild and soft-spoken manner.

"A fullback?" said Folwell incredulously. This big and awkward kid didn't look as though he could get out of his own way, much less carry the ball past anybody. Instantly the coach made up his mind.

"You are a tackle from now on," said Folwell curtly.

With those few words he had created a good-natured Frankenstein—except that his monster would destroy others.

Henry's first game was against Yale. In those days Yale was the football Mecca. All believers bowed reverently in the direction of this most sacred shrine. And no believer bowed lower or more reverently than Pete. He was totally awed when the huge squad of Yales streamed onto the gridiron. He turned to a teammate, Fred Heyman.

"Fred," he said, voice trembling slightly, "Yale has more fellows on the field than we have in the whole school at W. & J."

The awe didn't leave him that day. This was the only bad game Pete played in his entire career. It was a career which was to carry him to greatness in college and later with the pros.

The pressure that Henry exerted on opposing teams was

enormous. Fresh from a stunning 26-0 upset of mighty Pitt, a fine Syracuse team took to the field against the Presidents. Into action swung Henry. He blocked kick after kick until he soon was doing as much damage without blocking them.

The Orange wilted under the pressure he applied. Soon the hurried Syracuse kicks got shorter and shorter in a scoreless game. Finally, Hal Erickson of W. & J. ran back two abbreviated punts for touchdowns, his way downfield cleared for him by a baby tank named Fats Henry, blocker de luxe. The Presidents won, 13-0.

Washington & Jefferson later faced West Virginia Wesleyan, a team that had achieved top rank under that coaching genius, Greasy Neale. But all the deep thinking in the world could not contain that oversize dynamo, Fats Henry.

He blocked a kick, made a catlike pounce on the ball and ran it for a touchdown. He converted the extra point. He kicked two field goals. W. & J. won, 13-6. Henry scored all the points. Not bad for a tackle, eh?

One of the big disappointments of his career was that he never was on the winning side of a game against traditional rival, Pitt. The last one hurt most.

Henry had played varsity ball in 1915, 1916 and 1917. In the war year of 1918, most colleges regarded the informal games as practice games. Pete played that season and did not think it counted against his eligibility. Neither did any of the other colleges—except Pitt. Just before their game with W. & J. in 1919, the Panthers made formal protest, and Henry had to sit on the bench that day. He writhed, haunted by the might-have-been. Pitt won, 7-6. The educated Henry toe would have insured a tie at least.

For all of his life Pete was a saver of souvenirs. Ironically he saved only *one* program. It was the Pitt game program of 1919.

Before his graduation he was to win varsity letters in four sports—football, basketball, baseball and track. The pros clamored for him as soon as his last varsity game was complete.

"No, thanks," said Henry to every offer. "I'm a weight thrower on the track team and they'll need me this spring. I'll stay an amateur until then. It's the least I owe my college."

The whole character of the man is illuminated in that one loyal gesture.

It was not until Pete turned pro, however, that he reached

full maturity as a football player. He was to become even more astonishing in the play-for-pay set.

Pete was with the Canton Bulldogs under Coach Guy Chamberlain, an imaginative man who devised a trick play.

"If we get to the goal line," said Chamberlain one day, "and we can't punch the ball over with a line smash, I want to try something on fourth down. If the ball carrier sees he can't get over, I want him to fumble deliberately. Then we might recover the fumble in the end zone for a touchdown. Get it, Thorpe?"

"I sure do," said Jim Thorpe appreciatively. All the other Indians on the squad smiled happily. They loved trick plays.

It was tried for the first time in a game against the Frankfort Yellowjackets. The ball squirted loose. The referee blew his whistle, the sound drowned out by crowd noises. Henry never heard it. All he could see was Poss Miller of the Yellowjackets racing toward the Canton goal with the loose ball under his arm.

Miller was a jackrabbit, as fast a back as the sport had. When Pete looked up, the fleet Miller had an eight-yard lead on him. The pursuit began. It seemed unequal, the fat man against the swift boy. On the far end of the gridiron, at the 10-yard line, Pete reached out one strong hand and gently hauled Miller to earth. It was a nothing play. The ball was dead and it didn't count. But it demonstrated the amazing speed of this amazing man.

Charlie Berry of Lafayette had been named an end on the last All-America team that Walter Camp ever picked. He was big and he was tough. He loved football but he had another career to consider. In 1925 he was catching for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. Parenthetically, it might be added that he was to become one of the finest umpires the American League ever had.

The Pottsville Maroons pleaded with Berry to join them as soon as the baseball season ended. He did. In the first pro game of his career he had to face the Canton Bulldogs in general and Fats Henry in particular. As an end, Berry had to block Henry.

"It was like bouncing off a rubber ball," he later described it. "I never budged him once. After five minutes I felt as though I'd just finished a full 60-minute game."

Pottsville took command early. At quarterback for the Maroons was Jack Ernst, once a Berry teammate at Lafayette.

He suddenly remembered that Berry had been an expert field goal kicker and might welcome some practice.

"Like to try a field goal, Charlie?" he asked.

"I sure would," said the weary Charlie. "I'll be thankful for anything that will get me away from Henry for even one play."

The field goal try never got higher than a table.

"Like to try another?" asked Ernst later on.

"Just keep me away from Henry," said Charlie.

Again he barely got it off the ground. They tried a third time. The result was the same, another low line drive. And Henry continued to teach Berry the considerable difference between college and pro ball. Charlie was not enjoying it. And Ernst had ceased to be co-operative in offering respites. They got in a huddle.

"Hey, Jack," said Berry, "let me try once more. This time I'll try a drop kick."

The teams lined up. Berry took position and found himself looking into the eyes of his tormentor, Henry. The jolly Pete smiled at him and then spoke to his Canton teammates.

"Duck, fellows," he shouted, "he's kicking again."

The jittery Berry didn't get that one shoulder high, either.

A year earlier one of those peculiar coincidences not uncommon in the pro ball of that era saw Henry performing for the Pottsville Maroons. The temporary abandonment of a team by Canton turned loose many of the Bulldogs. Pete signed with Pottsville which also had dropped out of the National Football League.

Competition was never lacking in that coal mine area. The mine workers were not only wild-eyed enthusiasts, but they supported their team and their opinions with vulgar displays of cash. They bet.

The Pottsville rooters stormed into Coaldale by special train one afternoon. When they departed at dusk, angry Coaldale fans stoned the train. The Pottsville miners didn't care. They had won \$50,000 in wagers and the home-town banks had to open up on Sunday night to handle the loot. How did the Maroons win?

It was one of those typical games that the anthracite region produced. The field was as hard as a stratum of black diamonds. So were the players. They waged a brutal, savage battle, and neither Pottsville nor Coaldale could score. Just before the end it happened.

Pottsville signaled a fair catch. According to the rules of

that period, a free kick was permissible after a fair catch.

"Set the ball up," said Pete Henry. "I'll kick a field goal."

They set it up. He kicked it. It was a 55-yard field goal.

Henry developed into a deadly field goal kicker. The boot against Coaldale was not a league game, but Fats held the N.F.L. record for a good many years with a 52-yard drop kick against Akron. He also preserved a seventeen-game Canton streak in 1922 by hammering home a 40-yarder in the last seventeen seconds for a 3-3 tie.

Henry also became a punter of astonishing skill. He polished up the art when he was with Canton as a teammate to Jim Thorpe. No more fervent admirer did the big Indian have than Henry.

"Jim could do everything superbly well," Fats once said while reminiscing about the good old days with Canton. There was a note of reverence in his voice whenever he mentioned the Sac and Fox.

"When we were together at Canton," he continued, "we used to have kicking games among ourselves in the middle of the week. We would choose up sides. One side would kick, and then the other side would kick back from the point where the ball was caught. Thorpe would wait until his side was backed up to the goal line, and then he'd punt to the opposite goal line. Many a time he'd punt 90 yards."

Henry carefully refrained from mentioning Henry's ability as a punter. But the record book of the National Football League still contains a line which speaks most eloquently in Pete's behalf.

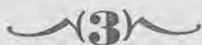
The longest punt ever made in an N.F.L. game was one delivered in a Canton-Akron game on October 28, 1923. It was made by Henry. The distance was 94 yards.

Pete died in 1952 while serving as the athletic director at his alma mater, Washington & Jefferson. He made friends for himself and his school wherever he went with the warmth and gentleness of his jolly personality. He didn't look then as though he once had been one of the greatest of all football players. Yet this man had not looked it even when he was the good-natured terror of the gridiron.

A poignant line appears in the diary he kept during his undergraduate days. Wistfully he wrote:

"Now that the football season is over I don't know what to do."

But he sure knew what to do when that season was in progress. No lineman ever did it better.



RED GRANGE

The Galloping Ghost

IF JIM THORPE supplied the motive power in pro football's early years, it was Red Grange who fired the second stage of the rocket and sent it spinning into orbit. Both used identical fuel: the high octane content of their reputations as supermen of the college gridiron.

While the Indian moved in solitary majesty, the redhead rode the wave of a sports hysteria which rarely has been matched in America's athletic history. This was the slightly daffy period after the First World War, the gloriously improbable Golden Age of Sports.

It was a gathering place for the gods, each of whom was the absolute best up to his time. So prodigious were their skills that any reincarnation would still find them supreme today, presuming they took advantage of modern techniques and improvements. Some wouldn't even need that.

It was a mighty array—Babe Ruth in baseball, Jack Dempsey in boxing, Bobby Jones in golf, Bill Tilden in tennis, Paavo Nurmi in track, Johnny Weissmuller in swimming, Tommy Hitchcock in polo and—well, so extensive was this domain that it even reached as far as billiards with Willie Hoppe.

That was the sort of company Red Grange was in. And he belonged there. When the roll call was read for the Golden Decade his name was an integral part of it. He was the football counterpart of Ruth and Dempsey and all the rest.

The redhead was a flaming figure in a sports-mad era. Because of him the University of Illinois drew sell-out crowds wherever it played. Press boxes were jammed and superlatives flowed out of typewriters. The lyrical Grantland Rice gave him the nickname of "Galloping Ghost" and thus helped fire imaginations even more.

When Illinois played Penn at Franklin Field in Philadelphia in 1925, the press box atop the outer edge of the stands

was overflowing with real experts and pseudo experts. Among those who made the exhausting climb to a press box that's known in the trade as Thrombosis Terrace was the distinguished man of letters, Laurence Stallings.

He had been hired as an expert-for-a-day by the old *New York World*. Few men were better equipped to chronicle heroics than Stallings. He was the author of the smash dramatic hit, "What Price Glory?" and had been a war correspondent of recognized skill. But Grange was too much for him.

The Galloping Ghost was a spectral figure that day in the ankle-deep mud of Franklin Field. Stallings sat in front of his typewriter and groped in desperation for words which would not come.

"The story's too big for me," he said, snapping the lid on his typewriter. "I can't write it."

No college football player since Grange has come close to capturing the hold he had on the American public. That's what made his decision to become a professional with the Chicago Bears such a historic turning point in the fortunes of pro football.

The momentum that Thorpe had given it a decade earlier had already been spent. It was struggling to maintain its course and it needed a new lift. Grange supplied it.

There were many outraged cries of indignation when he made the move. Bob Zuppke, the Illinois coach, was crushed. Although Zup loved Red like a son, he reacted as if he had been betrayed.

"Football isn't meant to be played for money," pleaded the grizzled coach. "Stay away from professionalism."

"You get paid for coaching, Zup," said Grange. "Why is it wrong for me to get paid for playing?" He said it gently. Zup walked away without answering. There really wasn't any answer.

But most of the coaches in the Big Ten at that time were bitterly opposed to pro football. They wanted college ball to remain alone and unchallenged. They may have been driven to this attitude by a sense of foreboding, almost as if they realized that the National Football League might someday grow from a stumbling baby to a giant of overshadowing immensity.

A few years earlier the revered Amos Alonzo Stagg lashed out at the "menace of the professional game." He went on to say:

"Heretofore the various coaches have been trying in their

own way to fight the evil. I think the time for concerted action is at hand. I have noted the danger for several years as the professional game grew, and I have been on the qui vive to meet it."

The propaganda line of the college authorities was this: Anyone who attended pro games went slumming, because pro players were low characters from the wrong side of the tracks. In other words, this was no sport for respectable people.

Grange gave it respectability. As the idol of America he was a powerful force of public opinion and he definitely altered the image of the pro game in the minds of the fans. Before he had been a pro for two weeks he also opened up a visionary glimpse of the future.

It was on December 6, 1925, that the Chicago Bears met the New York Giants, then in their first year in the league, at the Polo Grounds. It had been an unhappy season for the Giants. They rarely attracted more than a couple of thousand spectators and Tim Mara, the novice owner of the team, could not even give away free tickets. Arriving on the scene like a knight in shining armor was Grange.

Blasé New York went wild. Crowds stormed the gates in such unruly numbers that one riot call after another had to be sent to the police. They never did get everyone under control and many crashed the gates in ticketless surges to burst inside.

Under the circumstances no accurate count of the actual attendance was possible, although Mara announced the ticket sale at 73,651. They came to see Grange and Grange alone. The Giants also watched him with such open-mouthed awe that they neglected to see Joey Sternaman scamper for two touchdowns. The crowd also ignored Sternaman, but when Grange intercepted a pass and ran for an easy, routine touchdown that meant nothing, they rocked the Polo Grounds roof with their cheers.

"How long has this been going on?" said Tim Mara softly as he surveyed the turnaway crowd. It would be many, many years before he would see spectator outpourings of such a dimension again.

Yet Grange had torn aside a corner of the curtain in front of the future. Not only did he prove there could be such a future, but he insured it by the force of example. By endowing this phase of the sport with his own glittering reputation, he broke down the crust of reluctance which had kept other

college stars from graduating into pro ball. Where he led, others followed in ever-increasing numbers.

In a way it is almost paradoxical. The most important contribution that Red made to pro football was merely being a part of it. His career, in many respects, resembled the performance he gave for the Bears against the Giants—good, but far from spectacular.

In fact, he never did have any of those super-sensational days he had had as the Galloping Ghost for Illinois. His style was cramped by crippling injuries and by the infinitely tougher opposition he had to face.

There is even a trace of irony. The redhead turned pro because he had been heralded as one of the ball-carrying wonders of the age. When he hung up his cleats at the end, however, he was recognized as the finest defensive halfback in the National Football League.

Had the redhead been destined for greatness right from the start? It's probable, although the signs were not recognizable in the beginning. Harold E. Grange was born in Forksville, Pennsylvania, on June 13, 1903, the son of a burly lumberjack who could lick any man in the country. But it was in Wheaton, Illinois, where Red spent his childhood, that he played in every game and sport he could find.

When the boy was only eight years old, a doctor discovered that Red had a heart murmur and ordered him to abandon all forms of strenuous exercise. It was as pointless as ordering the restless sea to remain still. A bundle of energy like Red Grange just couldn't stay still. Luckily he had a most understanding parent. Lyle Grange discovered that his son was playing sandlot football when Red came home one day all bruised.

"I suppose I should stop you, son," he said sympathetically, "but it just doesn't seem right to keep down a boy with your love for sports."

When Red became a candidate for his high school football team in Wheaton six years later, the examining physician found no trace of a heart murmur. So the boy was permitted to report to Roy Puckey, the manual training teacher who doubled as coach of all the athletic teams.

"What position do you play, boy?" said Puckey.

"What positions are open?" asked Grange.

"Right end," said the coach.

"I play right end," said Grange.

So he became the varsity right end as a freshman. He

scared no one because he weighed only 138 pounds. But he already was beginning to stretch out into the six-footer he later was to be. Being fast as well as tall, he was well qualified to be a pass catcher. However, no one threw him a forward pass during the entire season.

Only once that year did he even get his hands on the ball. In the final game he caught a kickoff and gave it the Red Grange treatment. He ran it back 70 yards for a touchdown.

"Hey, Red," said his back-slapping teammates, "you oughter be a halfback."

The youngster mulled over the idea when he went out for the basketball team. He was to engage in that sport all through high school and grew to consider it his best game. He also went out for track as a sprinter, hurdler, broad jumper and high jumper, winning as many as six events in dual meets. Shades of Jim Thorpe! Oh, yes. In his spare time he played baseball.

Yet it was football which brought him enduring fame. It was a summer job just before his sophomore high school season which brought him his first nickname, one that also had enduring qualities.

Luke Thompson, the good-natured owner of an ice truck, was kidding a group of boys after the close of the school year.

"I'll give a dollar to anyone who can lift a 75-pound cake of ice onto the truck," said Luke, laughing at them in amusement.

They all tried. Only Grange could do it.

"If you're that strong, Red," said Luke, visibly impressed, "I'll give you a summer job helping me on the truck."

"I'd welcome it," said Red.

And so: "The Wheaton Iceman," a nickname which was to be splashed across sports pages for years to come.

It was tough work, fourteen hours a day. But it was rewarding work. Grange strengthened his legs while walking to his deliveries and, more important, he strengthened his arms and shoulders by lugging the heavy blocks of ice.

When he went out for football again, he discovered that he had developed a stiff-arm that could shiver a would-be tackler with one well-aimed thrust. So he became the Wheaton Iceman in fact as well as in name. Every summer he went to work for Luke Thompson. He did it all through high school and college and even after he joined the Chicago Bears.

But Red did make one concession to his sudden wealth.

After he became a pro, he no longer walked from home to Thompson's plant to start his day's toil. He drove there in his Cadillac. The first time he did it Luke started to laugh.

"The trouble with that," he said, pointing at the sleek convertible, "is that people won't know which of us is the boss and which is the laborer."

Yet it was that kind of toil which prepared Red for his sophomore football season at Wheaton High. There was a new coach that year, Bill Castleman. To him the boy made a confession.

"I'm really a halfback, coach," said Red. "I played end last year only because I was needed there."

So the future Galloping Ghost became a halfback. He tallied fifteen touchdowns and scored ninety-nine points, including nine conversions.

That summer the Grange career almost terminated before it had begun. He was on his ice route as the helper to Herman Otto, jumping on and off the running board at each stop. One afternoon the truck had started to roll when Red leaped aboard, clutching the handle alongside the cab. The handle broke off and he was pitched under the truck which was loaded with three tons of ice. The back wheel ran over the meaty part of his left leg, slightly above the knee.

"Don't worry, Red," said Otto, pale and shaken. "Easy now. I'll get you to the doctor."

The doctor made a quick examination and instantly feared the worst. The leg was so crushed that amputation might be necessary. But closer examination revealed that the wheel had missed the knee joint by an inch. The alarming part of it all to Red was that he was given only a fifty-fifty chance for complete recovery.

Recover he did, though. He made it in time for football. By then he had learned how to dodge and how to throw his hips away from a tackler. The results were amazing. He scored 255 points with 36 touchdowns and 39 conversions. As a senior it was 172 points with 23 touchdowns and 34 conversions.

Michigan was interested in him but offered nothing. In those days there was no high-pressure recruiting. He picked Illinois for three reasons: first, it was the least expensive; second, a neighbor, George Dawson, played football for the Illini; third, he was impressed tremendously by Bob Zuppke when he met the Dutch Master during a high school track meet in Champaign.

"If you come here to school," said Zup, "I believe you'll stand a good chance of making our football team."

Zup would chuckle later, remembering that statement.

Grange enrolled at Illinois in the fall of 1922 and was pledged to the Zeta Psi fraternity. The brothers hauled him into consultation. They would decide what sports he'd go out for.

"My best sports in high school," said Red, "were basketball and track."

"Football is more important to us from a prestige standpoint," said one of the seniors.

"But I'm not big enough for college football," said Grange. "I weigh only 166 pounds."

"It doesn't matter," he was told. "Report for football practice."

Reluctantly he reported to Burt Ingwersen, the freshman coach. There were 150 candidates and every one of them outweighed him. The disillusioned redhead returned to his fraternity house.

"What chance do I have against those big guys?" he complained.

"Would you rather have us paddle you?" asked the head man.

Grange withdrew from retirement. He returned to the freshmen squad, and much to his surprise he survived the first squad cut when the group was pared to sixty. Then he was totally flabbergasted when he found himself on the first team.

In the backfield with him was a 240-pound fullback named Earl Britton. He was an excellent punter and placement kicker. But what made him a perfect foil for the redhead was that he was one of the best blockers ever to perform.

The freshmen scrimmaged the varsity in a full-dress game. Although the varsity won, this wasn't the usual romp over cannon fodder. This was the strongest freshman team Illinois ever had. The score was 21-19.

Grange ran back a punt for 60 yards. He scored another touchdown. He was made, and Zuppke's eyes glistened in anticipation as the frosh beat the varsity regularly during the twice-weekly scrimmages.

Late that season George Dawson, the varsity player who had been influential in bringing Grange to Illinois, walked back to the frat house with Red. He spoke words that his old Wheaton buddy would never forget.

"Red," he said, "I'm convinced that you have what it takes to become a great football player. But don't let it go to your head. Never let yourself think you're better than anyone else. If you do, you won't go on to realize your full capabilities."

As eager as Zuppke was to have Grange reach the varsity, the wise and wily coach gave no indication in spring practice that he had any plans for the redhead. But when the season opened against Nebraska that fall, Grange was a starter. He was absolutely terrified. At the end of the first quarter Zup hauled his scared sophomore to the sidelines.

"You're tipping off the plays, Red," barked Zup. "You're leaning in the direction the play is going."

Grange sat down on the bench and nudged a teammate.

"I don't know how I'm tipping off plays," he muttered. "I'm so excited out there that I don't know where they're going myself."

For a boy who was scared and ignorant—at least by his own critical self-estimate—Grange didn't do badly. He scored all the Illinois touchdowns in a 24-7 victory, including romps of 35 and 60 yards. He got two more the next week against Butler. Then came tough, rock-ribbed Iowa.

It was Iowa's Homecoming Day and the streets were crowded for the pre-game parade. Zuppke assembled his squad, counted noses and discovered that Britton was missing. They found him on the roof of the hotel. He was folding sheets of hotel stationery into airplanes and sailing them onto the throngs below. On each sheet he had scribbled a message.

TO HELL WITH IOWA each airplane said.

If the carefree Britton did nothing else, he broke the tension which had gripped the Illini. It's just as well that he did. It was a rugged battle.

In the first period Britton kicked a 53-yard field goal. Then in the closing minutes he connected with Grange for four of five forward passes as the redhead slid over for the touchdown which meant a 9-6 victory.

Grange demoralized Northwestern a week later with a 90-yard touchdown run, and the Wildcats were easy. But the Galloping Ghost had to gallop in earnest against Chicago. He gained 173 yards. He had one touchdown disallowed but scored the one that provided a 7-0 victory.

He crossed the goal line against Wisconsin on a series of sweeps that gained 14, 25 and 26 yards. Britton added the extra point and booted a 33-yard field goal to make it 10-0. Grange sat out the breather against Mississippi A&M and was

well shackled by Ohio State in the finale. But after Britton kicked a 32-yard field goal in the last quarter, the Wheaton Iceman put the chill on Ohio State hopes with a 34-yard touchdown scamper. The score was 9-0.

The Grange touchdown total for the season was twelve, and he was only a sophomore. Yet Walter Camp, the nation's unchallenged No. 1 authority, named Red as the left halfback on his All-America first team.

The football world seethed with excitement on October 18, 1924, when Michigan came to Champaign for the dedication of Memorial Stadium, the new Illinois arena that held 67,000 customers. It could have sold out twice over.

These were the teams which had tied for the Big Ten championship the year before. Zuppke of Illinois and Fielding (Hurry-Up) Yost of Michigan were as colorful as they were clever. Any clash between the two was sure to light the fires under the kettle and bring it to a quick boil. Even though Yost had turned the actual day-by-day coaching over to George Little, the Hurry-Up man was still the boss.

When the Illini returned to their dressing room after the pre-game workout, the heat of an unseasonably warm day had them soaked with perspiration. Zup frowned. Suddenly he barked an order to his assistant, Justa Lindgren.

"Get out the rule book," he snapped, "and see if there's anything in there that says we have to wear stockings."

Lindgren studied the rules quickly.

"Not a line on it," he said.

"Okay, fellows," shouted Zup. "It's too hot out there. Take off those heavy woolen stockings. You'll feel fresher and cooler without them."

It was done. But as Illinois trotted out on the gridiron, the sharp-eyed Yost bellowed like a wounded water buffalo.

"It's another of Zuppke's tricks," he shouted. "That slick Dutchman is up to something. Why aren't they wearing stockings? Bring over the officials."

The officials pattered obediently across the field to listen to Yost's bleats of indignation and checked the rule book, but not a word in it pertained to the impropriety of bare legs. The suspicious Yost raged and fumed in full view of the overflow crowd. He beckoned to Little, the coach, and Herb Steger, the Michigan captain.

"Go out there and feel their legs," he shouted. "I'll bet Zup greased their legs so that our tacklers will slide off. That Dutchman is up to something."

Little and Steger made the inspection in full view of the tense and overwrought pro-Illinois spectators. The Wolverines reported that they found none of that greasy kid stuff. It was all more fuel on the flames—and Yost had already tossed kerosene on them with a pre-game interview.

"What about Grange?" he was asked.

"Mr. Grange will be carefully watched," he said, so confident that he was almost scornful. "Every time he takes the ball, there will be eleven hard, clean Michigan tacklers headed for him at the same time. I know he is a great runner, but great runners have the hardest time gaining ground when met by special preparation."

He said it with such conviction that Illini rooters were almost ready to believe that not even their superman could operate against such a concentration.

Grange caught the opening kickoff on his 5-yard line. He started down the center of the field and veered to the right to avoid one batch of "hard, clean Michigan tacklers." At the sideline he wheeled back across the gridiron to the other sideline and sprinted straight down.

On the very first play the Galloping Ghost had whisked 95 yards for a touchdown.

Not long thereafter Illinois took possession of the ball again. Grange circled left end, cut back to pick up his blockers and gave those "hard, clean Michigan tacklers" the old dipsy-do. He flashed 67 yards for a touchdown.

There was an exchange of kicks and off went the redhead again. He swung to the right and his blockers walled out the defenders to the outside. Grange cut inside and exploded 56 yards for a third journey into paydirt.

After another exchange of kicks, Illinois called the identical play—and executed it with identical perfection. Grange romped 45 yards for his fourth touchdown.

Not until he tried it again did those "hard, clean Michigan tacklers" finally catch up with him, but not until after a 19-yard gain. Swede Hall, the Illinois quarterback, called for time. Out on the field with the water bucket rushed Matt Bullock, the trainer.

"Zup wants to know how you feel, Red," he said.

"I'm so dog-tired I can hardly stand up," said Grange. "Better get me out of here."

It was done with three minutes still left to play in the first quarter. As Grange dragged himself to the bench the deep-throated roar of the crowd thundered in his ears. Few ova-

tions in the history of American football could match this tribute to the sensational exploits of one man.

In a scant twelve minutes the Galloping Ghost had gained 303 yards and scored four touchdowns. This, mind you, was against one of the strongest gridiron powers in the land.

Overjoyed Illinois benchwarmers milled about Grange when he crossed beyond the sideline, pounding his back and singing his praises. Then Zuppke shouldered his way through the mob.

"You should have had another touchdown, Red," said Zup, a master of psychology. "You didn't cut at the right time on that last play." No one would ever get a swelled head with Zuppke around.

In that deliberate, deflationary remark, however, Zup had revealed the secret of the Grange success. It was the word *cut*. Prior to the Michigan game, the redhead had always streaked down a sideline in a straightaway path after sweeping wide. But against the Wolverines he crossed them up and destroyed their carefully prepared defenses. He used the cut-back with abrupt changes in direction for the first time in his career. They could not cope with it.

Grange remained on the bench during the second quarter. When he returned, he scored again on a short burst and later threw a pass for a touchdown. His total gain for the afternoon was 402 yards.

The Michigan campus newspaper was so mad at him that it picked him only for its All-America second team.

"All that Grange can do is run," said the editors loftily.

"And all Galli-Curci can do is sing," retorted Zuppke in an indignant crack which has since become something of a classic.

Onward swept Grange to more triumphs. Then came a battle that the redhead still regards as "my toughest college game." It was against the University of Chicago, then a power under Amos Alonzo Stagg. It was a sellout weeks in advance, and speculators were getting as much as \$100 a ticket. The attraction, of course, was the Galloping Ghost.

Stagg approached this game with a theory of operation that was the diametric opposite of Yost's. Where Yost defied Illinois (and Grange) to score on him, Stagg elected to give Illinois (and Grange) as little scoring opportunity as possible by playing possession football.

He had the tools for it. The big Maroon line outweighed the Illini by fifteen pounds a man. And Chicago had a batter-

ing fullback whose nickname told the story best. He was known as Five Yards McCarty.

It was an ingenious idea and it worked. Chicago had a 14-0 lead before Illinois even had an opportunity to strike back. With Grange doing most of the running and passing, his team hammered downfield and he finally scored from close in. Back came Chicago on another relentless drive, and it was 21-7.

Then it was Illinois' turn. Grange gained 40 yards on runs and caught two passes for 44 yards more. It added up to another Grange touchdown, but his team trailed 21-14 at the half. Zuppke lashed into the boys during intermission and his main target seemed to be Britton, the linebacker.

"What were you doing out there, Britton?" he barked. "You looked like a guy playing the piano. Instead of hitting them hard you were pushing them away with your fingertips."

Britton was so mad that he almost killed the first Chicagoan to penetrate the line of the scrimmage. Grange was fired up, too.

On his first play of the second half, he darted around left end and flashed down the sideline. Then he cut back on a weaving dash through the entire Chicago secondary. He went 80 yards for a touchdown. Britton made the extra point, and it remained that way to the end, 21-21.

But it left Illinois on the verge of exhaustion. Late in the game Grange fell flat on his face and lay there, totally spent from the terrific pounding he had taken. Yet he still had gained 300 yards running and 150 yards passing.

The monumental effort against Chicago left Illinois empty for the next game with Minnesota. Grange scored on a sweep from the 10-yard line, but it was a dying gasp. The Illini went down, 20-7, and so did Grange. He was forced to the sidelines with a wrenched shoulder when Minnesota tacklers swarmed all over him after a pass interception. He did not play in the finale against Ohio State, a 7-0 victory for the Illini.

When Walter Camp picked the redhead for his All-America team that year, he singled him out for special praise. He wrote:

"Harold Grange is the marvel of this year's backfield. His work in the Michigan game was a revelation, but his performance in the Chicago game went even further when he accounted for some 450 yards of territory. He is elusive, has

a baffling change of pace, a good straight-arm and seems in some way to get a map of the field at starting and then threads his way through his opponents."

When Red returned to school for his senior year after spending his summer lugging ice, he returned as captain of the team. But it was not much of a team. Graduation had stripped it bare and three of the first four games were lost. But Zuppke had set his sights on one foe just as he had the year before. Instead of Michigan, it was the University of Pennsylvania.

This would mark Grange's first appearance in the East and it seemed foredoomed to disaster. Unbeaten Penn was a top-ranking power and was favored to win easily by five or six touchdowns. But Zup still was what Yost would describe as "a slick Dutchman."

Just before the Penn game, he made a line-up change that was calculated to give more direction to his attack.

"Red," said Zup, "I think you should move to quarterback. The boys will have more confidence with you calling signals."

Grange was willing. Then Zup outlined his strategy. Like most teams of that era, Illinois used a single-wing style of offense with the line unbalanced, meaning that four linemen were on one side of center (the strong side) and only two linemen on the other (the weak side). The majority of plays were to the strong side.

Scouting reports revealed that Penn overshifted its defense to mass against the strong side plays, leaving the weak side relatively unguarded. Zup outlined this and then got specific.

"On the first two plays," he said to Quarterback Grange, "I want you to run Britton to the strong side. On the third play you are to carry the ball yourself to the weak side."

The field was in dreadful shape for a game which jammed 65,000 shivering spectators into Philadelphia's Franklin Field. It had rained and snowed the night before, and the straw covering on the gridiron had been no help. It was a mud cake, topped with icing of real ice.

Britton carried on the first play to the strong side and was stopped cold. He carried in the same direction again and all the Quakers hit him at once. Britton staggered back to the huddle and cast a reproachful glance at his buddy, Quarterback Grange.

"Hey, what do you have against me?" he asked.

On the third play Grange went winging around the weak side end. Not a clutching hand came near him as he danced

55 yards for a touchdown. Soon after, the Galloping Ghost flitted 55 yards more in the mud but was hauled down on the 25. This merely delayed proceedings. He scored a second touchdown, then made a third from 12 yards out.

At halftime Penn stopped overshifting and yardage came harder. But Grange was beginning to feel his oats as a quarterback despite the absolutely dreadful underfooting that made anything fancy virtually impossible. With the ball on the Penn 20 the novice quarterback decided to call a flea-flicker play. Zup spotted it and waved no. Grange ignored him. Zup sent in a substitute with countermanding orders. Grange waved him back.

Then he knelt in the mush as if to hold the ball for a field goal by Britton. But the center's snap came directly to Britton who lobbed the ball to Chuck Kassel who lateraled to Grange. The redhead slogged joyously to a touchdown.

This was razzle-dazzle football at its best, and was part of the story that Laurence Stallings found too big to write. The Iceman gained 363 yards that day and Illinois won, 24-2. It was the high point of Grange's senior year and he was an obvious All-America choice.

But the wheels of fortune already had begun to spin for him. Early that season Grange was relaxing in a Champaign movie house one Saturday night when an usher handed him a slip of paper and said:

"Mr. Pyle who runs this theater wants you to have this. It's a pass that'll get you in here as often as you want for the rest of the year."

It was the first time that Grange had heard the name of C. C. Pyle who was to gain distinction as Cash-and-Carry Pyle, one of the more dynamic showman-promoters of the Golden Age of Sports. They met in the theater lobby a few days later and Pyle invited Red into his office.

"How would you like to make \$100,000 or maybe a million?" asked Pyle.

"I'd like it very much," gasped Grange, once he recovered from the shock of the question.

"I have plans to make you that kind of money," said Pyle. "I have plans but I wanted to be sure you were interested. I can't tell you yet what they are, but I'll contact you as soon as I have something definite. Meanwhile, don't breathe a word of our conversation."

The next day Cash-and-Carry hustled off to Chicago and approached the co-owners of the Chicago Bears, George

Halas and Ed Sternaman. Grange would turn pro with the Bears and Pyle himself would book a schedule of lucrative exhibition games from Florida to the West Coast. No one could say that Pyle didn't have ideas or the fierce drive to put them across.

The Bears balked at his original suggestion to split all gate receipts 60-40, Grange getting the major share. But they did agree eventually on a 50-50 split. Then off went Pyle to book the extra games. Three weeks later he returned to hand the package to Grange.

"Red," he said, "we'll sign nothing and you won't get one cent from me until after you've played your last college game. We don't want to do anything to jeopardize your standing as a college player."

Not until the end of the final game with Ohio State did Grange announce his intention to turn pro. The next day he signed a contract with Pyle as his manager and another with the Bears. His statement was characteristically frank.

"I'm turning pro to make money," he said. "I can see nothing wrong in playing pro football. It's the same as playing professional baseball. Unless I get the money now I'll never get it because I'll soon be forgotten."

It was the only way that Grange could capitalize on his athletic fame quickly. If he needed the National Football League to serve as his showcase, the N.F.L. needed him just as desperately—maybe more so.

It was a sprawling monster, but so enfeebled that it was struggling to survive. There were twenty teams in the league in 1925, most of them representing whistle stops. The New York Giants had just been born but they were midget size. Grange supplied the adrenalin pro ball needed.

Millions of people who didn't know there was such a thing as pro football suddenly became aware of its existence. How well would the Galloping Ghost gallop against the hard-bitten mercenaries? The public was curious. Most watched from afar through the sports pages, but there were many who were willing to pay their cash to see the phenomenal redhead in action.

He made his pro debut at Wrigley Field in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, 1925. The Bears were facing their cross-town rivals, the Chicago Cardinals. The crowd was 36,000, then the largest ever to watch a professional game.

The fans came to see Grange run wild. He didn't even run tame. The defenses were overpowering on each side, so much

so that the game ended in a scoreless tie. Unfamiliar with the signals and the plays, Red gained little as a ball carrier from scrimmage and practically nothing on punt returns. Paddy Driscoll of the Cardinals thwarted him.

Paddy was a tremendous backfield performer and a kicker of consummate skill. He gave Grange no chance to rip off one of his electrifying punt returns by artfully angling his kicks so that Red was unable to catch them. The crowd booed this sound and proper procedure, but Paddy didn't care. He had a ready explanation when reporters questioned him about his tactics.

"It was a question as to which of us would look bad—Grange or Driscoll," he said. "I decided it would *not* be Driscoll."

That game was on Thursday. On Sunday the Bears played the Columbus Tigers at Wrigley Field. A swirling snowstorm held down attendance to 28,000, but Grange ran for 140 yards as the Bears won, 14-13.

Never a man to miss a loose dollar bill, Pyle had arranged for a Wednesday game in St. Louis against a makeshift team. Although only 8,000 customers showed up in the bitter cold, Grange managed to fan the flames of his personal publicity with four touchdowns.

The Grange Gold Rush whirled into Philadelphia on Saturday for a match with the Frankfort Yellowjackets at Shibe Park. The weather was dreadful. But 40,000 fans braved a cold, penetrating rain to see the Wheaton Iceman. He scored both touchdowns in a 14-0 Bear success.

Then it was on to New York and the fantastic turnout of 70,000-plus against the Giants. Interest in Grange was at such a pitch that the *New York Times* gave the story front page attention. In that era sports stories were almost never permitted to intrude on the sacred front page of the *Times*. But Grange was so special that he made it.

After that game Pyle presented him with his first paycheck. It was for \$50,000. More money came from endorsements and from the signing of a movie contract. Cash-and-Carry Pyle was doing handsomely.

But Grange was not. He was playing too often against opposition that was too tough. In Boston he was booed for the first time in his life. Red took it hard.

An imaginative writer of that day penned a graphic story of Babe Ruth rushing to Red with words of advice, such as:

"Don't be thin-skinned. You gotta take the knocks with the boosts." Et sic ad infinitum.

When the breezy Babe was introduced to Grange, he said:

"Hi-yah, kid. Howya doing?"

Then they talked baseball.

The Bears also were worn out from the grind. They played a game in Pittsburgh and only ten men were ready to start. They filled in with a semi-cripple. Grange had to retire early when a kick on his upper left arm caused a hemorrhage. Again he was booed by fans who assumed he was dogging it.

But Red was in such pain that he could not perform against Detroit and refunds were offered. Only 6,000 customers stayed in the park while 9,000 got their money back. With them it was Grange or nothing.

When the Pyle-arranged exhibition tour began a few weeks later, Grange was involved in a schedule that started in Florida and finished on the Pacific Coast. He drew a crowd of 70,000 in Los Angeles and the excursion netted him another \$50,000.

Pyle was producing as promised. But Pyle also was beginning to get delusions of grandeur. He demanded that he and Grange be given a one-third share of the Chicago Bears, a proposal which failed to enchant Messrs. Halas and Sternaman.

Then Pyle, bold as brass, informed the National Football League that he had a three-year lease on Yankee Stadium and that he wanted a second New York franchise in opposition to the Giants.

"No," roared Tim Mara, owner of the Giants. "You're muscling in on my territorial rights. I refuse permission."

"If I can't do it with your permission," said Pyle, "I'll form my own league and do it without your help. I can make a go of it because I have the biggest attraction in pro football, Red Grange."

So Pyle organized his own American Football League, the first of many wars which the N.F.L. has since had to wage. In one respect Cash-and-Carry was correct. He had the big attraction in Grange, but his league was foundering before the end of October and the shrewd Pyle made peace before the 1927 season rolled around.

By then he had stopped demanding everything. He used the soft approach and gave a pitchman's spiel to Mara, convincing Tim that two New York franchises might prove mutually profitable. Thus did the Yankees come into the N.F.L.

The Yankees did not start badly, but in their third game they faced the Chicago Bears at Wrigley Field. Again the magnet of the Grange name drew a gathering of 30,000, the largest there since he had made his pro debut two years earlier. Countless thousands more broke in through the bleacher gates, climbed fences and swarmed over the field. This broke Pyle's heart. He hated to see people get in free.

Grange had a good day although the Bears surged into a 12-0 lead and held it. In the final minute of play the redhead sliced beyond the line of scrimmage to take a pass. As he reached high for the ball, he crashed into George (Brute) Trafton, the huge Bear center, and they toppled to earth together.

The cleat on Red's right shoe caught in the turf just as the Brute landed heavily atop him. Grange's knee was twisted badly, and he lay there in excruciating pain.

No one knew it then, but this was the end of the Galloping Ghost.

Red hobbled about on crutches for four weeks, and no two specialists could agree as to what was wrong or what was the proper treatment. Yankee attendance fell off grievously while he was sidelined. Pyle was frantic and Grange greatly disturbed.

So they elected to take a chance and let Grange serve as a non-running quarterback against the Cardinals. The knee was reinjured and put in a plaster cast.

But Grange was too conscientious for his own good. He insisted on filling his commitments of personal participation in all games. He was brave but foolhardy. None knew that he would leave a cane in the clubhouse and try to pretend that the knee was sound. It never was again. No more could he cut and weave and give with the old dipsy-do. He was just an ordinary football player with an extraordinary reputation.

On sheer determination Grange finished the 1927 season, but even he had reached the conclusion that he had bet on the wrong horse. He dissolved his partnership with Pyle and withdrew what was left of his dwindling fortunes from the Yankee franchise. Without him it finally expired.

The one time wraith of the gridiron was an ex-Ghost with no place to haunt in 1928. His knee was bothering him dreadfully, and medical experts still could not agree what to do about it. All they agreed on was that he might be crippled for life if he attempted to play any more football. So he put the sport he loved from his mind—as best he could.

He went into vaudeville and made a movie or two. He even made a serial entitled—surprise!—"The Galloping Ghost." But show business did one big thing for Grange. It ended his days as a shy, bashful, small-town boy and gave him poise and polish.

More than that, one accidental association got him back into football. Frank Zambreno, his vaudeville booking agent, was a friend of George Halas, the owner of the Bears, and he sounded out the Papa Bear on the return of Grange to the football wars. Halas was enthusiastic. Grange was dubious.

But such was his love for football and so deep was his admiration for Halas that he consented to give it a whirl. He went at it with an entirely new attitude. The ghostly gallops were over. From now on he would have to compensate for that spectral loss by supplying substance.

He did. The redhead became a real football player of rounded skills. He still was an explosive straight-ahead runner from the T-formation, a style of attack which the Bears adopted long before any other team in the league. He passed well enough to keep the opposition guessing and off balance. He blocked sharply and he became as fine a defensive back as there was in pro ball.

He reached another peak, perhaps, in the 1933 championship playoff between the Bears and the Giants. This was a wild and wooly one, most unusual for that era when evenly matched teams produced close-to-the-vest, low-scoring games. The lead changed hands seven times, and the Bears went into the closing seconds with a fragile 23-21 advantage. Then it happened.

Harry Newman, the Giant quarterback, shot a forward pass to Dale Burnett, the wingback, and only Grange was between Burnett and the winning touchdown. But there was an extra complication. Mel Hein, the Giant center, was a step in back of Burnett. As soon as Red made the tackle, Burnett would lateral to Hein and the Giants would win. There was no escape. Or was there?

Grange instantly reacted with the instinct which had made him an all-league selection. He pounced on Burnett like a big cat. With an unorthodox tackle he grabbed him high, smothering the ball against Burnett's chest so that he could not lateral. They were rolling on the earth when the gun sounded to end the game.

"The greatest defensive play I ever saw," said Halas.

"The greatest defensive play I ever saw," echoed Steve Owen, the Giant coach.

Time was running out on the redhead, though. The sands reached the bottom of the glass in an exhibition game in California against the Giants in January of 1935. Knowing it was to be Grange's farewell, the Bears schemed to spring him for a touchdown and have him end his career on that final glorious note.

In the final quarter they opened a yawning hole on their own 20 and Grange burst through as blockers chopped down Giant tacklers. Off went the redhead on an 80-yard romp. But his legs kept getting heavier and heavier. The weight of his years was too heavy a burden, and a lumbering 230-pound lineman nailed him from behind on the New York 39. It was his last play.

It's a pity he didn't score that touchdown. It would have had the proper dramatic impact, because the final curtain would have come down with Red Grange standing alone and triumphant in the end zone.



JOHNNY BLOOD

The Magnificent Screwball

THE AURA of unreality surrounding Johnny Blood assumed its hazy beginning with his name. It isn't his true name at all, but the product of an imagination as wild and colorful as the man himself. He was born John V. McNally, but it was Johnny Blood who lit up the skies in the National Football League, throwing off sparks of such sustained brilliance that fact and fiction about the man have become intertwined.

Perhaps it doesn't matter much. He was such an implausible character that folks were able to accept everything without serious doubt. So was Blood. The dramatic held an inherent appeal for him, and his puckish sense of humor prompted him to add to the illusion of mystery that grew around him.

If he thought that the nickname, "The Magnificent Screw-

ball," overdid it slightly, he had no objections to "The Vagabond Halfback." To a certain extent he had earned both. He received his college degree twenty-six years after his original class had graduated and then went on for a master's degree in economics. He played football for twenty-two years, fifteen in the National Football League. He wandered all over the world and didn't settle down in matrimony until he was in his mid-forties. It was his wife, Marguerite Streater McNally, who described him best.

"Even when Johnny does the expected," she said, "he does it in an unexpected way."

A striking illustration is the name, Johnny Blood. He officiated at the christening ceremonies in either 1924 or 1925. He can't remember which. Furthermore, he delights in confounding historians by not even trying.

The date really has no great pertinence. He had a year of college eligibility left and could not resist the temptation to sneak in a game of pro football with a Minneapolis team that went under the eye-catching name of the East 26th Street Liberties.

It was the practice of collegians of that era to play pro ball under assumed names, thereby keeping inviolate their amateur standing. Young Mr. McNally scorned such a commonplace alias as Smith or Jones or Brown. He needed one with a flair to fit his personality.

Johnny was on his way to the park in the company of a friend, Ralph Hanson, who also needed a *nom de guerre*. They passed a theater. Emblazoned on the marquee was "Rudolf Valentino in 'Blood and Sand.'" Johnny let out a yelp.

"That's it," he said, excitedly nudging Hanson. "There are our names. You be Sand. I'll be Blood."

Thus was Johnny Blood born, the noblest creation since Minerva emerged, full-panoplied, from the brow of Zeus. It is worth nothing that McNally gave the prosaic part of the title to Hanson and kept the more flamboyant one for himself. He was to make it unforgettable.

For his maiden effort as a pro the freshly minted Johnny Blood received the princely salary of \$16.50, his share of proceeds acquired by passing the hat.

The money was of no importance to him. He loved to play football and couldn't get enough of it. Money he had. Johnny was born in New Richmond, Wisconsin, on November 27, 1903, and came from a wealthy family of newspaper publish-

ers and paper-mill owners. So he never had to worry about finances.

But Johnny did worry his father when he was in high school at New Richmond. McNally père was a sports fanatic and McNally fils was a grave disappointment to his old man. The father spoke about it to the mother one night.

"It's a pity," he said, "that all the athletic ability in the family is concentrated in the two girls. They are good at golf and at basketball. But Johnny doesn't seem to have any athletic talent. He can't make any team in any sport."

"At least he's an exceptional student," she said. Father was unimpressed.

Mother was right. Johnny was an exceptional student. He had a bright, inquiring mind and his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He graduated from high school when only fourteen. His age explained a lot. He was just too small, too spindly and too immature to hold his own in sports with the bigger boys.

By the time he did mature, however, he had everything. When he was setting the league afire for the Green Bay Packers he was a solid 6 feet 2 inches and 195 pounds. His hair was coal-black. A mischievous, taunting twinkle has always been in his eyes, and he was as handsome as a Greek god.

But he still was a skinny kid when he graduated from high school, and he hung around for another year of post-graduate work, waiting with a growing impatience for time to start catching up with him. He took a whirl at River Falls Normal School, a teachers' college, and his restiveness increased. Then Johnny's father went off to California and left his precocious offspring with a checkbook.

"It was a mistake," Johnny now admits.

He tried to enlist in the Navy but was turned down because he did not have 20-20 vision. So he went as far from the water as he could get, leaving school and working on a farm in North Dakota. By the time he decided to matriculate at St. John's College in Collegeville, Minnesota, in September of 1920, he was not yet seventeen.

Because of his extreme youth at the beginning of his college career, his emergence as an athlete was barely discernible. But there was such natural talent in him that emerge he did. He became captain of the basketball team and by his junior year had won letters in football, basketball, baseball and track—all this without the slightest high school background.

One day he was called in as an emergency measure to

pitch against Gustavus Adolphus. It was the only game he ever pitched but he held the opposition to one hit. Naturally, he won the game. His track debut was in an intramural meet. He scored 53 points.

But the restlessness which was to stay with him for most of his life already had taken hold. Blood—although he still was McNally—had been doing well at St. John's. He had made his mark in sports and had distinguished himself in the classroom.

Whatever he did, he did with exceptional ease and grace. He was editor of the college newspaper, *Sagatagan*. He was the star debater and took the leading role in school plays.

He wrote with an intensity of feeling that actually was poetry. One memorable line in the year book is most revealing. He wrote:

"Dear God, how sweet it is in spring to be a boy."

He was to cling so fiercely to boyhood that he never did grow up. Here was Peter Pan in a football uniform, the eternal youth who wanted no part of manhood's responsibilities. Not until his later years did this mercurial marvel settle down to some semblance of stability. With his brilliant mind and irresistible charm, he could have been an overwhelming success in business.

Such a life didn't interest him. He craved the excitement that football gave him and hung on grimly, even when he had become an old man by the gridiron calendar.

Johnny was groping for something with his still unformed philosophy when he wrote this striking bit of poetry for the *St. John's Record*:

*I have pondered oft of late
The frigid, cold and dusty state
The world has come to . . .
. . . And though I've a flair
For atmosphere that's clean and fresh—
But there's that all-too-solid flesh.*

At the end of his junior year Johnny yielded to another of his distant-fields-look-greener urges. He suddenly decided that he wanted his degree from Notre Dame instead of St. John's. There was also an ulterior motive. He wanted to play football for Knute Rockne who already was solidifying his reputation as the top coach in the game.

Because time never has meant anything to Blood, and be-

cause he still was young enough to waste it, he entered Notre Dame as a freshman. The freshman football coach was George Keogan, the varsity basketball coach, and no one beneath the Golden Dome had ever heard of young Mr. McNally. Keogan shoved him into a tackle spot.

"But I only weigh 165 pounds," said Johnny.

"You'll play tackle," snapped Keogan.

"I'm a back," said Johnny. "I'm the fastest man on the campus. I'm no tackle."

"You'll do what I say—or else," said Keogan.

Johnny took the "or else." He spent his afternoons at the Y.M.C.A. in South Bend, playing basketball. He considered himself a better basketball player than football player anyway. But he remained quartered at Carroll Hall, rooming with Vince McNally and Joe Boland, both future football stars. The only help he ever gave Notre Dame in furthering his football fortunes was to write the poetry assignments of Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback of the Four Horsemen team. Stuhldreher wrote creditable prose but poetry baffled him.

On March 17 every year Blood reverts to type and becomes McNally. St. Patrick's Day is a red-letter—maybe green-letter would be more fitting—day in his life. On his first St. Paddy's Day at Notre Dame he went A.W.O.L. and the disciplinary board suspended him for sixty days.

Johnny thereupon stayed A.W.O.L. and got a job in the Studebaker plant in South Bend. As soon as he had enough money, he bought a motorcycle and went roaring off to New York. When this escapade was over, he went back to the Midwest and settled down, more or less. He went to work as a stereotyper on the *Minneapolis Tribune*. He had no difficulty getting the job. His uncle owned the newspaper.

But that old itch was never far away. He spent his Sundays playing football for the East 26th Street Liberties under the name of Johnny Blood. A year later he moved in faster circles, performing for Ironwood, Michigan, and for Milwaukee. Then came the big step up in 1926.

He popped up with the crack Duluth Eskimos of the National Football League, a full-fledged and admitted professional at last. But he signed as Johnny Blood, almost as he could not resist the fascination inherent in that name.

This, of course, is entirely contrary to all accepted practice. Sports organizations always insist that a legal document like a contract be signed with a legal name. But McNally, the

unorthodox, went through an entire career with "Johnny Blood" affixed firmly to every contract.

Blood played for the Duluth Eskimos in 1926 and 1927 before shifting to the Pottsville Maroons in 1928. Once each year he performed against the Green Bay Packers, and the keen eye of Curly Lambeau, the coach of the Packers, watched with growing interest. The crucible of National Football League play was molding Blood into an instrument of the finest steel.

The Packers finished fourth that season, and Lambeau began to envision a championship for 1929 if he could wangle three men from other teams to serve as the foundation stones of his title structure.

One was Cal Hubbard, the titanic tackle who then was with the New York Giants. A small town boy, the huge Cal found New York too overwhelming a place. He preferred the intimacy of Green Bay. Curly swung a deal for him. He also went after and got Mike Michalske, a great guard, from the collapsing New York Yankees.

His third objective was Blood, a Wisconsin boy who was most unhappy with Pottsville and eager to end his wanderings. Curly had no difficulty in making the trade. He had the prescience to know what he was getting, while Pottsville never quite suspected what it was letting go. If Johnny brought some grief to Curly over the years, he more than compensated for it by the sheer magnificence of his play.

Johnny had everything—except, perhaps, stability. He was unbelievably fast and as elusive as a cake of soap in a bathtub. He was a superb running back and soon was also the best pass-catcher in the league. He could throw passes and punt with the best. On defense he was a ball hawk and deadly tackler.

But he was at his best only when the situation was most difficult. When the Packers were out in front he was inclined to coast and clown. He dropped the easy passes and caught the impossible ones.

He broke training rules and ignored curfews. He missed trains and bed checks. He was as elusive off the field as on it, mischievously breaking free from those assigned to ride herd on him. Yet he showed no effects on the gridiron of his care-free habits and dominated the record book during his long tenure with the Packers. Throughout it all, he either was impervious to injuries or ignored them without any ill effects. Football never had anyone quite like him.

The first point Johnny scored for Green Bay was—of all things—a run for the extra point after the placement try went awry. It was to be far from his last. As a matter of fact, the Vagabond was to tally thirty-seven touchdowns for the Packers over the years.

One came against the Giants and clinched the first championship Green Bay ever won. The score was tied at 7-7 in the last quarter when Red Dunn, the Packer quarterback, fired a pass to Johnny in the flat. Blood took off in a weaving gallop of 55 yards for the touchdown that was to settle the issue at 14-7. It was the only Giant setback of the year. The Packers finished unbeaten although once tied.

It was a good play. Dunn remembered it when the new champions played a post-season exhibition game in Memphis shortly after the championship celebration. (And no Packer celebrated with more enthusiasm than Blood.)

The day was hot and the Memphis team had loaded its line-up with stars from over the league. This was no exhibition romp; it was a battle. The Packers were trailing in the fourth quarter when Dunn remembered the play which had worked so well against the Giants. He called for it.

The redhead took the ball from center, wheeled and fired at Blood. The All-Stars apparently had been forewarned. They had Blood trapped. Even with his brain a trifle fuzzy, Johnny could think better and faster than anyone else. He turned and threw the ball back to Dunn.

This riposte was a combination of quick thinking and sheer mischief. The field in front of Dunn was wide open. But he stood still, staring at the ball in his hands as if mesmerized. Tacklers finally jarred him to earth. Johnny was doubled up with laughter when he returned to the huddle.

"I just wanted to see what you'd do with the ball," he gasped out to Dunn. Then he added thoughtfully, "You didn't do much, did you?"

The enemy never knew what to expect from Blood. Neither did his teammates. There was the time, for example, when the Packers were locked in a tough contest with the Providence Steamrollers. Green Bay had the ball on the 15 and Johnny was calling signals. He called for one in the 69 sequence. It had two variations. On 69 the fullback took a handoff from Blood, while the end faked taking another handoff on an end around. The counter to this was 69X, with Blood faking a handoff to the fullback but giving the ball to the end on the reverse. They huddled.

"69XX," whispered Blood. The Packers stared blankly at each other.

"Signals off," growled the fullback. "We don't have such a play."

"We have one now," said Johnny. "Just go through with the 69 sequence and I'll do the rest."

He did. He faked to the fullback. He faked to the end on the end around. He tucked the ball under his arm and whisked to a touchdown.

In another game he broke off tackle from his own 20, surged past the line of scrimmage, sidestepped the secondary and was in the clear before he reached midfield. It was almost too easy. So Johnny lost interest.

He slowed down, waiting for a teammate to overhaul him and take a lateral for a more fancy touchdown. But the opposition got there first. So he zigzagged back and forth, still waiting.

They crowded him down to the 10. Then he ducked away to the 5. Finally, to his great annoyance, he was forced to score himself. Even then, though, he did it the hard way. He carried four men with him.

One of the more notable of Blood's off-the-field exploits came after the championship was clinched in 1930. It was a boisterous victory party on the train back to Green Bay, and the most spirited of the celebrants, naturally enough, was the effervescent Johnny.

After a while things quieted down and most of the players drifted off into card games. This was much too tame for the Magnificent Screwball. He wanted action. So he enlivened things by throwing wet towels at anyone who seemed worth victimizing. One soggy missile clunked against the neck of the dignified La Vern Dilweg, the big end who later was to become a lawyer of note.

"Wait 'til I get my hands on you," roared Dilweg, leaping to his feet.

"You'll have to catch me first," sang out Blood.

The pursuit began from the clubcar in the front of the train, the nimble Blood laughing and taunting as he ran from car to car. Dilweg kept getting madder and madder. He stopped in the front of the last car of the train.

"Now I've got you, you buzzard," he shouted triumphantly. "You've got nowhere to go."

"Don't bet on it," sang out Blood.

Dilweg bore down on him. Johnny stepped onto the rear

platform, hoisted himself onto the gate and climbed on top of the moving train. Dilweg stopped, aghast. Blood didn't stop. As sure-footed as a Rocky Mountain goat, he advanced along the top of the train, leaping from one car to the next until he'd reached the engine. Then he dropped into the cab, scaring the engineer and fireman nigh to death.

"Hello, fellows," said Johnny cheerfully. He rode with them the rest of the way to Green Bay.

Late in the 1932 season a cold wave hit the country and Johnny began to dream about the sun-drenched beaches of Waikiki in Honolulu. To a man with his fertile imagination, it seemed like an ideal place to go. Being also a man of action, he sent a cable to the sports editor of the *Honolulu Star-Advertiser*, suggesting a post-season game between the Packers and a local team of All-Stars on New Year's Day. Three hours later an affirmative reply arrived.

Blood knew then that he would have to take Lambeau in on his scheme. He gave Curly a smooth sales talk and the Packer coach agreed, setting a \$9,000 guarantee as his price. So Blood cabled back:

"Will come for \$10,000 guarantee and 50 per cent of gross."

The offer was accepted. Blood, the financial intermediary, handled the payoff. He turned over the \$10,000 to Lambeau, delighting Curly no end by the addition of the unexpected \$1,000. The 50 per cent of the gross amounted to \$1,200. Johnny pocketed this himself. He spent it just as fast as he got it, though. That always was his way.

When the Packers returned to Los Angeles for another exhibition game, it rained all week and Johnny grew restless. His money had gone and he needed more. Lambeau was obdurate. He wouldn't give his playboy halfback a nickel. Curly barricaded himself in his room, knowing he never would be able to resist the blandishments of the irresistible Blood. The phone was shut off, the transom closed. Curly was safe. He dropped onto the bed and dozed off. A gentle shake awakened him. His eyes opened to see the grinning face of Johnny Blood.

"H-h-how did you get in?" stammered Lambeau.

"Through the window," said Blood.

Lambeau paled. His room was on the sixth floor. Johnny had gained entrance by leaping across an eight-foot-wide courtyard in a driving rainstorm. Lambeau gave him the money.

After Blood's brilliance on the field had earned him a berth on the All-League team, his coach came up with an idea.

"If you're that good when you don't keep training rules," said Lambeau, "just think how much better you'd be if you observed them. Promise me you won't break training rules until after the season ends."

"I promise," said Johnny, and kept his promise.

Actually it made no difference. He gained All-League honors again as a milk drinker.

Every afternoon he took two quarts of milk with him to the Green Bay library where he studied pondrous tomes which formed the basis for the book he later wrote on the Malthusian theory of economics. There just is no limit to the talents of this amazing man.

Blood held every pass-catching record in the league until Don Hutson joined him on the Packers. Together they drove the opposition crazy. When Hutson came to Green Bay, Blood was thirty-two years old. Yet Hutson could only out-run Blood by a foot or two in a sprint. By then Johnny had slowed down considerably.

Some experts believe that not even Hutson made more impossible catches than Johnny. The Packers were once trailing the Detroit Lions, 18-13, with one minute to go. The winner of the game would take the divisional championships. This was the sort of test which brought out the very best in Blood.

Such was the score and such was the time remaining that the Lions knew the Packers would have to pass. They were ready when the strong-armed Arnie Herber launched a titanic 60-yarder into the end zone, one of those heaven-help-us heaves.

Three Lion defenders escorted Blood into the end zone. All four went up for the ball in a wild tangle of arms. Naturally, Johnny made the catch for the winning touchdown.

The years started to catch up with this marvel after he had spent eight seasons with the Packers. By then Art Rooney, the owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers, was smitten with an idea. If he could pry his fellow Irishman away from Green Bay, he could solve two problems at once. He would get himself a still durable halfback star who could double as coach. That Blood also brought his own built-in problems with him was overlooked.

No coach in the history of football ever had a more spectacular debut than Johnny. It was the opening kickoff of his opening game as coach. The Philadelphia Eagles booted the

ball deep. Blood caught it on the goal line and promptly ran it 100 yards for a touchdown.

"That's the way to do it, fellows," sang out Coach Blood, dusting off his hands.

It was to be the final flare from the Roman candle. As the season progressed, the Steeler players began to realize that the volatile Vagabond was still dreaming in the past.

Whenever the Steelers began to mount a drive that reached scoring territory, Coach Blood would send in Player Blood as a substitute. Invariably the drive bogged down, and the musclemen in black jerseys grew resentful to the point of insubordination. Eventually, the captain strolled over to the referee during a time-out in a close game.

"Mr. Referee," said the captain, "I'd like to know what our rights are."

"What rights do you mean?" said the referee.

"It's this way," said the captain, fumbling for words. "When a substitute is sent into the game, do we have to take him?"

"Certainly not," said the referee. "The captain on the field can always refuse to accept a substitute."

"Thank you, sir," said the captain, smiling satanically.

Pittsburgh rumbled toward the goal line. Blood raced off the bench and onto the field.

"Send him back," said the captain to the referee. "We won't accept the substitute."

So the Steelers scored without their peerless leader.

The amiable Blood usually doesn't bother to separate the fact from the fancy as far as he is concerned. But he once mentioned mildly that the we-won't-accept-the-substitute yarn was actually a combination of two different stories woven into a third.

"In my first year as Steeler coach," explained Johnny, "we beat the Giants, thanks to Whizzer White. Not only was the Whizzer a freshman, but our backfield was young and inexperienced.

"When we moved the ball down to the 20, I thought we should have an old head in there to direct the attack. So I substituted myself to call signals. As luck would have it, we didn't make it. Everyone was mad and disappointed, including me.

"Why didn't you leave us alone?" said Whizzer to me. 'We would have made it.'

"Late that season we were playing the Packers. I had a

grudge to settle with Curly Lambeau and I decided I'd play the entire game as blocking back. I wanted to prove something to Curly.

"We were playing the Bears once, and my assignment on a punt formation was to block out George Musso, all 250 pounds of him. I flattened Musso just as I was supposed to, but someone else on the Bears almost blocked the kick.

"What's the matter with you, Blood?" screamed Curly at me. "Why can't you block?"

"What did he want you to do to me—kill me?" said Musso, as mystified as I was by the outburst.

"So I wanted to demonstrate to Curly that I really was a good blocker. I was going great but near the end of the game my assistant coach, Walt Kiesling, began to feel sorry for me and sent in a relief man. I was the one who spoke to the referee.

"I refuse to accept a substitute," I said. I had to prove Curly wrong if it killed me. I think I showed him, too."

Blood didn't stay long at Pittsburgh, just a couple of seasons. He was really too mercurial to be a coach. But he still didn't want to quit and drifted off to Kenosha. He was still playing football on December 7, 1941, when he was thirty-eight years old. It was Pearl Harbor Day.

He enlisted the very next day, of course. What else would anyone expect? In keeping with his nature he picked the most spectacular branch of the service, the air corps. When he was stationed in the China-India-Burma theater, his football friends had every expectation of reading some day of a lone American airplane flying over Tokyo and dropping bombs. If it had happened, they would have known without being told that it was Johnny Blood.

That old fire still was simmering below the surface when he received his discharge in 1945. He fanned it into some semblance of flame when he returned to the Packers and a final fling at the game he loved. He was running back a punt in a pre-season exhibition when a couple of monsters scissored in on him from opposite sides.

"Among the things that hit me," he later described the experience, "were not only two big tackles but the sudden decision to quit. I got back to my feet so slowly that I realized this was no game for a forty-two-year-old. Life and limb suddenly became important to me."

A later realization was that he had been detoured from gaining one of his earliest objectives, a college degree. So he

returned to St. John's College in 1948 and completed his courses, getting his formal degree twenty-six years late. He stayed on as teacher and as coach of several sports a few years, later entering business in his home town of New Richmond, Wisconsin.

In 1958 the voters of St. Croix County in Wisconsin were given a rare opportunity. They fluffed it egregiously. A candidate for sheriff was John V. McNally. He should have used his alias of Johnny Blood. Then the electorate would have known that he would have been the most ferocious law enforcer since Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp and Marshal Dillon.

Perhaps a flaw in the McNally campaign was that he let Blood do the talking for him. The candidate was asked what the main plank in his platform would be. McNally could have given a learned discourse of utter conviction. But McNally lost the election because he permitted Blood to speak.

"Honest wrestling," said Johnny Blood.



ERNIE NEVERS

The Iron Man

THE QUESTION was harmless enough. It was the answer that shocked the entire sports world.

The question was asked of Pop Warner at a time when the mane of hair on the leonine head of the fabled coach had been silvered by the years. Warner had always been a majestic figure of a man, and his contributions to football had been enormous during his glory years with the Carlisle Indians, Pitt and Stanford. He had become an elder statesman whose opinions carried the vast weight of his experience.

"Tell me, Pop," said the interviewer, "who was the greatest football player you ever coached?"

It seemed like a silly question because the answer was obvious. It had to be Jim Thorpe, the wondrous Sac and Fox Indian. But the interviewer asked it anyway, never dreaming

in his innocence that the reply would catch headlines all over the country.

"Ernie Nevers," said Warner, biting off the words with a crisp finality that brooked no argument.

"Nevers could do everything Thorpe could do," continued Pop, "and he always was trying harder than Thorpe ever did. Ernie gave sixty minutes of himself in every football game, but I rarely could get more than twenty minutes out of the Indian. No man ever gave more of himself than Nevers. He did it for me at Stanford and he did later on with the professionals."

It was a stunning pronouncement. It didn't bother Thorpe one whit. But it sure embarrassed Nevers, a quiet man of innate modesty.

In fact, he could not help but remember it when he played against Thorpe for the first time in 1926. Both were pros. Ernie was then a blond powerhouse in the full flush of his youth, twenty-three years of age. The big Indian was thirty-eight, the proverbial hollow shell.

Ernie had just reached for a pass for the Duluth Eskimos when Thorpe crashed into him.

"Just as I went up for the ball," said Ernie, "the Indian hit me in the chest with his shoulder. I felt as though my ribs had been caved in, as if I'd been pile-driven three feet into the ground. Never before or since have I been hit as hard."

Nevers lay on the frozen turf, so dazed that he wanted to stay there until the trainer could minister to him. Then into his fuzzy mind came the recollection of what Warner had said about him and Thorpe.

He struggled to reassemble his faculties and get to his feet. Before he could make it the big Indian reached down a helping hand and pulled him upright.

"You all right, young fellow?" said the Sac and Fox.

Ernie was far from all right. The bells were still ringing in his head. He tried to manage a grin to match Thorpe's grin.

"Sure, Jim," said Ernie. "I'm okay. But I'm glad I wasn't playing against you ten years ago."

If the Indian could rise to flashy heights beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, Nevers was a paragon of consistency and a tremendous competitor. In many respects he was also a compulsive competitor, because he had to give his best at all times and for as long as he was able.

He organized a team of All-Stars for an exhibition game in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium in 1931 against the Green

Bay Packers, the champions of the league. The big attraction, of course, was Nevers, a local boy from nearby Stanford, and Ernie was conscious of his trust.

When the All-Stars surprisingly went out in front by an insuperable margin, both sides were quick to make frequent substitutions, a share-the-work load which would keep the players fresh and resistant to injury. Not Ernie, though. He doggedly insisted on going all the way, and later, a Packer upended him savagely and broke his ankle.

"You invited that injury, Ernie," said one of his teammates in the dressing room afterward. "Why did you stay in the game when you didn't have to?"

"There were two reasons," said Ernie. "First of all, this team was known as the Ernie Nevers All-Stars. Since the fans were paying to see me, I felt obligated to give them their money's worth."

He smiled wanly.

"Besides," he added. "I wanted to play. It's as simple as that."

That inner urgency whipped Nevers along the road to greatness. Like most of the super-stars in the Hall of Fame, he was a singularly versatile athlete. He was a high priced pro basketball player in a league which was a forerunner to the National Basketball Association. He pitched three seasons for the St. Louis Browns and was unwillingly imprisoned in the record book. When Babe Ruth hit his classic 60 home runs in 1927, homers No. 8 and No. 41 were crashed off a Brownie right-hander named Ernie Nevers.

Throughout his career Ernie was a man who thrived on work. He was born in Willow River, Minnesota, on June 11, 1903, moving later with his family to Superior, Wisconsin, and it was at Superior Central High that he first learned football. Naturally, he learned it the hard way.

"I was used by Irl Tubbs, the coach, as live bait in the tackling drills," said Ernie. "I stood in the sawdust pit and let the other kids tackle and block me. And I wasn't allowed to move around. The only difference between me and a regular tackling dummy was that I could talk and didn't have a rope around my neck."

It must have been perfect training for him. Ever afterwards Ernie was able to absorb a constant beating from tacklers. Furthermore, he gloried in the bruising head-to-head combat.

In basketball, though, he was slicker. Crowded away from

the hoop by an overzealous guard one day, Nevers merely made a sweep with his arm and popped the ball through the rim. It was the hook shot, now widely used. The probability is great that Ernie was its inventor. Certainly he was a copied practitioner.

When his folks moved to Santa Rosa, California, Nevers organized, coached and played fullback on the high school team there. It won all nine games. In December he returned to Superior Central and led that school to the Wisconsin basketball championship. He was ready for Stanford.

It was his perseverance which gained him a spot on the freshman football team rather than his talent. That same dogged determination moved him to the varsity as a sophomore under Andy Kerr; Ernie played halfback on offense and end on defense. Then the great Warner succeeded Kerr and things changed. Warner quickly switched his Blond Bomber to fullback.

"The key man in my double-wing formation," said the grizzled Pop, "is the fullback. You'll be doing most of the passing and the kicking. So you'd better brush up on them." Ernie did as ordered.

Before his senior year, however, Nevers broke an ankle in a pre-season scrimmage. He was out until the final game. Then the other ankle was broken. This was more than an ordinary disaster. Stanford had just been chosen to play in the Rose Bowl against the storied Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Without Nevers the cause of the Palo Alto Indians was hopeless.

A fortnight before the game Nevers' ankle was still in a cast. A week before the game he had tossed aside the cast and was hobbling about with taped ankles. At game time he still looked doubtful.

"Will you be able to play, Ernie?" asked Warner dubiously.

"I'll play," said Ernie.

And how he played! The Four Horsemen were the glamor boys of the gridiron, but Nevers alone outshone the four. He could not quite bull the Horsemen into submission, but he came awfully close. Notre Dame won the only bowl game in its history, 27-10. Nevers went the full sixty minutes and gained almost as much yardage as the entire Notre Dame team.

The Fighting Irish were being driven back by the assaults of the burly fullbacks. They began looking wildly toward the bench, wondering if Knute Rockne, their genius coach, could

offer a solution. Finally a substitute came in, big John McMammon. He was welcomed like the guy with the message to Garcia.

"What does Rock say we should do?" they demanded of the flustered McMammon.

"R-R-Rock s-s-says," stuttered the big fellow, "s-s-stop N-N-Nevers."

The turning point of the game came when they halted Nevers inches from the goal line. It was a disputed call. Many years later George Davis, the Los Angeles sportswriter, was still arguing about it with three of the Four Horsemen, Sleepy Jim Crowley, Don Miller and Elmer Layden.

"I insist that Ernie scored," said Davis. "I was sitting right on the goal line. I know."

"I say he didn't score," said the dapper little guy who had just joined them.

"Where were you sitting?" challenged Davis.

"I was sitting on Nevers' neck," said the newcomer. "Maybe I'd better introduce myself. I'm Harry Stuhldreher, the quarterback for the Four Horsemen."

It was that Rose Bowl game which solidified Ernie's fame. He signed in December of 1925 for the unheard of sum of \$25,000 to play in the exhibition series against Red Grange. Only the Galloping Ghost had ever commanded more money.

Then he became the key man for the Duluth Eskimos who were rechristened Ernie Nevers' Eskimos. Not without reason they received the additional label of "Iron Men from the North." The Eskimos left Duluth in early September and finished up in early January, 112 days later. They played a total of twenty-nine games, nineteen National Football League engagements and ten exhibitions, traveling 19,000 miles in all. During one busy eight days, they played five games.

A killing schedule? It sure was. But it neither dented nor daunted the most iron of the Iron Men, Ernie Nevers. He missed only twenty-seven minutes of the 1,740 minutes those twenty-nine games required. What's more, the Eskimos won 17, lost 7 and tied 3. They did it with a squad of thirteen men.

Dewey Scanlon, the coach, and Ole Haugsrud, the manager, used to don uniforms before each game, so abashed were they by so skimpy a squad. They didn't add much to its size, but the manpower shortage was so desperate they felt every little bit helped. As part of his play-acting, Haugsrud practiced drop-kicking during the warm-ups. He impressed

no one. But he did catch the eye of Nevers and triggered a mischievous impulse in the normally staid and earnest Ernie.

The Eskimos were rolling all over St. Louis one afternoon and the score had mounted to 52-0. The ball was on the 30 when Nevers trotted to the sidelines. He beckoned to Haugsrud.

"Who—me?" said the astonished Ole.

"The boys on the team want you to try a field goal," said Ernie. "You've been practicing drop kicks. Here's your chance."

Haugsrud never noticed the amused grins on his mates. He took position and waited for the snapback from center. The ball came at him. So did the St. Louis line. The Duluth blockers stepped aside to admit the enemy. They had—in parlance—"opened the gates" on poor Ole.

"I've been framed," screamed Ole as he was buried under a mountain of flesh.

Great as he was in college, Nevers really attained true greatness as a pro. By modern standards he hardly would be rated as a big fullback; he was 6 feet 1 inch and 205 pounds. But there was a crashing authority in his every rush, and his stamina was as inexhaustible as his spirit. His indomitable will was his strength, and yet in one respect it was also his weakness.

One of the pioneers of the pro sport, Dr. Harry March, who helped Tim Mara organize the Giants, had this to say about him:

"In college Nevers was the hardest bucking back on the Pacific Coast. In the league he was equally difficult to stop. He had the knack of adapting himself to his team. When it needed a kicker, he became a master punter and field goal man; when a passer was lacking, he became a hard and accurate passer; as a defender, he was without equal.

"His only fault was that he never gave up when he tried to gain through the line, but would try again and again regardless of the consequences. He simply would not believe he could not make it yield. This error in judgment cost him touchdowns on several occasions."

Yet there were other occasions when Ernie achieved just what he was determined to achieve. He was playing for Duluth against the Giants at the Polo Grounds in 1927 when he intercepted a pass on his own 45. The Eskimos were losing and the Giants were the toughest defensive team in football.

"Let's go, gang," exhorted Ernie. He gave orders to Johnny Blood, his signal-caller.

"I'll start it off, Johnny," he said. "Give me the ball."

The Blond Bull bulled his way for a first down.

"One more," said Nevers to Blood. He cracked for three or four yards.

"One more," said Nevers. Again he picked up a few yards against stiffening defenses and ordered still another plunge.

"They're stacked up against you, Ernie," protested Blood.

"I'll take it anyway," said Nevers.

He wouldn't give up. He carried for 55 yards on nine straight plays against the toughest line in the business. He scored.

As a matter of fact, Nevers should never have had that opportunity. He had been injured in the third quarter and forced to withdraw to the sidelines. According to the rules of that era, any player who left the game in the first half could not return until the second half. If he left in the second half, he could not return at all. Apparently Nevers was finished.

Scanlan, the Duluth coach, spoke to Tom Thorp, the referee, and then Thorp conferred with Steve Owen, the Giant captain.

"Steve," said the official, "the Eskimos have run out of manpower. So they are asking the Giants to waive the rule on substitutions and permit Nevers to return."

Stout Steve looked up at the scoreboard and the clock. The Giants were winning 14-0, and six minutes remained.

"I guess it's safe enough," said Steve. "We'll okay Nevers. Let him come back into the game. He's still injured, isn't he?"

By the final gun the Giants were visibly shaken. They won, but it was only 14-13. In six minutes the Blond Bull had scored 13 points. Owen fell into step with the referee on the way to the clubhouse afterwards.

"I've been wondering where that guy was hurt," drawled Steve. "He's been raking hay all over us since he came back. But now I see. When he missed that extra point, I figure he must have been hurt in his big toe!"

He was a tough one, all right. He was tough even in baseball. A pulled muscle cut short his big league career and he was sent by the Browns to the San Francisco Missions of the Pacific Coast League. The orders were for Nevers to rest his arm and then work gradually until he'd regained his effectiveness.

But when he arrived in San Francisco he was welcomed as a returning hero by the sportswriters. In their overenthusiasm they announced he'd pitch that very day. Ernie read it with dread. But he is a proud man, overeager to please.

He pitched that afternoon and every throw was agony. He went nine innings and spun a four-hitter, but he never was much of a pitcher again.

"But don't forget that I batted .374 as a pinch-hitter," he says with a bright smile. Any success delighted him.

There was always an unconquerable spirit in Ernie Nevers. Even in his last year as a pro football player, 1931, he drove on with the same relentlessness. He played nineteen games that year and went sixty minutes in each.

He had one close call, though, against the Dodgers. Nevers was slammed down, the whistle blew and a Brooklyn player, unable to stop himself, landed with terrifying force with both knees in the middle of Ernie's back. He was knocked unconscious.

The referee allowed two minutes, as the rules prescribed. Then he graciously allowed another two minutes to carry Nevers off the field.

Phil Handler and the trainer hoisted Nevers aloft, propping him up as they led him on stumbling, dragging his feet to the sideline. They were almost there when Ernie shook himself. His eyes blinked dazedly.

"Where are we?" he mumbled. "What are you doing to me?"

"Take it easy, Ernie," said Handler soothingly. "You've just been knocked out. We're taking you out of the game."

Nevers angrily wrenched himself free.

"You are *not* taking me out," he said. He broke free and turned back to the gridiron, seeming to gain strength with every step. Handler threw up his hands in surrender.

Nevers called his own number on the next play. He called his own number until he had scored the touchdown. He carried the ball *sixteen* straight times.

Ernie always seemed to find some way to win. He threw a 62-yard pass to Joe Rooney for a 7-0 victory over Milwaukee in the final minute of play. He beat Pottsville, a top-ranking team, with seventeen consecutive passes. He beat Hartford, 15-0, with five field goals.

"Ernie Nevers was great," said Jimmy Conzelman, a shrewd observer, "in spite of the fact that he was always

playing with lousy teams. He was able to lift them beyond their capacities."

Many were the records he set and only one remains. It may come closer to the "unbreakable" than any mark in the book.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1929 the Chicago Cardinals routed their arch-rivals, the Chicago Bears. The score was 40-6. With six touchdowns and four conversions, Nevers scored every point, forty in all.

With that epic feat he gave pro football something to remember him by.



CAL HUBBARD

The Big Umpire

GEORGE HALAS and Jimmy Conzelman were discussing the great linemen they had seen over the years. They had been teammates on the Great Lakes team which played in the Rose Bowl in 1919, and they had watched the parade ever since with careful and objective scrutiny.

"The greatest?" said Halas. "I don't know how anyone can overlook the big umpire."

"The best lineman I ever saw," said Conzelman, "was Cal Hubbard."

They were not in any disagreement, because the big umpire and Cal Hubbard happen to be the same person. Hubbard, you see, is the supervisor of umpires for baseball's American League. The strange thing about his marriage of football and baseball is that the diamond sport never interested him even as a small boy. Football was his only love, even though baseball was to provide his livelihood for more than a quarter of a century.

If this be unusual, it fits neatly into the Hubbard pattern. Everything about him was unusual, starting with his size and continuing through his passionate devotion to a coach he had never met. It was almost as if destiny had deliberately set

about shaping his life. The job was done with consummate skill because Robert Cal Hubbard was to become one of the best—perhaps the very best—tackle that football ever produced.

Hubbard was born on a farm in Keytesville, Missouri, which is about halfway between St. Louis and Kansas City. The date was October 31, 1900. He and his younger brother helped with the chores on the farm and played a little country baseball as kids. Far bigger than all the other boys his age, Cal yearned to play football. He still can't quite account for it.

"I guess it was born in me," he now says with a shrug of his massive shoulders.

So he refused to go to the high school nearest home because it did not have a football team. Instead, he matriculated at the one in Glasgow because it did have a football team. Even at the age of fourteen he weighed almost 200 pounds. He was so crazy about the gridiron sport after graduation that he entered Chillicothe Business College, which was only a glorified prep school.

That's when he began this romance with Alvin (Bo) McMillin. It was hero worship from afar and did not even rank as love at first sight. Cal had not so much as set eyes on the idol of his youth. But he had read about him. Bo was the quarterback of the glamorous Centre College team of 1921, the famed Praying Colonels who had come unannounced from the Kentucky backwoods to beat mighty Harvard. This epic feat made Bo an All-American in 1921.

The next spring McMillin helped coach the Centre track team while waiting for his graduation day to arrive. He was in Columbia, Missouri, with his squad for a dual meet with the University of Missouri when a young giant strode across the hotel lobby and approached him.

"You're Bo McMillin?" said the big fellow.

"I am," said Bo.

"My name's Cal Hubbard," said the youthful stranger. "What's that place where you're gonna coach next fall?"

"Centenary College," said Bo.

"Centenary, eh?" said the newcomer, his bulging muscles almost bursting through his purple sweater. "It really doesn't matter. I'm going wherever you're going. I want to play football for you."

The sharp eyes of McMillin took him in. He saw a 225-pounder who stood 6 feet 3 inches and obviously still was

growing. He nodded approvingly. His glance took in Hubbard's companion, a solid 198-pounder who was almost as tall as Cal.

"This is Glenn Latteer," said Cal. "He's coming with me. He's good and he's fast. Runs the hundred in 10 flat. We drove over from Keytesville just to meet you."

Bo's eyes glistened. It was a delightful way to start a coaching career to have two such stalwarts drop out of the clouds on him. Little did he realize that this was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, the formation of a mutual admiration society which was to grow in intensity until Bo died.

"Cal was the greatest football player of all time," Bo was to state many years later.

"Bo was the finest gentleman I ever knew," sobbed Hubbard at McMillin's funeral almost thirty years later.

So unshakable was Cal's hero worship that he simplified McMillin's first year as a head coach. He did it in two ways. The first demonstration came that fall when Bo assembled his Centenary squad for a preliminary meeting.

"Gentlemen," said McMillin, "I will insist that everyone observe these three rules: no smoking, no drinking, no card playing."

"Not even an occasional cigarette?" asked Hubbard.

"No," said McMillin. Cal took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and sailed it across the room.

"I'm through with smoking," growled Cal, "and if I catch anyone as much as stealing a puff from a cigarette, I'll beat him to a pulp."

Hubbard had the size to serve as McMillin's policeman and such was his unswerving devotion that he didn't hesitate to make good his threat. One day he caught Oscar Hill smoking. Cal took off his belt and gave his teammate a whipping in the old-fashioned father-and-son woodshed style.

Freshmen were eligible for varsity play in Hub's day, and big Cal was a regular from the start. He played end on the offense and linebacker on the defense. He not only had size, but he was astonishingly fast for a man so big. This became clear on the first play of Hubbard's collegiate career. It was a game against Marshall College of Texas.

Hubbard caught the opening kickoff and ran it 75 yards for a touchdown. He was like a runaway tank. He tricked some tacklers by his unexpected speed and just bulldozed his way past the others.

"Listen, fellows," said Cal apologetically as he came grin-

ning back up the field, "I was more surprised than any of you."

New as he was to the business, McMillin already showed signs of being an exceptional coach. In Hubbard he had an apt pupil.

"The secret of blocking," Bo told his team one day, "is in maneuvering your position until you have the best blocking angle."

By the time Cal was a junior, he had grown to 250 pounds and hit with the speed and fury of a thunderbolt. As a blocking end he was murdering opposing tackles. Hub would play very wide and come catapulting in for a crushing sideswipe. There were times when he would flatten an entire enemy line, much like a bowling ball knocking over all the pins in a row. By 1924 he was recognized as All-America stature by Walter Camp.

Then came a blow which rocked him. McMillin left Centenary to coach at little Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

"I'm going with you," said Hubbard, the loyal henchman.

"I'd love to have you, of course," said McMillin, honest all the way, "but I must advise against it. You would lose a year of eligibility and delay your graduation."

"I don't care," said Hub. "I'll sit out the year. I want to play under you and I'm going where you're going."

The year of inactivity was not happy. Cal had used up a \$4,000 bequest from his father at Centenary, most of it in loans or outright gifts to his teammates. So he worked at a cork factory on week-ends and waited on tables during the week. But he was at Geneva with Bo and that made the sacrifice seem worthwhile.

During that year of ineligibility the nimble mind of McMillin was plotting. He could see a crack team in the offing and already had booked a game with Harvard. He set his sights on another of the aristocrats, Cornell, and wheedled dour Gil Dobie, coach of the Big Red, into listening to his plea. At a coaches' meeting Bo introduced himself.

"Ah'm coachin' a tiny school in Pennsylvania," drawled Bo with his disarming charm. "Reckon you never heard of 'em. Mistah Dobie, mah pore lil' boys would be signally honored—yes, Ah mean signally honored—to be on the Cornell schedule for jes' one game. Ah'm positive you'll appreciate, suh, how a pore lil' college like Geneva would look on the privilege of playin' mighty Cornell."

Dobie agreed to accept Geneva for the 1926 opener. He even went to the station to greet the visitors. One look at them climbing off the train made him turn pale. He raced for his office and phoned his assistant coaches.

"I made a helluva mistake," moaned Dobie. "The first five fellows to get off the train were so wide-shouldered they could only get through the Pullman door sideways."

Dobie was right.

"If you want to know what happened to us," he said afterwards, "stand seven checkers on end. Push over the outside one and all seven checkers fall. That's exactly what a big fellow named Cal Hubbard did to us."

But Cornell won the game, 6-0.

"We never had a chance," Hubbard now recalls. "Geneva was penalized almost 300 yards. Cornell had a great off-tackle play, but it took successive penalties for them to back us up to the 1-yard line. The officials said that Molinet went over for a touchdown, but I'll swear to my dying day that he never made it. Bo was so mad at the officiating that he wanted to take the team off the field.

"'No,' I said. 'We'll beat them anyway.' Unfortunately we didn't."

The next week Geneva went to Cambridge and took Harvard apart, 16-7. Geneva was penalized twice, both for offside. The Crimson didn't know how to stop passes, and Geneva completed 6 of 6. One was to Hubbard who rumbled to the 4. So magnificent was Cal that Grantland Rice, successor to Walter Camp, named Hub to his All-America team that year.

The professionals were after him in earnest. The chief bidders for his service were the Frankfort Yellowjackets, the Providence Steamrollers and the New York Giants. He naturally gravitated to McMillin for advice.

"If I were you," said Bo, "I'd pick the Giants. At least they're sure to pay you."

So Cal joined the Giants for the 1927 season as a high-priced lineman. He was paid \$150 a game. It took the pros a long while to realize that a man as huge as Hubbard could be so fast. He lined up wide and every enemy tackle figured he could burst through the gap before Hub came hurtling in on him.

Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth had been an all-America in college and was deemed just as formidable in pro ranks. He was also the world heavyweight wrestling champion. He hit

with such a vicious charge that he could tie enemy blockers into knots. Then he tangled with Hubbard in a game between the Giants and the Steamrollers.

Sonnenberg kept shooting the gap that Hub had left invitingly in front of him. He never made it. Big Cal kept racking him up relentlessly and remorselessly. He did it all by himself without the aid of the blocking back who was supposed to double-team with him on the blocking assignment. Eventually, Sonnenberg was replaced by Joe Koslowski, a brawny tackle from Boston College. The teams squared off on the scrimmage line.

Hubbard at end called out to the blocking back on his side of the line.

"You take care of the secondary," he shouted, "I'll take care of the tackle."

"And how he'll take care of him!" moaned his newest victim.

Koslowski called the turn precisely. Hubbard took care of him just as advertised.

It was a great Giant team on which Hub played in his freshman year as a pro. The New Yorkers won the championship and yielded only twenty points, an unbelievable record. They were iron men in those days.

In his two seasons with the Giants, Hubbard played a total of thirty-four games and was a sixty-minute performer in each with one exception. He went only fifty-eight minutes that time, missing the last two minutes because of a cracked bone in his foot.

The Giants were to meet the Chicago Bears the next week, and Cal would never have dreamed of missing so promising a donnybrook. So he taped up his broken foot and went the entire game against the Bears.

"It was the toughest, most vicious game I ever was in," he now declares. "I never saw so many beat-up guys in my life."

The Giants won this collision of titans, 13-7. On the final play Steve Owen of the Giants and Jim McMillen of the Bears crashed into each other just as they'd been doing all afternoon. The recoil rocked each back on his haunches. They sat on the ground, staring at each other. The gun sounded. Silently they shook hands and dragged themselves away.

A turning point in the Hubbard career came in his second year. The Giants had booked a western swing against the

Packers and the Bears. Instead of returning home for the intervening week, they stayed on in Green Bay.

Hubbard was the sensation of the Packer game. He caught a forward and raced for a touchdown. He was tremendous on both offense and defense. He caught the envious eye of Curly Lambeau, the Packer coach. The important thing for Cal's future, though, was the week in Green Bay. A small town boy himself, he liked the placid, friendly surroundings. It was so different from the hurly-burly of New York. Green Bay was the place for him. That winter he approached Dr. Harry March, who was running the Giants for Tim Mara.

"Trade me to Green Bay or I quit," was his ultimatum.

The trade was made. The wily Lambeau swung two other deals, getting Johnny Blood from Pittsville and Mike Michalske from the Yankees. They were the cornerstones on which Curly built a team which was to win three successive championships.

It was a game against the Giants, however, which altered Cal's style of play. He was operating as a linebacker on defense when Benny Friedman, the Giant quarterback, fired a beautiful leading pass in the flat to Len Sedbrook, one of the fastest men in the league. Sedbrook caught the ball a step in front of Hubbard and raced for a touchdown.

Instantly Cal knew what was wrong. The Packers used a man-for-man defense. All the other teams for which he'd played had used zones. Hub could cover a zone like a tent. But man-for-man defenses against jackrabbits presented a new problem.

"I can't do it, Curly," Hub announced to Lambeau. "Linebacking has given me more fun than anything in football. But your style of defense robs me of my effectiveness. Let someone else back up the line. I'll play tackle."

What a tackle he was! There were no All-League teams chosen in 1929 or 1930. Otherwise he would have made them. But he was on the official team in 1931, 1932 and 1933.

Throughout it all Hub was magnificent. If he didn't get his share of the headlines, he cared not a whit. But his Packer buddies did. During the 1930 season two of them conspired during a game with Stapleton. The idea first came to Johnny Blood.

"Hey, Red," he said to Red Dunn, the quarterback, "how about making a hero out of Cal? Let's throw him a touchdown pass on the next play."

"Sure," said Red, "but you'll have to feint the defenders out of the way. I'll tell Cal to play end on the next play."

Blood broke downfield, drawing the secondary with him on one side of the field. Dunn waited until Hubbard was wide open. Then he hit him with a pass and the 270-pounder joyously rumbled for a touchdown.

He scored only a few in his pro football career. He picked up one for the Giants against Green Bay when Jack McBride tossed him a forward and he got another for Green Bay against the Giants. The latter one, however, was not scheduled.

Ed Danowski, Fordham's gift to the Giants, dropped back to launch an aerial. It burst Hubbard on one of his usual blitzkrieg sorties. Big Cal hurtled through the air with arms outstretched. A hand deflected the ball and it popped straight up. When it came down, it was in Hub's arms. He didn't stop until he had a touchdown.

"That was too easy," needled Milt Ganteinbein, the Packer end. "You and Danowski must have rigged that one in advance."

All during his years in pro football Hubbard had another career going for him. In the off-season he was a baseball umpire. McMillin, who was responsible for so much in Cal's life, also had much to do with this.

When Bo was starring for Centre College, his coach was Charlie Moran. Charlie's non-football occupation was that of umpire in the National League. He was regarded as one of the best.

McMillin remained close to his old coach even after he himself had embarked on a coaching career. They visited each other often and frequently Bo brought Hubbard with him.

"I've often thought of becoming a baseball umpire," said Cal one day.

"I'd recommend it," said Moran.

"I never met anyone," said McMillin, "who knows rules better than Cal. He has been able to correct the officials because he knows the rules better than they do."

"Back home," said Cal, "I did a lot of umpiring of sandlot games. I was so big that the other fellows were afraid to argue with me."

In the winter of 1927 Hubbard made up his mind. He spent an evening with Eddie Holley who had managed Toronto of the International League.

"I'd sure like to get into umpiring," said Cal.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Holley. "Write to Judge Bramham—he's the head of the minor leagues—and tell him you're interested."

Cal wrote and Bramham was interested. So the big fellow began in the Piedmont League in 1928, advanced to the International League in 1931, was demoted to the Western League in 1932 and a year later was returned to the International. Then came the big jump to the American League where Cal was to serve with distinction for the better part of twenty years.

Hubbard was soon a top umpire. He was a majestic figure who awed the ball players by his size. No hothead ever threatened to punch him in the nose, and Cal had a bantering style for placating or squelching those ball players who were annoying him.

Such was the case one day at Yankee Stadium when he was working behind the plate in back of Yogi Berra, the Yankee catcher. According to Yogi's boyhood chum, Joe Garagiola, the talkative Yogi is "the last of the playing umpires." He calls every pitch himself. On this occasion he was in constant dispute with Hubbard. Finally the climax came.

"Ball one!" sang out Cal.

"Come on, Hub," growled Yogi without turning around. "That was a strike."

"Ball two!" said Cal.

"Missed it again," said the helpful Yogi. "It was a strike."

"Ball three," said Cal.

"No," screamed Yogi. "It was a strike."

On ball four Yogi turned and began to gesticulate. Hubbard took off his mask and stared sadly at the Yankee catcher.

"Yogi, my boy," he said, "there's just no point in both of us umpiring this game at the same time. I think one of us should leave. Since I'm being paid to stay here, I'm afraid it will have to be you."

"No, no, Hub," implored Yogi. "Don't throw me out. I'll shut up."

"See that you do," said Hubbard, serenely putting on his mask.

It was a terrible strain but Yogi shut up for the rest of the game.

For most of his early years as an umpire, Hubbard continued to play pro football. He broke away in 1934 to do some

coaching, then in 1936 decided to rest after the end of the baseball season. At that time he was living in Pittsburgh and the Pittsburgh Steelers, as usual, were short of manpower. So Joe Bach, the Steeler coach, persuaded big Cal to come out of retirement. He played one game and then George Halas of the Bears protested, claiming Hub was ineligible to perform for the Steelers. Back to retirement he went.

A phone call came in midseason. It was from Steve Owen, coach of the Giants.

"I need you, Cal," said Stout Steve. "I'd like you to help coach and perhaps play a little as a relief tackle."

"Halas protested me," said Cal. "But I'd like to help out an old buddy like you. If you can get waivers on me, I'll come. But don't count on me for much."

"I'll get the waivers," promised Steve, "and I won't use you except in case of emergency."

Hubbard arrived in the middle of the week just before a game with the Detroit Lions. In the first five minutes of the bruising battle both Giant tackles, Len Grant and Bill Morgan, were injured. Owen's frantic gaze swept down the bench and lit on Hubbard.

"You've gotta play, Cal," said Steve.

"But I haven't even practiced," said Hub.

"You still gotta play," said Steve.

So Cal played for the remaining 55 minutes. Late in the fray the elfin Dutch Clark broke away and Hubbard headed him off. As he made the tackle, Clark's elbow swung accidentally and gave Cal a monstrous black eye, one that stayed with him all winter. A free-for-all broke out at the final gun and Hubbard got in a fight with Ace Gutowsky and George Christensen. That didn't help the eye one bit.

Just before the end of the last game of the season against the Redskins, Hubbard saw another player break a leg, and reality caught up with him.

"Listen, you big fathead," he said to himself. "Suppose that was you? You already are a big league umpire and your whole career in baseball could blow up if you broke your leg."

One minute of the game remained when Cal stood up at the line of scrimmage and made his valedictory speech. He made it to the Redskins.

"If any of you guys have a grudge against me," he announced, "you have one minute to get it out of your systems. I'm retiring."

He did precisely that. He ended a glorious career as a football super-star and began a new one as a baseball umpire of high competence. When he finally quit umpiring, it was the most freakish kind of accident that stopped him.

In December of 1951 Cal went hunting rabbits with a friend in Missouri. A tiny pellet, no bigger than the head of a pin, ricocheted and struck Hubbard in the left eye. The doctors gave encouraging reports, and Cal already had his opening day assignment to umpire in Chicago. Then Bo McMillin died. Heartsick, Cal went to Bloomington, Indiana, for the funeral and then he and his wife went to the McMillin home for a sad farewell to Bo's family.

Bo's 10-year-old son, Mike, went running upstairs and brought down a baseball.

"Uncle Cal," he said, "this is the ball you gave me in Detroit. Will you have a catch with me?"

"Sure, son," said Cal.

The boy threw the ball. Hubbard misjudged it and dropped it. An uneasy feeling came over him, and he spoke of his disquiet to Ruth, his wife, as they drove back to Milan, Missouri.

"Damned if I think I can umpire," he said, telling her what happened.

"When we get home," she said, "you can try it again with the boys. You probably need only a little readjustment."

The car had hardly come to a stop before Cal raced to the storeroom and got out his umpiring gear. One son, Bob, acted as pitcher and the other son, Bill, was the catcher. Cal's worst fears were realized. He instantly put in a phone call to Will Harridge, the president of the American League.

"Mr. Harridge," he said, "I have no depth perception. I don't believe I can umpire. May I come to Chicago and talk to you?"

"Certainly," said Will. They continued the conversation at league headquarters.

"The doctors say it will get better," said Cal. "I could umpire on the bases until the eye recovers, but I couldn't work behind the plate on balls and strikes."

"Don't worry about it," said the gentle Will. "You'll get better faster if you just stay home and rest. I'm sure Tommy agrees with me."

Tommy Connolly, the octogenarian supervisor of American League umpires, nodded approval.

A month after the start of the season the Hubbard phone

rang. The call came from Harridge. There was an eager lilt to his voice.

"Would you be interested in Tommy Connolly's job?" asked the league president. "Tommy is ready to retire and we'd like you to succeed him. Would you want it?"

"I'd love it," said Cal, his spirits soaring. "It would have broken my heart to have been forced out of baseball. My whole life has been wrapped up in sports. This is wonderful."

As umpire-in-chief he had reached the top of his profession, just as earlier he had reached the top of another profession as the best lineman in football. It has added up to a richly happy life.

"And not one damn minute of regret," he now is able to say in all sincerity. Few men are privileged to make that statement.



BRONKO NAGURSKI

The Rock of Ages

"TACKLERS TO the Bronk," said Steve Owen of the Giants, "were like flies on the flank of a horse—a nuisance but not serious."

It was a picturesque description, yet it placed the emphasis exactly where it belonged. Bronko Nagurski has become the supreme symbol of unstopability in football, its one irresistible force. He was a battering ram, splintering everything in its path. He was a super-dreadnought, knifing through seas of muscle and spraying tacklers in his wake. He was—well, he was Bronko Nagurski of the Chicago Bears, and the gridiron game has never had anyone exactly like him.

One afternoon the Bronk gave the Pittsburgh Steelers a dreadful mauling. That evening the bruised and battered Steelers were on their way home when the train came to a jolting halt, spilling everyone into the aisles.

"Run for your lives, men!" sang out one of the Steelers. "Nagurski has just struck again!"

That's the sort of indelible impression the Bronk left on those unfortunate enough to get in his way. Two of those Steelers still bore evidence of his power. Each had met him in a head-on tackle. Each had been carried off the field with a broken shoulder.

There was something of the Paul Bunyan in Nagurski. If he sometimes defied belief, he did so many incredible things that even the most preposterous tale of the Bronk had to be accepted. Take, for example, the closing minutes of a game with the Portsmouth Spartans, later the Detroit Lions, in 1933. These two teams were fighting for the championship and the Bears led, 10-7, with a scant two minutes left to play.

Making one of his rare defensive lapses, the Bronk permitted the Spartans to whirl for a swift touchdown and a 14-10 lead. The Monsters of the Midway were obviously beaten. There could be no escape.

The Bronk was almost in tears when the Bears brought back the ensuing kickoff to their own 45. He turned to Carl Brumbaugh, the quarterback.

"It was all my fault, Brummy," he said. "Gimme the ball."

Nagurski barreled through two guards and the backer-up on brute strength. He shook off secondary tacklers as a dog shakes off fleas. He rumbled 55 yards for the winning touchdown. Six enemy tacklers had clear shots at him. None could hold him.

Everything about the man was extraordinary, including his name. Bronko was not his nickname. It was his given name. He was so christened when he was born on November 3, 1908, to Ukranian parents who had settled in Rainy River, Ontario, some sixty miles from International Falls, Minnesota, where the Bronk was to spend his youth.

By the time he was fifteen years old he was a 180-pound package of bone and gristle. By the time he was tearing the National Football League to shreds for the Bears, he was 230 pounds with a barrel chest and legs like oak trees. He was solid and he was indestructible.

Not only did he hit like a thunderbolt from his fullback spot, but he had a distinctive style. He ran so close to the ground that he offered little target area to tacklers.

The Giants did better against him than most because Owen hit on a system. The first tackler merely upended the Bronk; the second held him and the third pinned him down.

"We find we don't lose as many men that way," drawled the whimsical Stout Steve.

Nagurski did more than confound the players whose misfortune it was to face him. He even tossed the All-America selectors for a loss when he was performing for the University of Minnesota as defensive tackle and offensive fullback.

Every selector of every All-America team picked the Bronk. But some picked him for tackle and others picked him for fullback. That's how good he was at each position.

With tongue pressed firmly in cheek Doc Spears, the Minnesota football coach, told how he happened to find the Bronk. The story is manifestly apocryphal, but you are permitted to believe it if you so desire.

"I was driving past a farm," said Doc, "when I noticed this big, strong farm boy plowing a field—without a horse. I stopped to ask directions. The boy pointed—with the plow. That's how I found Bronko Nagurski."

When the Bronk checked in as a Minnesota freshman, Spears asked him what position he had played at high school in International Falls.

"All of them," said the Bronk with a careless shrug of those massive shoulders. "When the other team had the ball, they put me wherever I could make the most tackles. When we had the ball, I carried it."

That was the season Spears devised an off-tackle play that looked like a sure gainer. The more he studied it on the blackboard the better he liked it. He gave the play to the varsity, drilled them until the execution was flawless and then turned his big team loose against the freshmen.

On that frosh team, of course, was Nagurski. The varsity was stopped dead. Spears was ready to abandon his new play when he got a bright idea. He turned his teams around and gave it to the freshmen. The Bronk ripped off yardage at a steady clip, proving that the play was sound—if there was a Nagurski at hand to make it work.

The next autumn Spears was discussing prospects with the press.

"I've got a big, tough sophomore," he said, "who is so good that he might make All-America at any number of positions. His name is Bronko Nagurski, and he comes from International Falls where it's so cold the mercury drops through the bottom of the thermometer. And this kid doesn't even wear an overcoat. That's how tough he is. It's my job to figure out where to play him."

The Bronk was an end in his first varsity game. But a tackle spot was weak, and he was shifted there. Before he fin-

ished at Minnesota he was a terror at both tackle and full-back. Naturally, he attracted the attention of George Halas of the Chicago Bears. This, by the way, was in an era before college players were drafted. Nagurski was available to all.

The Papa Bear wooed him hardest. He brought the Bronk to Chicago and offered him \$5,000 a season. Nagurski demanded a two-year contract and Halas refused. So Bronk departed, unsigned. But at a stop en route home a telegram was handed to him. Halas had surrendered to the two-year pact. The Bronk wired his acceptance.

Another telegram was awaiting him when he reached International Falls. It was from the New York Giants. They offered \$7,500. It was too late, though. The Bronk would have been a steal at any price.

His first game for the Bears was against those ancient foes, the Green Bay Packers. The fame of Nagurski had preceded him as an all-powerful engine of destruction, and the Packers were curious, none more so than the 270-pound All-League tackle, Cal Hubbard. When the Bears were in their first punting situation, the mountainous Hubbard made a strange proposition to Red Grange, one of the protective blockers for the Bears.

"I promise you I won't block the kick, Red," said Cal. "But you'd do me a favor if you'd step aside and let me get a clean shot at Nagurski. I want to test him out."

Grange obligingly let Hubbard through. The Bronk met the Packer tackle head on and Cal landed on his ear, upside down. Slowly he regained his feet and walked over to Grange.

"Don't do me any more favors, Red," he said.

The Bronk was a tremendous player from the beginning. At the close of the 1932 season, he was to become involved in a play which was to affect the destinies of pro football. Divisional playoffs had not been instituted, and the championship was decided on a percentage basis. But this time the Bears and Spartans finished all even and they elected to play off their tie.

Chicago was like Siberia the week before the game with snow, ice and paralyzing cold. So a hasty decision was reached to move the game indoors to the Chicago Stadium. It was a distorted version of football. The field was only 80 yards long and maneuverability was at a minimum. Neither team showed the slightest indication of achieving a breakthrough in their scoreless tie. But late in the game the Bears

intercepted a pass and took over on the Spartan 7-yard line. And they had Nagurski!

The Bronk came catapulting up the middle and shouldered his way to the 1-yard line. The Spartans knew it would be a test of brute strength and they were ready. The Bears didn't dare use anyone but Nagurski on the next plunge. So Portsmouth scissored both sides of the line toward the middle and reinforced this mass of flesh with charging backfield men. The Bronk was stopped. On third down he tried once more against the same overloaded defensive setup and could not dent it.

It was fourth down. The Spartans, inflamed by their own success, braced themselves for a final superhuman effort. At the snap of the ball the Bronk's oak-thewed legs began to churn as he moved toward the scrimmage line.

Suddenly he stopped, backed up a couple of steps, straightened up and lobbed a wobbly forward pass over the struggling mass of muscle underneath. In the end zone and waiting absolutely alone was Red Grange. The redhead caught the ball for a touchdown.

"Illegal play!" screamed Patsy Clark, the Spartan coach.

"It was legal," insisted Halas as they argued with the officials.

"The rules say," yowled Clark, "that the passer must be at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage for the pass to be legal. Nagurski wasn't five yards back."

"Yes, he was," shouted Halas. The official agreed with Halas. The touchdown counted.

But there was so much furor over the disputed play that it came to the attention of the imaginative and far-seeing George Preston Marshall, the freshman owner of the Redskins, newcomers to the league.

Marshall, ever the showman, came to the conclusion that an entire new vista for pro football could be opened up by the abandonment of the restrictive rule limiting forward passing to the point at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage. He envisioned a far more attractive game for the spectator if passing were permitted from *anywhere* behind the scrimmage line. Every attack would take on new flexibility. Every run could conceivably mask a pass.

Marshall did not have to go far to find an ally. He was that old buddy, Halas. So when the proposition was presented at the league meetings, its strongest supporter was the Papa Bear. It carried easily.

No dope was Halas. The dreamer's gaze of Marshall spanned a whole new horizon. Halas didn't have to look past his nose.

All he could see was that Nagurski would be sheer murder under the new setup. The Bronk's effectiveness had been crimped considerably by defenses that ganged up on him and jammed up the middle. But if he could fake a plunge and straighten up for a pass at the scrimmage line, he had the enemy hopelessly whipsawed.

That's just the way it worked. The Bronk was the ideal man for squeezing the most effectiveness from it. For the first two years of the new rule—before the defenses began to devise effective countermeasures—the biggest gainer the Monsters had was a fake plunge by Nagurski and a soft flip over the middle to Bill Hewitt, a great end. And Hewitt frequently compounded the difficulties of the defense by adding a lateral to a totally clear teammate.

The opposition was impaled on the horns of a cruel dilemma. Because the Bronk had such shattering driving power, teams could afford to weaken their defensive lines. But if they didn't guard against the Bronk's passing, he passed them silly. It was the ideal damned-if-you-do-and-damned-if-you-don't situation.

"Nagurski is 75 per cent of the other team's worries," once said Harry Newman of the Giants. "I was never hit so hard in my life as one time I tried to bring him down. I tackled him solidly. It didn't even slow him up."

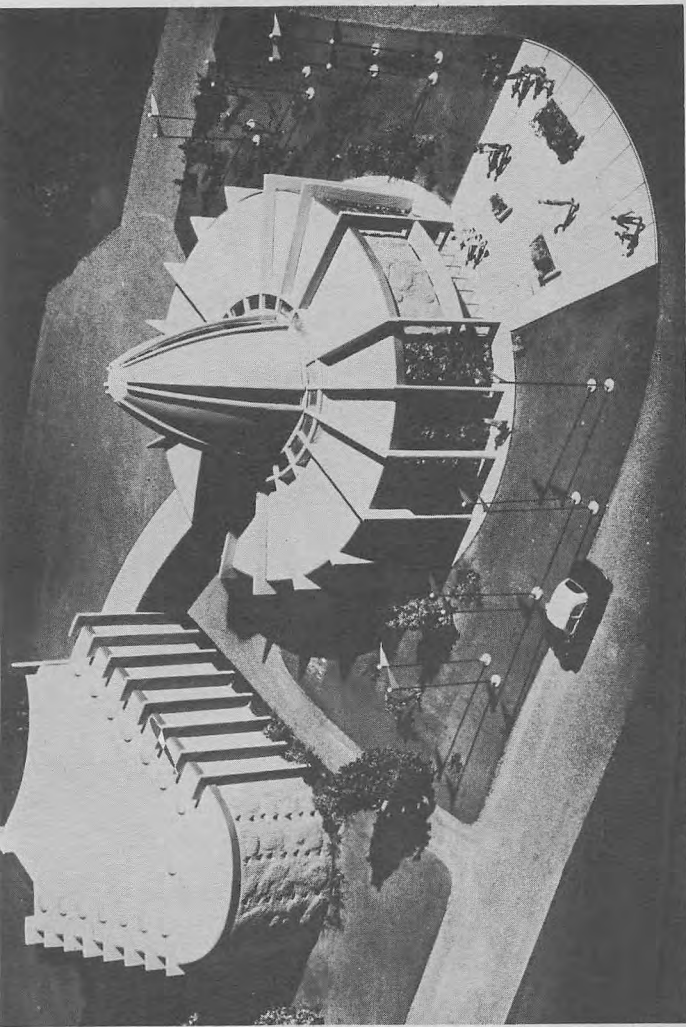
Benny Friedman, a fearless guy, was another Giant quarterback who does not include the Bronk among his happiest memories.

"I was at safety," said Benny, "when the Bronk broke through with only me between him and the goal line. He was such a frightening sight that my first impulse was to run away. It was like ordering a switchman to stop a locomotive with his bare hands."

Benny made his tackle on the 12-yard line. The Bronk chugged to a slow stop on the 1-yard line.

The only experiences Red Grange had in stopping Nagurski were in pre-season intrasquad scrimmages. But he could not forget them.

"There was something strange about tackling the Bronk," he said. "When you hit him, it was almost like getting an electric shock. If you hit him above the ankles, you were likely to be killed."



The new Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio.



Jim Thorpe, who played pro football with the Cleveland Indians, Canton Bulldogs, Oorang Indians, Toledo Ma-
roons, Rock Island Independents and New York Giants.

Thorpe running with the ball for the Canton Bulldogs in a game against
the Columbus Panhandles.





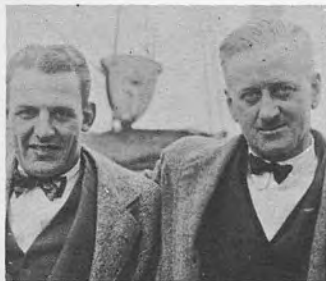
Johnny Blood, halfback, 6 feet 2 inches, 198 pounds, as a Green Bay Packer in 1930.

Johnny "Blood" McNally (right) today, in a recent visit with Green Bay quarterback Bart Starr.





Harold "Red" Grange of the Chicago Bears.—CHICAGO'S AMERICAN



Grange (left) with C. C. ("Cash and Carry") Pyle, his manager in 1925.



The Galloping Ghost, known to some as The Wheaton Iceman, carrying the ball for the University of Illinois, with his famous blocking back, Earl Britton, leading the interference.—CHICAGO'S AMERICAN



Pete ("Fats") Henry, tackle with the Canton Bulldogs, Akron Indians, New York Giants, Pottsville Maroons and Pittsburgh Steelers. He is shown here in Canton uniform.

Cal Hubbard, 270 pounds of tackle and end, as a member of the New York Giants.





Ernie Nevers, when he was assistant coach to Dick Hanley of the Chicago Rockets in 1946.



Nevers as a fullback for the Duluth Eskimos in 1927. Ernie spent the major part of his career, until 1937, with the Chicago Cardinals.



**The Bronk—
Bronko Nagurski**



**Nagurski at fullback for the Chicago Bears, leading the
way for halfback Beattie Feathers.—CHICAGO'S AMERICAN**





Mel Hein, center for the New York Giants from 1931 to 1945.

The Bronk going over for a score as the Bears defeated the Pacific Coast All-Stars, 26-7, in 1935.





Earl "Dutch" Clark, quarterback for the Portsmouth (Ohio) Spartans and the Detroit Lions from 1931 to 1938. Shown here with the Lions in 1938.



Don Hutson, end, Green Bay Packers, 1934 to 1945.

Hutson makes another of his "impossible" catches against the Detroit Lions.





Slingin' Sammy Baugh, quarterback for the Washington Redskins for sixteen years, from 1937 to 1952—and No. 1 in passing in the NFL six times.

Baugh (No. 33) being tackled by a New York Giants lineman in a game in 1942.





Bert Bell, NFL commissioner from 1946 to 1959.

Joe Carr, first president of the National Football League from 1921 to 1939.





George Preston Marshall, founder and irrepressible "showboat" of the Washington Redskins.

Tom Mara, founder of the New York Giants.



Lambeau (right) with his crack receiver, Don Hutson, at a workout in 1944.





George Halas—right end, 178 pounds—when he played for the University of Illinois in 1920. He played with the Chicago Bears from 1921 to 1930.

The Papa Bear lifted onto the shoulders of his Bear players after his team stunned Washington, 73-0, for the NFL title, December 8, 1940.



Said Steve Owen: "He was the only man I ever saw who ran his own interference."

In his first eight seasons the Bronk gained almost 4,000 yards, then a league record. It was an era of football in which the foot soldiers were supreme, and before the air force took over. Yards were yielded grudgingly in those days, and yet the mighty Nagurski averaged better than 4.6 yards a clip.

He was so tough that he could knock down a horse. An overflow crowd at a Bear game necessitated the summoning of mounted policemen to keep the customers from encroaching on the gridiron. The monsters were driving downfield. So was the Bronk. He finally exploded into the end zone with such force that his momentum carried him into a mounted policeman. Nagurski knocked down the horse.

Another time the Bears were having trouble with the Redskins. The ball was handed to the Bronk. He burst through the line and jostled two converging linebackers in opposite directions by shrugging his shoulders. Nagurski had the knack of raising a shoulder when hit. It was like the jolt of an uppercut.

With the linebackers out of the way, the Bronk plowed inexorably ahead. He stomped over the defensive halfback and felled the safety man like a laborer dropping a bag of cement. Then he caromed off the goal post and crashed to a shuddering halt against the brick wall. Wobbly but undeterred, he staggered back on the field.

"That last guy hit me awfully hard," he said.

The Bronk really didn't know his own strength. If he needs a witness, John (Bull) Lipski of the Eagles will be glad to testify. Nagurski flattened the Bull twice in such quick succession that Lipski never knew what hit him.

After trying to tackle the Bronk, Lipski began to hear the tune the birdies sing. He was knocked out. The trainer gave him a whiff of smelling salts. Then two teammates propped up the Bull and led him to the sideline. Just before they reached safety, though, the ball was snapped at center and Bronk was off on one of his rare end sweeps.

The Bronk looked up and never had time to recognize two Samaritans and one invalid being helped to the bench. He just saw three enemy uniforms. So he plowed into them and left them behind. They went pinwheeling into the bench and the Bull was knocked out all over again.

The only man who was almost the equal of Nagurski in

toughness was Clark Hinkle of the Packers. They had a memorable head-on collision in 1933. It was like two runaway locomotives meeting on the same track. Hinkle's helmet crashed into the Bronk's face. Not only did this shatter the legend of Nagurski's indestructibility, but it also shattered his nose.

A year later they had another memorable head-on collision. The Bronk had a rather peculiar defensive technique. Instead of tackling a runner, he often used an explosive body block that knocked him back a couple of yards and often caused him to fumble.

Like a sprinter leaving his mark, the hard-driving Hinkle shot through a hole just inside George Musso, the 260-pound Bear guard. Sensing the play, Nagurski charged up and triggered his bomb.

The Packer fullback bounced back through the hole he had just left and landed back at his starting point. But his legs were still churning when he came down to earth again. So he did it all over, rushing past Musso once more and then sprinting 53 yards for a touchdown.

This oddity tickled the funnybone of the massive Musso. He walked over to Nagurski.

"That's the first time," laughed the big Moose, "that I ever saw a back go past me three times on the same play."

"It wasn't funny," growled the Bronk. "It was my stupid play. I've got to get it back."

A few minutes later he did. He took the ball on the 35, trampled over the three would-be tacklers and scored a touchdown. Oh, yes. The Bears won.

In the winter of 1933-34 the Bronk discovered that professional wrestling was an easy way to pick up some extra dollars. By 1937 he was so much in demand as a mat draw that he even wrestled during the football season.

Here was his schedule for one back-breaking fortnight:

Sunday, football at Green Bay; Tuesday, football at Duluth; Wednesday, wrestling at Portland, Oregon; Thursday, wrestling at Vancouver, British Columbia; Friday, wrestling at Seattle; Monday, wrestling at Phoenix, Arizona; Wednesday, wrestling at Los Angeles; Thursday, wrestling at Oakland, California; Friday, wrestling at Salt Lake City; Monday, football at Pittsburgh.

By the time the Bronk rejoined the Bears their style of attack had been completely remodeled. But Nagurski didn't worry; he wasn't expected to see much action. Sam Francis

was the starting fullback. But Francis was hurt in virtually the opening minute. Nagurski had to move into the line-up.

The Bears were getting nowhere with great rapidity. The new plays didn't work, and it was not because the Bronk didn't know them. They merely were unworkable. Nor did it help that Pittsburgh had a tough, hard-bitten team that year. As the game progressed in a scoreless tie, Nagurski's feelings of frustration mounted. In the last quarter they boiled over.

He didn't pick a particularly auspicious spot. The Bears were backed up to the 7-yard line and the goal was 93 yards away when the Bronk called for a time out.

"Listen, fellows," he said, "let's cut out this nonsense and go back to the old stuff."

They went back to the old stuff, their classic T-formation with the man-in-motion. Nagurski splintered the Pittsburgh line as only he could splinter it. Not a pass did the Monsters throw. They just ground out the yardage. Up to midfield surged the Bears—and past it. They stormed to the 5.

The Steelers were sure of the next play. It had to be the Bronk. But it wasn't. Georgie Corbett, a jackrabbit back, carried the ball on a sweep. Clearing the way ahead of him with bulldozing blocks was Nagurski. The Bears won, 7-0.

At the end of that 1937 season the Bronk hung up his cleats. Wrestling had become too profitable.

It seemed then that the gridiron world had seen the end of the Bronk. But when manpower shortages during the war left the Bears in desperate shape before the 1943 season, the Bronk loyally responded to a holler for help. He was thirty-four years old and had abandoned wrestling two years earlier. But hard work on his farm had kept him trim and vigorous. Although he didn't look as though he'd been away for five seasons, sportswriters had to admit they were puzzled by his unexpected return. Why?

"They needed me, I guess," he said in all his simplicity.

He didn't come back as a fullback, however. The Bears had too much respect for his years. In his first game he went in at tackle as a replacement for his old pal, George Musso. The former fullback and the former guard waved to each other as they crossed paths on the field.

The game was against the Packers and that traditional foe showed no mercy. The first play was hurled at the Bronk. It was hurled in the person of Ted Fritsch, the young powerhouse fullback who had succeeded Hinkle as the chief Green Bay dynamiter. They crashed together.

Nagurski arose. Fritsch sat on the ground, shaking loose the cobwebs.

"I knew it was you, Bronk," said Fritsch admiringly. "You didn't even budge."

Fritsch had never before met Nagurski and knew him only by reputation. He found him just as advertised.

So did Frankie Sinkwich, the Georgia wonder boy of the Detroit Lions. He tried to escape from the Bronk's eager clutch with a fancy swivel-hip routine. Strong arms hauled him down.

"You can't fool an old man with that hipper-dipper, Sonny," said Nagurski. "But it's nice, very nice. Try it on the other tackle."

The Bronk later broke through as Sinkwich dropped back to pass, but he made no effort at frantic pursuit. Instead, he held his ground until an end drove the Lion ace back to the middle. Nagurski gathered him in.

"Sonny," he said, "I'm too old to be chasing you. You'll have to come to me."

Nagurski was an excellent tackle, so much so that Musso caught himself wondering out loud.

"How does he do it?" he said. "That old man is knocking down the kids as if they were tenpins."

The Bronk was on the sidelines when the Bears were having a terrible time with their cross-town rivals, the Chicago Cardinals. Hunk Anderson, the fill-in coach for Halas while Papa Bear was in the Navy, looked up to see Nagurski buckling on his helmet.

"I guess it's time for the old Bronk to go to work," he said. He put himself in the ball game *as a fullback*.

The ball was on the 38-yard line. In three plays it was on the 11. Four more plays and it was a touchdown. The old Bronk had done his work well.

It was Dick Richards, the bombastic and hotheaded owner of the Detroit Lions, who paid him the highest tribute of all when he, the Bronk, Halas and a few other football men were sitting around in idle chatter after the 1934 season had ended. As Richards kept staring at the stolid, unstoppable iron man, a pixie thought entered his mind. He blurted it out without thinking.

"Nagurski," he said, "I'll give you \$10,000 if you'll get the hell out of this league. I'm not buying your contract. I just don't want you ruining any more of my ball players."

The Bronk studied his toes in embarrassment. Halas re-

coiled in horror. Richards merely grinned. It would have been a good investment for him at that, despite the fact that it would have been both illegal and impracticable.

But the Bronk was a football player who really was beyond price. He brought to the pro game much of the imperishable grandeur of the Rock of Gibraltar.



MEL HEIN

Old Indestructible

IF MEL HEIN had reached the national Football League during the modern era of two platoons, he would have presented his coach with an insoluble problem. Sanity could not stand the strain of trying to decide how to use Marvelous Mel to best advantage.

It would have been a fearful dilemma. To which platoon would the assignment be made? Splitting the atom is easier cleavage than dividing Hein in half. Not only was he the best offensive center in the business, but the best defensive center as well. So enormous were his skills it is doubtful that the two best one-way specialists combined could have matched the ability of this one two-way man.

No platooning poser confronted Steve Owen when Hein first reported to the New York Giants in 1931. He just sat back with smug satisfaction and played Old Indestructible for sixty minutes a game. Mel was in the middle of each play—literally and figuratively—for fifteen years and was an All-League selection eight times, far more than any other lineman.

Hein was so good that he was responsible—inadvertently, perhaps—for Johnny Dell Isola becoming an All-League guard. It started in 1934 when the hot-headed, impatient Dell came to the Giants from Fordham as a substitute center. Johnny soon discovered there was no more future in such a role than in waiting to replace Pee Wee Reese as Brooklyn shortstop. Dell seethed and smoldered on the bench for the

better part of the season as Mel went his usual effortless and productive sixty minutes of play.

Near the end of the season, one wild and wooly game saw a fist fight break out and the spectators began crowding the fringe of the field. When Steve Owen reached the dressing room he discovered Dell Isola with a black eye and with his uniform covered with mud.

"What happened to you?" growled Steve suspiciously. "I didn't put you in the game."

"It's this way, Steve," said his belligerent rookie. "Near the end of the game I noticed Hein was getting tired. I knew you would want to rest him if you could find me to put in his place. But you never could find me in all that excitement. So I just put myself in as a substitute for Mel." He grinned mischievously and added, "And I got in a few good licks at the Bears, too."

"I'll be damned," said Steve.

But there was a glint of admiration in his eye. He began to think that anyone who wanted to play that day deserved a chance for a regular job. Since Hein was both irremovable and irreplaceable, Owen switched Dell to guard the next year and the fireball became one of the best.

Because of Dell's self-substitution that day, Hein was on the bench when the fighting broke out on the field. It really made little difference. If Mel had been there, he would not have taken part in it—unless it was in the role of peacemaker.

In one respect Mel was a football anomaly. He was the complete gentleman, on and off the field. He never slugged, gouged, kneed, piled on or played dirty. Yet he was a vicious tackler and blocker. He operated with the efficient compassion of the guy poleaxing steers in a slaughterhouse: one clean blow and it was mercifully over. They stayed tackled when Mel clamped on.

He moved like a big cat. He was big, too—6 feet 3 inches and 235 pounds—with all the agility and range any man needed. He could stop the head-on plunge or sweep wide to defend against assaults to the outside. He was nimble enough to halt the short passes because he had all the instincts.

It was on offense, however, that he revolutionized center play. Until he came along the center remained anchored after the snap. But Mel had so much mobility that he could bore ahead and wipe out the secondary. More important, though, he was the first pivot man to pull out of the line to lead run-

ning plays and the first to drop back as a defensive shield for the passer. Not once in fifteen years did he deliver a bad pass from center.

Not only were his physical attributes slightly extraordinary, but he had the character which set him apart. He moved with the quiet dignity of the born leader. And a leader he was. He was the captain of the Giants, and when his teammates addressed him as "Cappy," the word was spoken with both affection and respect.

It was no accident that the Giants were the most contented and best behaved team in the league. The force of his example made them that way. The class of the man seemed to rub off on them.

He even was able to command the respect of the enemy. They recognized him as a valiant foe who always played according to the rules. So they used no roughneck tactics against him.

One day a brash rookie fullback, too new to the lodge to know better, threw a block at Mel and then threw a punch at him.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Mel quietly.

On the next play the rowdy tried to slug him again.

"That's wrong, young man," said Mel without raising his voice. It happened again.

"I'm afraid," said Mel, a note of sadness creeping into his untroubled voice, "that I'll have to teach you a lesson."

The rookie fullback carried the ball on the next play. The hole in the line was wide and the young bruiser was traveling like a runaway locomotive when he burst through. Hein hit him head-on with a massive shoulder block. The kid bounced back three yards and collapsed in a heap. They carried him off on a stretcher.

"I hated to do that," said Mel, sounding exactly like the father who has just taken his son to the woodshed for necessary discipline.

Most football players attempt to retaliate in kind when illegal methods are used against them. But not Mel. Perhaps that explains his greatness to some extent. He did everything the right way and was able to do it better than anyone else.

Yet if Mel had achieved one of his earliest ambitions, no sheen of football immortality would now surround him. He originally wanted to become an oarsman, one of those anonymous sweep-swingers on Rusty Callow's University of Washington crews. Fortunately, he never made it.

Hein was born in Redding, California, on August 22, 1909, and moved as a small boy to Glacier, Washington, where his father operated the power plant in the Mount Baker region. Schooling was simple in the beginning. Mel and his two brothers, Lloyd and Homer, were the only pupils. The teacher lived with the Hein family and the three schoolboys merely walked through the pantry of their home to another room, the classroom. There was no athletic activity of any kind and the only competition was a spelling bee. Mel became a very good speller.

A shift to Bellingham, Washington, enabled the future Giant captain to play football in his last two years in grammar school. He was a 145-pound center. In high school, first at Fairhaven and then at Burlington, he varied it more. He was, successively, guard, center, halfback and tackle. By then he was a tall 175-pounder with the trim build of an oarsman.

So eager was he to go to Washington and Rusty Callow that he got a job as a power lineman after his high school graduation, intending to work in order to defray expenses. College already had started when fate stepped in.

The football coach at Washington State was Babe Hollingberry, and one of his pupils the year before was Mel's older brother, Lloyd. It was a case of: Are there any more at home like you? Lloyd told him that Mel was an excellent football player, basketball player and track man. Hollingberry began to phone the Hein household with such persistence that Mel capitulated. He would not row for Callow at Washington. He'd play football for Hollingberry at Washington State.

But mighty little football did he play as a freshman. He was worn out by too much athletics before his graduation and too much work afterwards. He was only a third-string center in football, but a first-string center on the freshman basketball team. But the competitive fires had begun to blaze. That spring he spoke to his brother.

"Lloyd," he said, "I'm going to be a varsity regular next season if it kills me. I've got to."

"Let's get summer jobs that will toughen us," said Lloyd.

They did. They got jobs with the forest service at Mount Baker. For three months they built trails and patrolled the mountains, never seeing anyone but the pack-train man and his donkey. They never walked. They ran, often as much as five miles uphill. At the summer's end they were strong, rugged and fast.

Mel made the varsity as regular center as a sophomore. He

was All-Coast as a junior and All-America as a senior, finishing with the flourish of performing with Washington State in the Rose Bowl. It was a basketball game, however, which determined his pro football future. It sent him spinning on a mad detour.

At the end of the dribble season Mel studied the offers he had received from the Providence Steamrollers and the Portsmouth Spartans (later the Detroit Lions). Jimmy Conzelman, coach of the Steamrollers, had sent him a contract for \$125 a game. Mel signed it and mailed it in the Pullman, Washington, post office on his way to an All-Star basketball game at Gonzaga University in Spokane.

Ray Flaherty, a Gonzaga boy who had played end for the Giants the year before, visited after the basketball game.

"Did you get your contract yet?" asked Flaherty.

"I got one from the Steamrollers," said Mel.

"No, no," said Flaherty. "I mean the one from the Giants. They're offering you \$150 a game and that's a pretty good salary for a lineman."

"Oh, Lord," said the usually unruffled Hein. "I always wanted to play for the Giants. What in the world will I do? I just mailed a signed contract to Jimmy Conzelman today."

"Why don't you see the postmaster at Pullman in the morning?" said Flaherty. "Maybe there's some way you can intercept it and have it returned."

The next morning Hein was waiting on the steps of the Pullman post office when it opened for business. He was haggard from lack of sleep, having tossed and turned all night.

"I mailed a letter to Providence by mistake," he told the postmaster. "Can you stop delivery?"

"There's nothing I can do," said the postmaster. "But there's an outside chance that you might get it back if you send a telegram to the Providence postmaster describing the letter and asking for its return."

Hein ran to the telegraph office. Then he waited with a growing anxiety. Ten days later the envelope addressed to Conzelman was returned—unopened. Mel was free to sign from the Giants. He did.

"How would you like to honeymoon in New York?" he asked Florence Porter, the girl he soon was to marry, as he broke the joyous news to her.

They were married on August 23, 1931, the day after Mel's twenty-second birthday, and immediately started East in a 1929 Ford coupe. The car was loaded with all their

earthly possessions strapped precariously to running boards and on the back. The trip was to take ten days.

The car chugged to a faltering stop on a long hill in Idaho. Mel, a non-mechanic, tinkered with a few wires and it started again by some miraculous accident. Nothing would check his advance toward football glory.

Heat in Denver melted all the butter in a box of groceries, and the butter ran over everything. A cloudburst in Kansas turned the cardboard boxes into mush. Two wearied kids reached Philadelphia. By then Florence had fallen asleep, her head in Mel's lap and her feet out the window. She was horrified to find Philadelphians laughing at her, a pretty girl in so undignified and unladylike a pose.

"Why didn't you awaken me?" she said.

"You were tired," said her thoughtful spouse, "and I figured no one knew you anyway."

She rode in hurt silence to the Holland Tunnel. Cars pouring out of the tunnel terrified them. They drove up to the 125th Street Ferry, and they were so rattled that they landed in Manhattan going the wrong way on a one-way street near Grant's Tomb. A kindly cop turned them around.

The Giants were equally bewildering to the giant from Washington State. Two veteran centers saw virtually all the action in the pre-season exhibition games while Mel made quickie appearances of five minutes in each. He worried because he knew only two centers would be kept and he had no chance to prove he should be one of them.

The break came in the third quarter of the opening game against the Steamrollers. One of the centers was injured. Hein replaced him and promptly gave a virtuoso performance. He was the starting center the next Sunday and remained the starter for fifteen years. Old Indestructible was on his way. There are no statistics to support the statement, but it is likely that Mel played more minutes of more games than any football man in history.

Only once in all that time was he forced to the sidelines. Oddly enough, it happened in the championship playoff against the Green Bay Packers in 1938. Late in the first half Mel was knocked cold. But he returned in the third quarter and was the key defender in halting a Packer attack that fell short of victory. The Giants won, 23-17.

Although Mel recovered a fumble which led to an early Giant score, he mystified his coach by not slamming in to break up plays with his usual forthrightness. He was giving

Green Bay the short gains. Owen summoned him for an explanation.

"Don't worry, Steve," said Cappy. "I'm giving them the short gains. I'm letting them commit themselves before I commit myself. Then they won't be able to pass over my head to Don Hutson for a touchdown."

Hutson scored no touchdowns that day. In fact, no man tormented him more than Hein. The nimble center always forced Hutson to the outside, thereby narrowing his room to maneuver. Maybe it's just coincidence, but Hutson was unable to score against the Giants until the advancing years robbed Mel of the extra step he needed to control the Packer superman.

But Hein once scored against the Packers, the only touchdown of his pro career. It came earlier that season when the New Yorkers beat the Bays, 15-3. Mel plucked an errant forward pass away from Hutson near midfield and romped fifty yards for a tally.

He should have scored a few years earlier against the Chicago Bears. It was really his own fault that he didn't. Stout Steve had put in a special play for him. But how to make him eligible?

It was not too difficult. The rules of that era did not move the ball in from the sidelines to the hash marks. There were no hash marks. Occasionally this called for lopsided formations with only one man between the center and the sideline, the others going to the other side of the line.

At one point in the Bear game only Ike Frankian, the end, was outside Hein.

"Here we go," said Harry Newman, the Giant quarterback. "Ready, Mel?"

"I'm ready," said Mel with a big grin.

"Don't panic," said Harry. "Take it easy and you'll score. Just be nonchalant."

It was too large an order. Newman crouched behind Hein, T-formation style. Just before the snap, Frankian stepped back and the wingback on the opposite side stepped up at the end of the scrimmage line. Technically this made Hein an end.

Mel snapped the ball to the crouching Newman and Harry promptly handed the ball back to him. Then Harry wheeled and ran back, pretending he had the ball clutched against his midriff. The Bears surged in. George Musso, the huge guard,

bowled over blockers and smashed Newman with a smothering tackle.

Hein stood up, holding the ball in back of him, and began to saunter downfield with all the innocence of a man strolling to the corner drugstore to buy cigarettes. But he had not gone far before he disobeyed Newman's warning not to panic. He was clear of everyone but Carl Brumbaugh, who already was starting to get suspicious.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Mel broke into a run. Brummy pounced on him and hauled him down.

Newman and Hein tried the play again the next time they faced the Monsters. But the Bears were watching for it. Eleven of them hit Hein at once.

It was a glorious career, highlighted by "Mel Hein Day" at the Polo Grounds on December 1, 1940. Praise was heaped upon the captain of the Giants and gifts were heaped upon him, too. One was an automobile which bore the New York license plate "G 7." The G was for Giants and the 7 was for Hein, his uniform number. It was just an extra touch, a perfect one.

By the end of the 1942 season, Mel called it quits. His family was starting to grow and, he felt, it was time to settle down. His daughter, Sherry, later a top-ranking backstroke swimmer, had left the toddling stage. So had Mel Jr., later a pole vaulter of near 16-foot class. So he accepted the post of football coach and associate professor at Union College in Schenectady, New York.

But two things happened. Union abandoned football during the war and the Giants, stricken by manpower shortages, begged him to return. Out of a sense of loyalty to the Mara family and Owen, he agreed. He was just a weekend commuter who didn't even practice.

He arrived in Boston for the opening game without any training or rehearsal. By then Mel could do it all from memory. He played sixty minutes.

"But I was so stiff afterwards," he admitted later, "I could barely move for a week."

By the next Sunday his recovery was complete. He went through the 1943 season and retired again. He unretired for 1944 and retired again. He unretired for 1945 and then quit for keeps.

Yet he never could get away from the game he loved so much and played with such distinction. He continued as line coach, first with various professional teams and finally for the

past dozen years or so with the University of Southern California.

Once Mel completed his career with the Giants, his uniform number 7 was retired with him. It was the luckiest 7 the Giants ever had.



DUTCH CLARK

The Flying Dutchman

"HE LOOKED like the easiest man in the world to tackle," said Bronko Nagurski. "The first time I tried I thought I'd break him in two. But when I closed my arms, all I was holding was air."

The Bronk was talking about Earl (Dutch) Clark of the Detroit Lions, one of the most evanescent of the spooks to parade hauntingly through the National Football League during the storied years of its history. Yet he was more than just a halfback of unparalleled skills. He was the bedrock on which the Detroit franchise now rests. Before him there was nothing.

The clever Jimmy Conzelman made the first stab at it. He produced the Detroit Panthers in 1925 and got mousetrapped by the weatherman. It rained for the first seven Sundays. He staggered through 1926 and then let go of the dead turkey he had on his hands.

"I sold the franchise for \$250," reported Jimmy. "This is the same franchise which later sold for more than a million—which may give you a pretty good idea of the businesslike way I conduct my affairs."

Benny Friedman, a campus hero from the neighboring University of Michigan, took a whirl with his Detroit Wolverines in 1928. They died of starvation. The outlook for pro football in Detroit seemed hopeless. One man was responsible for the transformation.

"Until Dutch Clark came along," wrote a local historian, "pro football in Detroit had only a novelty appeal. Its

chances of survival were slim because it was too close to collegiate gridiron centers, especially Michigan at nearby Ann Arbor. But Dutch changed all that."

The Flying Dutchman came to Detroit as a proven star. He had begun his professional career in 1931 with the old Portsmouth Spartans and was so good as a freshman that he made the All-League team. It was a genuine dream backfield that season. Besides Clark it was graced by Johnny Blood of the Packers, Red Grange of the Bears and Ernie Nevers of the Cardinals. All four are now in the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Dutch repeated in 1932 when he led the league in both scoring and field goal kicking. His name was missing from the honor roll in 1933 because he himself was missing. He took a fling at college coaching and then returned to pro ball.

It was a return which had historic significance. Not only did it coincide with the franchise switch which transformed the Portsmouth Spartans into the Detroit Lions in 1934, but the Dutchman was the key which unlocked the door to the transaction.

At the winter baseball meetings in December of 1933, H. G. Salsinger, sports columnist of the *Detroit News*, was buttonholed by an old friend, Joe Carr. At that time Carr had a dual role. He was an executive in minor league baseball and the top man in major league football, the president of the National Football League.

"I'm worried about our Portsmouth franchise," said Carr to Salsinger. "It's one of those small town, community propositions like Green Bay, but not as well supported. It's losing money so fast that I'm convinced the franchise has to be moved before it collapses entirely. I'd like to see it move to a big league city like Detroit. Do you think Detroit is ready for pro football?"

"We might be," said Salsinger, immediately intrigued by the prospect of bringing another sports attraction to his city. "In fact, I'm sure it would go if we could find the money man to get it the solid financing it needs. I'll look around."

Salsinger took a good look upon his return home. He discussed the idea with Ed Batchelor and Cy Huston. Then they enlisted Leo Fitzpatrick who promptly produced G. A. (Dick) Richards, the radio tycoon.

Richards was dynamic, imaginative, enthusiastic—and wealthy. He wasted no time. He checked immediately with

George (Potsy) Clark, the Portsmouth coach. Despite the identical surnames, Potsy was not related to Dutch.

"Supposing I buy the franchise," said Richards. "What do I need to make it succeed in Detroit?"

"A winner," said the realistic Potsy.

"And what will give us a winner?" said Richards.

"Dutch Clark," said Potsy.

"If you can get him to return," said Richards, "I'll buy the franchise."

Potsy persuaded Dutch to return and thus were the Detroit Lions born. If they were not born with a silver spoon in their mouth, they had the equivalent. They had a wondrous gate attraction in the breath-taking Dutch Clark.

How good was he? One infallible guideline is that super All-America, the All-League team. Such a selection is no longer formally sanctioned by the N.F.L., but in the old days this was an official team.

Clark was first-team quarterback in the two years he performed for Portsmouth. After a one-season absence, he returned to make it in 1934, 1935, 1936 and 1937. No other back in history was selected with such stunning frequency. So great was his appeal that he made the Detroit franchise one of the strongest and best in the game.

Salsinger, the man whose chance conversation with Joe Carr started it all, was known in journalistic circles as a man of restraint. Only two men in sports ever drove him to superlatives. One was Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers. The other was Dutch Clark of the Detroit Lions. Here's what he wrote about the Dutchman:

"Clark probably comes nearer to perfection than any back modern football has ever known. He is a coach's dream come true. Clark can do everything that a back is expected to do and he does it all superbly well. He is one of the best drop kickers of all time. He is the game's most accurate punter inside his team's 45-yard line. Others will kick farther but none can match his direction. He is the most difficult man in football to tackle. As a ball carrier he has a mystifying change of pace, feint, quickness, speed and instinct. He is a good forward passer and a good pass receiver. He is a sound blocker and sure tackler. He is unmatched as a field general."

Grantland Rice wrote: "Dutch Clark is about as good a back as the game has seen since Jim Thorpe's prime."

Only one man was unimpressed by Dutch Clark. He was Dutch Clark. He should have been as legendary a figure in

the public mind as Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, Johnny Blood, Bronko Nagurski and the other great ones. He never made it, mainly because he didn't want to. It just didn't interest him. If he had a flaw, it was that he lacked that intangible quality known as "color."

Detroiters found themselves comparing him to Charlie Gehringer, their Hall of Fame second baseman. Each did his job with what might be described—almost a contradiction in terms—as "unostentatious brilliance." There was such effortless ease to their performances that the impact of them rarely arrived until much later. Neither contributed much to quotable quotes, anecdotes or folklore.

On one occasion the flamboyant Richards, owner of the Lions, decided that Dutch should be built into a "personality" to add to his gate appeal. So he hired Steve Hannegan, the master publicist, to handle the ballyhoo. No help did Hannegan get from Clark.

"Some of the nice things they say about me are a little silly to say of any athlete," he told Hannegan.

Part of the plot was the staging of a "Dutch Clark Day" as part of a game with the Chicago Bears. It was artfully planned. Dutch would be replaced on the field in the final quarter and then returned to action in order to draw a game-ending ovation. The time arrived for the triumphant re-entry. Dutch balked.

"Nuts to that," he said. "The boys out there have been doing the rough work all afternoon. So why should I go in and take the bows?" He stayed on the sidelines.

Dutch had all the physical attributes for instant appeal. He was a 185-pound six-footer with the finely chiseled features and striking good looks of a man in an Arrow Collar ad. His smile was warm, but he was quiet and reserved. On the gridiron, however, he was electrifying.

The Dutchman was born in Fowler, Colorado, on October 11, 1906, and grew up in Pueblo, helping his hard-working father on the family cattle ranch after school. But he squeezed in time to play on all the sports teams at Central High School. He was center on the basketball team, quarterback on the football team and both pitched and played the outfield on the baseball club.

It was not as quarterback, however, that he caught the eyes of college coaches. It was in basketball. Pueblo had an outstanding quintet and was invited to the National Interscholastic championships that Amos Alonzo Stagg, the grand old

man of football, was then conducting annually at the University of Chicago.

The last-minute baskets by Dutch won a 13-11 victory for Pueblo over a favored Kansas team in the championship final.

"That young man is the finest schoolboy basketball player I ever saw," said Stagg of Clark.

Yet Stagg made no effort to recruit him for Chicago. Both Michigan and Northwestern sought him, and Dutch enrolled at Northwestern. He lasted a month when he was smitten by that youthful malady known as lovesickness. The girl he was to marry was back in Colorado, and Dutch could not stand the separation. He quit Northwestern after a month and enrolled at little Colorado College in 1926.

For his three varsity years he was chosen on the All-Rocky Mountain team as quarterback and gained national recognition for the first time when Alan Gould reached deep into the bushes to name the unknown Clark to his Associated Press All-America for 1929.

That was the year when Dutch was involved in one of the most unusual games ever played. Tiny Colorado College upended a school that dwarfed it in size, the University of Denver. The score was 3-2. What made this freakish count even more extraordinary was the fact that Clark was responsible for all the points, Colorado's and Denver's! In the final analysis, though, he won it with his brain.

This was not exactly an equal struggle. Denver's crunching power hammered out the yards until Colorado braced. Then Clark punted to effect a reprieve. He made eleven punts that afternoon and averaged 45 yards. The one he didn't make, though, was almost his undoing.

In the second quarter Denver was halted on the 10. Clark elected to punt. But the pass from center shot over his head into the end zone. He touched it down for a safety. So the score was 2-0 into the closing minutes of the game, and there was no hope for Colorado until Dutch began to click with his passes. He moved the team into scoring territory, but the clock was running out on him.

Only a minute and a half remained. The ball was on the Denver 26. Into the huddle moved the Dutchman.

"Hold them off, gang," he said. "I'm going for a field goal."

"No goal," shouted Bill Rider, the referee, waving his hands palms down. There was a moan of dismay from the

Colorado section and a shout of exultation from the Denver rooters. Dutch walked over to the referee.

"Pardon me, sir," he said. "I thought that was good."

"It wasn't," said the official. "It went over the post."

"I know it," said Dutch. "But that's a legal goal."

"Sorry," said the referee. "It has to go over the crossbar."

"If you get out your rule book, sir," said Dutch, "I'll show you where you're wrong."

The rule book was produced. Clark rifled through the pages, stopped and pointed.

"Here it is," he said. "The rule reads: If the ball passes directly over the goal post, it shall count as a goal."

The referee flung up his arms to signify a field goal. The crowd surged angrily onto the field and fist fights broke out. The officials needed a police escort to escape. Clark quietly disappeared into the dressing room. He was smiling.

That was not the last time a goal post came to the rescue of Dutch. The colorful Johnny Blood tells the story.

"I'll never forget a game," he said, "when Dutch had us beaten, 10-9, and we had him crowded back to the 1-yard line. We knew exactly what to expect. The strongest play the Lions had and the one they always used in the clutch was to have Dutch carry off tackle. Knowing what was coming, we packed our defenses to break in on him and throw him for a safety. Then we'd win, 11-10.

"The goal posts that day were gooseneck style; the crossbar was over the goal line but the uprights perhaps two yards back in the end zone. The ball snapped from center and our linebackers had him dead when they poured through the holes we opened for them. I still find it hard to believe what happened.

"It had to be pure instinct. Dutch shot ahead, saw he was trapped and never so much as hesitated. He had the ball tucked under his left arm. He hooked his right arm around the goal post and his momentum flung him away from and over the tacklers. He landed on the playing field. Impossible though it was, he made good his escape."

Mystifying theatrical audiences at that time was Houdini, the escape artist supreme. Clark also was an escape artist. The most graphic description of his uncanny skill, perhaps, was the one provided by his coach, Potsy Clark.

"Dutch is like a rabbit in the brush. He has no set plan, no definite direction. He is an instinctive runner who cuts, pivots, slants and reverses. No back ever followed interference

better and, when the interference gets him into the secondary, he begins his mad twists and turns. He'll get out of more holes than any player I ever saw. Just about the time you expect him to be smothered, he's free of tacklers."

Bill Hewitt could appreciate that appraisal. Hewitt was a roughneck end on the Chicago Bears, an All-League performer of extraordinary skills. His forte was rocketing off the scrimmage line simultaneously with the snap of the ball. He cut it so fine that many observers were convinced that he actually beat the snap. That's how he got his nickname of "Offside Hewitt." It didn't bother rollicking William one whit. He kept busting in to make the tackles.

The Bears were playing the Lions at Wrigley Field in Chicago in 1935, both teams in contention for a championship that Detroit was to win. The Lions were driving downfield and Clark was the deep back. The ball snapped. Hewitt was atop the Dutchman before a block could be thrown, ready to toss him for a loss. Dutch wriggled away and headed for the sidelines with Bill in pursuit. Clark veered back toward his own goal line, drawing the Bear end with him.

Just as he appeared trapped, Dutch changed course and headed for the opposite sideline. Then he was back in the original direction in the dizziest of zig-zags. Other Chicagoans were missing tackles and only the implacable Hewitt remained in steady pursuit.

It got to be funny after a while, and the funniest crack of all was unintentionally delivered by George Halas, the owner-coach of the Bears, who has no sense of humor during football games. The Halas feeling of frustration kept mounting. Without realizing what he was saying, he yelled advice to Hewitt.

"Stay where you are, Bill," screamed the Papa Bear, "Clark will be back there in a few minutes."

The line of scrimmage was only 25 yards from the goal. Dutch reeled off more than 100 yards of clever open-field running to make it.

The Lions won the championship that year and routed the Giants in the playoff, 38-0, as Dutch directed the attack with probing skill. This gave Detroit the assignment against the College All-Stars the following August, and one Clark physical handicap suddenly became manifest. He is almost totally blind in his left eye.

The disability convinced him early in his life that he never could become a big league baseball player, but it never had

affected him in football—until the All-Star game. It was played under lights and Dutch discovered that the arcs blinded him completely at times. The collegians were leading 7-0 in the last quarter as the Lions reached the 10-yard line, needing a touchdown and conversion to salvage prestige.

It was fourth down and the Lions would have to go for broke with a forward pass play. They huddled.

"Fellows," said Dutch. "I can't see. I never could find a receiver even if he was open. We'll go for it with a Caddel reverse."

A master of fakery, Dutch hid the ball, fed behind his back to the fleet Ernie Caddel as he whirled around on a reverse and the Lion wingback scored.

"Show me where the posts are, Ernie," said Dutch as they lined up for the conversion. Ernie put him in position.

So Clark neatly drop-kicked the extra point over a crossbar he never so much as saw.

That fall the Lions faced the Bears at the small University of Detroit Stadium on Thanksgiving Day. All reserved seats were sold out two weeks in advance. Clark had put across pro football in Detroit and there was no mistaking it.

On the morning of the game Tommy Emmet, the Detroit publicity director, stationed a sound truck near the stadium and announced that all 24,000 tickets had been sold. In spite of the warning 5,000 persons milled around outside in the bitter cold, unable to gain admittance.

It was so cold that Clark wore mittens. In the first quarter he threw a 35-yard pass to Harry Ebding. A voice splintered the clear air.

"Look, he even can throw a pass with mittens on." Later Dutch overshot his target without the mittens.

"Put your gloves on again," screamed the voice.

In the third quarter, the Lions were trailing, 7-6. Gloves or no gloves, it made no difference. The cold was so numbing that Dutch knew passes would not work.

So he did what came naturally. He went spinning off tackle in one of his gorgeous romps and raced 65 yards for the winning touchdown.

At the end of that season Potsy Clark resigned as coach to take a similar job with the Brooklyn Football Dodgers. Owner Richards of the Lions didn't look far for a successor. He stuck to Clark, switching from Potsy to Dutch.

"It's a great break for us," proudly announced Richards. "Potsy often left the development of plays and defensive set-

ups to Dutch. Our offense—and we're well pleased with it—was developed by Dutch. He's a tireless worker and a stickler for details."

But when Dutch departed at the end of two seasons, Richards grumbled that the Lion attack "showed little variety." Yet Dutch had two second-place finishes and his tenure must be regarded as successful.

Those were not especially happy years. In his enthusiasm Richards thought he knew everything and Dutch rebelled against his interference. The breach between them kept widening. It reached a climax in mid-season of 1938 when Richards phoned Clark.

"I was just talking to Art Rooney in Pittsburgh," he said, "and he's willing to trade us that new kid, White."

"We just beat the Bears with the backfield we now have," said Dutch coldly. "It's a good backfield. We don't need White."

The White they were discussing was Byron (Whizzer) White, now an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and then such a sensation that he was later to become an All-League halfback. But Dutch was striving valiantly to preserve the morale of his team.

Two weeks later the Packers routed the Lions and Richards was able to second-guess in even more acidulous fashion. Whether Dutch fell or was pushed at the end of the 1938 season doesn't matter much. He left for Cleveland and stayed there until the war disrupted everything and caused a suspension of Cleveland operations.

Yet Coach Clark knew at the end of the 1937 season that things never would be the same again. That's when he lost the services of his best player. That's when Dutch Clark, the nonpareil quarterback, retired.

A Dutch Clark is a once-in-a-lifetime gift for any coach. Detroit has had some extraordinarily skillful backfield performers since, but none who could match his artistry.

A successful business man in Royal Oak, Michigan, the Dutchman still is a Lion fan. As he sits in the stands and looks at the turnaway crowd and observes the booming prosperity of pro football in Detroit, it never would enter his modest mind that he, Dutch Clark, is the man who made it possible.

(10)

DON HUTSON

The Alabama Antelope

"UTTER NONSENSE!" snapped Jock Sutherland in icy finality. "No man can be that good."

His advisers shrugged their shoulders in dismay and offered no further arguments. They had done their best to warn this newcomer to professional football, but Jock's wrath was too terrifying for them to risk it.

Dr. John Bain (Jock) Sutherland had been a towering figure in collegiate ranks, one of the great coaches of his day. His teams at the University of Pittsburgh were powerhouses of national stature, as coldly precise as the doctor himself.

But now this perfectionist had moved into alien territory, Brooklyn of the National Football League. He was the coach of those Ebbets Field gridiron unpredictables, the Dodgers, and for the first time his hapless heroes were about to play a game against the formidable Green Bay Packers and their incomparable Don Hutson, the unbelievable pass-catcher. The Brooklyn board of strategy met.

"How will we set our defenses against Hutson?" asked one.

"We cover him the same as anyone else—one man," said Jock.

"But, doctor," said the brain-truster, a note of urgency in his voice, "that isn't enough. Every other team in the league covers Hutson with at least two men, maybe three or four."

"Utter nonsense!" snorted Sutherland. "No man can be that good."

So the Dodgers covered the Alabama Antelope with one man. Hutson had a picnic. When Sutherland walked off the field at the end of the game, there was a dazed look on his craggy features.

"Now I know," he muttered. "Now I know."

Understandable, though, was Jock's initial lack of comprehension. Hutson was the type of football player who has to be seen to be believed. Don was absolutely incredible, the finest pass-catcher football has ever known.

The proof is in the record book. When Hutson retired at the end of the 1945 season, he held every pass-catching and scoring record. An entire page in the book had to be set aside for him alone. What raises him to an even higher peak is the fact that he operated during the one-platoon era when the pace was slower because the offensive stars had to take the beating of defensive play as well. Furthermore, there was nowhere near as much emphasis on the aerial phase of the game then as there is now in the pass-conscious present.

So the moderns have nibbled away at his records over the intervening years. It has been a slow erosion, however, and half a page still remains. Some of those look untouchable, defying the future. Among them are: most passes caught, 489; most touchdowns scored, 105; most touchdown passes caught, 101, and most yards gained catching passes, 8,010—that's close to five miles.

Hutson wasn't big enough to take the battering he was forced to take, but he still lasted eleven years in the pro game. The swiftie from the University of Alabama was 6 feet 1 inch and 180 pounds, but he always gave the impression of frailty. He wore only the skimpiest of padding. He was streamlined for speed.

Don was not 180 pounds when he started with the Packers in 1935. He was a slim kid whom burly linemen and rugged blockers brushed aside with impunity. In 1939, however, the Packers picked up a hard-bitten blocking back from South Carolina, Larry Craig, and Curly Lambeau instantly solved his most vexing problem. When Green Bay went on the defense, Craig was stationed in Hutson's end spot. Don went to safety where his swiftness, sure hands and sharp tackling made him an asset.

How good was Don Hutson? What follows is not a typical example, but at least it should give you an idea of what an absolute phenomenon he was.

Before the Packers clashed with the Cleveland Rams one year, a special trap was laid for Hutson by Dutch Clark, the Cleveland coach. He set up the usual defenses against the glue-fingered end, but supplemented them by giving a specific assignment to Dante Magnani, the fastest man on his squad.

"Your only job today is covering Hutson," said Dutch. "You are to stay with him on every play, and under no circumstances are you to let him get between you and the goal line."

"I'll keep outside him," promised Magnani.

The Packers rumbled past midfield and then it happened. Hutson started from his left end position in that deceptive, shuffling gait and headed in a diagonal line for the right goal post. Magnani ran at his shoulder.

Suddenly Hutson shifted into high gear. Magnani almost blew a fuse in an effort to stay with him, but stay with him he did. Down that imaginary diagonal line sped Hutson until he reached the 10-yard line.

Then Don gave it the jet propulsion. In some inexplicable fashion, Magnani also gave a superhuman burst and stayed with him.

At the same breakneck speed Hutson ran at the right goal post and hooked the upright with his left arm. His feet left the ground and his momentum spun him around the post. Just as he wheeled in the opposite direction to face the field, he reached out his right arm and caught the touchdown pass that Cecil Isbell floated to him.

That was Don Hutson for you.

He didn't make all his catches that way, of course, but he was such a master of the feint that he could shake loose from the average defender merely by moving head or shoulders. The exceptional defenders he fooled with his speed and change of pace.

"Hutson is the only man I ever saw who could feint in three different directions at the same time," said Greasy Neale, coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, sadly.

Natural talent made him great, but that wasn't the whole answer. He burnished it with hard work until it shone with a blinding splendor.

"For every pass I caught in a game," he once said, "I caught a thousand passes in practice."

Don didn't just go through the motions in practice. Every time he went for a pass he pretended he was in a game, feinting and swerving and changing speed in full-dress rehearsal. He got to know his passers and, more important, they got to know him.

They were able to sense his reactions and sort out the fakes from the real thing. They were reinforced by the knowledge that their passes did not need to have pinpoint perfection. If they threw the ball in the general vicinity of this glue-fingered young man, he could catch it.

Hutson got into football more or less by accident. He stayed by design.

He was born on January 31, 1913, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas,

and his only claim to fame during boyhood was the finest collection of pet rattlesnakes in the state. This should have indicated he would become a man apart, far different from the normal breed.

Football held no interest for him in high school. He awakened to it only because the kid across the street was about to go to a pre-season football training camp in the Ozarks in August of Don's senior year. Hutson went out for the high school team merely to qualify for the trip to the Ozarks.

There must have been a strange alchemy in Hutson. Throughout his life he seemed to draw to him great passers whom he transformed into even greater passers. He found one in high school in his lone year of football play, and Don became so proficient a receiver that he was offered a scholarship to the University of Alabama.

The alchemy was still working. A classmate was Dixie Howell, who was to become one of the finest collegiate aerial artists of his day. They were a brilliant pair, and they glittered most resplendently in the Rose Bowl of January 1, 1935.

Howell threw seven passes to Hutson that day and Joe Riley threw one. Seven of the eight were completed, two for touchdowns. Curly Lambeau, the pass-minded coach of the Green Bay Packers, made a quick grab for Hutson. The timing was perfect. One year later the National Football League adopted the player draft. Under those conditions Don would have been plucked off the list long before the high-riding Packers had a chance at him.

This was the perfect team for the Alabama Antelope, because Green Bay had a long passer of inordinate skill in Arnie Herber. But Don's heart sank when he reported to training camp and saw the size of the hulking brutes who populated big league football. Doubts assailed him, and he carried those doubts into the opening game against the mighty Chicago Bears. He voiced his concern to big Cal Hubbard in the dressing room.

"I'm scared to death," he confessed to Hubbard. "I did all right in college, but these fellows are so much bigger and better. I'm not even sure I belong up here."

"Don't worry, kid," growled Cal. "You belong."

On the very first scrimmage play Hutson proved that he belonged. He never worried again.

The Packers returned the kickoff to the 20 and then swung into right formation with Hutson at left end and the mercu-

rial Johnny Blood as the wingback to the right. The pass from center came to the deep man, Herber.

Down the left sideline ambled Hutson in his lazy, shuffling style. Down the right sideline raced Blood, the man who held all the pass-catching records. Hutson moped along, Beattie Feathers of the Bears covering him. Most of the other Chicago backs were covering the weaving and twisting Blood. It was an artful job that Johnny did in trying to break into the clear. Hutson sauntered on in disinterested fashion, and Feathers had no trouble in staying with him.

When Hutson looked across the field to admire the Blood maneuvers, Feathers decided it was safe to sneak a quick look. His eyes left Hutson for no more than the tiniest fraction of a second.

And Hutson was gone. He fled into the clear with the speed that had made him the Southern Conference sprint champion. Herber cocked his arm and launched a titanic heave. Don never broke stride. The ball floated into his arms and he carried it into the end zone.

What a debut! His first play as a pro with an 80-yard touchdown bomb. Even fancier, it was the only score of the game. The Packers beat the Bears that day, 7-0.

Having Blood as a teammate was a help to Don in the beginning, because Johnny had the opposition terrified. But everyone soon got wise to the fact that Hutson was to be feared even more. The Redskins learned that later than most.

They had the Packers beaten one day, 3-0. Down the field came Green Bay to the 25. Blood was calling signals and he naturally called for a pass to his favorite ball player, himself. But the crowd was screaming in such thunderous fashion that no one heard the signals, although Herber suspected that it was Johnny's "Touchdown Special."

Blood tore downfield and caused so much confusion that the bewildered Redskin defenders were attracted in his direction. Hutson just drifted beyond the scrimmage line, so exhausted from the terrific physical beating he'd taken that he meandered a few steps and relaxed. He watched with idle curiosity as Herber danced around, searching for a receiver. At last he found one.

His roving eye lit on the innocent bystander, Hutson. With a flick of his wrist Arnie wafted the ball over to Don. Once the ball dropped into his arms, the tired feeling magically disappeared. Hutson raced for the winning touchdown in what suddenly became a 7-3 final score.

Garrison finishes were something of a trademark for Hutson. In his debut against the Bears he made only one touchdown, but when George Halas, the Papa Bear, got to know him better he paid him grudging tribute.

"I just concede Hutson two touchdowns a game," said Halas, "and then I hope we can score more."

Perhaps the second Packer-Bear game of Don's freshman season established the quota in Halas' mind. The Monsters were winning 14-3 with three minutes to play, an insuperable margin in that era of low scoring.

"Let's shoot for the moon, Don," said Herber in the huddle.

It was a beautiful moon shot. Hutson raced 60 yards with the pass. The count was 14-10.

"Dear Lord, make them fumble," prayed Johnny Blood.

Someone up there must have liked the Packers. The Bears obligingly fumbled. Herber found Hutson alone in the end zone. He hit with a pass. The Packers won, 17-14.

If Herber and Hutson were as delectable a combination as ham and eggs, Cecil Isbell and Hutson were as palatable as bacon and eggs. There may have been a slight difference to the taste buds, but the nourishment was still there.

Isbell came to the Packers from Purdue just as Herber began to fade. Cece was a shorter passer than the long-range Arnie for the most part, although he tossed the big bomb often enough to keep the defense honest.

It was Isbell who contributed to one of the most remarkable of all records. It appeared in the almanac like this: shortest touchdown pass—4 inches.

Even in trifles Hutson was colossal.

It came against Cleveland in 1942. The Packers had a first down on the 4-inch line.

"That's why it wasn't as silly a play as it seems," explained Isbell afterwards. "If it had failed, I still had three plunges left for the touchdown. Besides, I always felt more confident of scoring with Hutson than any other way."

He smiled wryly.

"What made it truly a remarkable play was not the distance," he added, "but the catch Don made. I was so excited that I threw the ball a mile over his head. It took one of his miraculous one-hand catches for it to work."

Lambeau instantly yanked Isbell to the sidelines. Curly was pale and visibly shaken.

"Don't you ever do that again," said the head keeper from Green Bay, shaking an angry finger at his quarterback.

"I won't," promised Isbell.

In the Pro Bowl game of 1939 this remarkable combination clicked in a radically different fashion. Isbell's team was backed almost all the way to its own goal, on the 2-yard line.

"Get going, pal," said Isbell to Hutson in the huddle.

Don got going in a straightaway wild dash. There was nothing fancy about it. This was sheer speed. Isbell's pass went 69 yards in the air and Hutson was under it when it came down. No one was near him. He scored. From the point of origin to the point of completion the play spanned 108 yards.

Throughout his career Hutson did more than disrupt enemy defenses with his pass-catching. He disrupted them when he was merely a decoy. The necessity of covering him with at least two men invariably meant that someone else was open.

No team handled Hutson better than the New York Giants. The wily Steve Owen used a relay system which was quite effective. Mel Hein, the linebacker, picked up Don at the scrimmage line and escorted him as far as Ward Cuff, the defensive halfback. Then Cuff carried him until they moved into the territory of Hank Soar, the safety man.

Hutson was marvelously well covered one day at the Polo Grounds as the Giants convoyed him into the end zone. The pass failed. But Milt Gantenbein, the other Packer end, was standing alone under the goal posts, a certain scorer if the pass had come his way.

When it didn't, Gantenbein dropped onto his knees under the upright and pounded the turf with his fists in angry frustration.

"Why didn't you throw the ball?" he yowled, raising his hands to the heavens in the agony of his grief.

The sympathetic Johnny Dell Isola, the Giant linebacker, walked over to him and patted him consolingly on the shoulder.

"Gantenbein," he said just before he jabbed in the needle, "we have such little regard for your pass-catching abilities that we don't even cover you."

Gantenbein was so blind with rage that when a pass was thrown to him in the same spot on the next play he dropped it.

Hutson was an All-League selection for nine years and one

of the wonders of the age. But he didn't score against the Giants for seven years. Then he erupted in 1942.

The Giants scored first. Then Isbell floated one to Hutson in the end zone and it was 7-7. Again the New Yorkers tallied. They were well prepared for the counter-attack. Three Giants accompanied Don into the end zone, but he reached up one sticky hand and came down with the ball. It was 14-14.

Back rolled the Giants to tally and then braced for the inevitable. Passes to Hutson whisked the Packers downfield and into position. When Don entered the end zone for a pass, it seemed that all eleven Giants were surrounding him. So Tony Canadeo walked over for the tying touchdown.

Hutson caught fourteen passes that day and set eight records. A couple of years later he not only scored almost at will but gained the most subtle revenge on his chief tormentor, Owen. He took the ball on an end-around and *threw* the only touchdown pass in his career.

"That was almost as big a thrill," he dreamily said afterwards, "as my first-game touchdown against the Bears."

His was a remarkable career that was extended several seasons more than he wanted. But he then was in business in Green Bay (he's now a wealthy businessman in nearby Racine) and he could not escape from the sense of loyalty he felt to the Packer fans. Reluctantly he kept returning for "just one more year."

He had a dread of becoming what he termed "a football jerk," a tarnished super-star who had lost his glitter. He need not have worried. He was the leading pass-catcher in the league for each of his final two seasons, marking eight times in all that he won the receiving championship.

Hutson was a masterpiece in deception. Nothing about him was exactly what it seemed. His feints were deceptive and so was his speed. Even his appearance was deceptive. He seemed frail and easygoing with the gentle good looks of a timid choir boy, the kind who can be pushed around.

"Hutson was a cold, hard competitor," said Jimmy Conzelman. "I doubt that he had a nerve in his body."

On one occasion Jimmy put the question directly to Don. Had he ever been nervous on the gridiron? Hutson meditated briefly. Either he had forgotten the jittery moment just before his pro debut, or he had dismissed it from his mind as being too transitory to count.

"No," said Don. "I've never been nervous in athletics."

Listening in on the conversation was Mrs. Hutson. In true wifely fashion she interrupted.

"He's never been nervous anywhere else, either," she said. "The day we were married he was so calm that you'd think he'd merely stepped into the church to get out of the rain."



SAMMY BAUGH

The Slinger

RAY FLAHERTY, the coach of the Washington Redskins, was giving a pep talk just before his well-upholstered heroes took to the field for their opening game of the 1937 season.

"We were a good ball club last year," he said earnestly. "We were good enough to reach the championship play-off against the Green Bay Packers. As you all know, one thing stopped us from being a great football team. We didn't have a forward passer."

He paused so that the weight of his next words would hit with the proper impact.

"Now we have one," he said, "the best in the world."

More than a quarter of a century has fled down the corridors of time since those fateful words were spoken. They have lost none of their validity.

In many respects this was an astonishing statement. Flaherty had always been an arch-conservative by nature, and the object of his affections was an untried rookie who had yet to throw a pass in National Football League play, a sweet slinger from Sweetwater, Texas, named Samuel Adrian Baugh.

But the Redskin coach already had recognized the once-in-a-lifetime qualities that Slingin' Sam possessed. Nor was his estimate to prove the slightest bit extravagant. Baugh was to become the best in the world as a forward passer, perhaps the greatest the game has ever known.

In all probability it was an incident in pre-season training that sent Flaherty spinning wildly overboard on Baugh, the

most accurate sharpshooter Texas has ever produced. The coach was diagramming a play on the blackboard.

"The end takes ten steps straight ahead and flares out to the right," said Flaherty, tracing the downfield progress of the receiver with chalk. He drew a big X on the board and added:

"When he reaches here, Sam, I want you to hit him in the eye with the ball."

"Which eye?" drawled Sam.

In his debut as a pro the Slinger threw sixteen passes. He completed eleven. The other five were dropped. But the time he had finished his career after a record sixteen years of professional play, Sammy had set so many marks that an entire page of the record almanac had been set aside for him alone. He clicked in all with 1,709 completions for the fantastic total of 22,085 yards or approximately 13 miles. His efficiency quotient one season was an unbelievable 70 per cent.

When Baugh first joined the Redskins, a word of advice was offered to George Preston Marshall, owner of the 'Skins, by Grantland Rice, dean of the sportswriting profession.

"Better insure that right arm for a million dollars," said Granny, "because the tough guys in this league will tear it off him. He just isn't big enough to take the pounding he's going to get. I doubt that a skinny kid like that can last more than a season or two."

Baugh survived intact for sixteen seasons. He was tall and lean at 6 feet 2 inches and 180 pounds. But he was made of whipcord with the durability of a Texas range-rider, and he accepted hardship with uncomplaining stoicism.

Yet Sammy was not entirely defenseless. He showed that early in his career. A roughneck enemy tackle broke through the protective cordon and knocked him down (which was proper enough), but then slugged him (which wasn't).

"Cut that out," said Sammy sharply.

On the next play it happened again. This time the big bully also brought up a knee. The Redskins were wild with rage.

"Want me to pop him for you, Sammy?" asked Turk Edwards, the huge Washington captain.

"I'll take care of him myself," said the Slinger, eyes narrowing to cold slits in that weatherbeaten face. "Don't try to block him on the next play. Let him come through."

The tackle surged through for the kill. Baugh just stood

there calmly, arm cocked to throw. He waited until the rowdy was almost atop him. Then he threw.

The ball traveled with the force of a projectile. It struck the bully squarely between the eyes and knocked him colder than an iceberg.

Baugh was to make his name as synonymous with passing greatness as Babe Ruth had made his with home run hitting. Yet if Sammy had listened to one particular bit of advice, he might have been detoured into baseball and obscurity. As it was, he stayed with football and gained immortality.

He was born on March 17, 1914, in a farmhouse near Temple, Texas. For a reason no one ever has been able to explain, he had football in his blood and even played in grammar school. Because he was rangy, he was an end. He still was an end when he performed for Temple High School. But when the quarterback was injured, Sammy was shifted to the backfield. Up to that time Temple had not won a game. Not even the Slinger could change the pattern. It still didn't win a game.

The Baugh family moved to Sweetwater and Sammy soon made his athletic mark there—as a baseball player. When the Sweetwater High School football team also became something of the sensation of the Panhandle, college recruiters flocked to the dressing room. They walked right past Baugh and congregated around Red Sheridan, the star of the team.

That spring Sammy not only played third base for Sweetwater High but also for the Abilene town team. It was there that he was spotted by Dutch Meyer, the baseball coach at Texas Christian. The Dutchman returned to the campus and reported to the football coach, Francis (Close-the-Gates-of-Mercy) Schmidt.

"I just saw a great baseball prospect," said Dutch wistfully. "I sure could use him on our ball club, a kid named Baugh. I understand he also plays a little football at Sweetwater. Do you think we could get him in here with a football scholarship?"

"Okay," said Schmidt. "But I sure wish we could have gotten Sheridan. It's a shame he went to Texas."

Uncle Billy Disch, the Texas baseball coach, was also interested in Baugh.

"You have the makings of a big leaguer, son," said Disch, "but you'll have to cut out football. You're just not strong enough to take that pounding and an injury could finish you. After all, boy, this could be your living."

But Baugh did not take the advice—fortunately for him, the Redskins and the National Football League. He entered Texas Christian and made an immediate impression on his freshman coach, the same Dutch Meyer who had persuaded him to come there to play baseball. Dutch saw Sammy throw a forward pass. He was instantly convinced. Nor did it slow down Baugh's progress one bit when the Dutchman succeeded Schmidt as varsity football coach in Baugh's sophomore year.

Hard work appeals to any coach, and Sammy was the hardest worker T.C.U. had, first to report and last to leave. He practiced his passing, kicking and tackling. Then he went home and practiced his passing some more.

He hung an old tire from two ropes fastened to the branch of a tree. A brother pushed the tire until it swung like a pendulum. Sammy became so proficient that he could move on the dead run and still thread the ball through the opening. Which eye, indeed!

Sammy was not too good as a sophomore. His passing was sharp but his punting was poor. That last item is puzzling because the wiry Texan was to become the best quick-kicker the pros ever had and a remarkably consistent punter. By his junior year he was heading toward stardom, and he achieved it as a senior.

It was a lucky day for Marshall when he corralled Baugh for his Redskins. Sammy was to be his meal ticket for sixteen years. Sam's introduction to the Washington press corps was a typical example of the Magnificent Marshall's flair for showmanship.

In the dusk of a January evening in 1937, a plane came to a shuddering stop at the Washington airport. Like an anxious mother hen, Marshall herded the sportswriters around him. They waited and waited as passengers disembarked. The last person off was Samuel Adrian Baugh.

He stepped through the exit door and ducked his head so that he would not jostle off the white ten-gallon cowboy hat he was wearing. This prototype of the Wild West stumbled when his high-heeled boot caught on the step of the ramp. He shuffled down uncertainly in his cowboy regalia. One side of his face jutted out from a chaw of tobacco. He looked slightly green about the gills, the result of either the plane ride or the eating tobacco. He was used to neither.

"How are you, Sam?" said Marshall with boisterous exuberance.

"Mah feet hurt," drawled Sam.

The home-on-the-range outfit was part of the Marshall window dressing. The Magnificent One had phoned Baugh a few days earlier and ordered him to arrive in complete cow-puncher clothing.

"Doggone, Mr. Marshall," protested Sammy, "I never wore those things in mah life."

"These people expect to see a Texan," said Marshall, the stage manager, "and I don't want to disappoint them."

"Okay, Mr. Marshall," said Sammy in resignation. "If you say so, I reckon I better. I'll send you the bill."

That August the 'Skins sent Sammy to the College All-Stars on a lend-lease basis for the big Chicago game against the professional champions, the Packers. And Sammy threw the touchdown pass that gave the collegians their first victory over the pros. He was ready. Obviously.

The Redskin franchise had just been shifted from Boston to Washington, and in Baugh the 'Skins had a matchless gate attraction. More than anyone else, he was to be responsible for the hysterical acclaim pro football received in the nation's capital.

One of his peak performances was a late-season game with the Giants at the Polo Grounds. In this he had the perfect accomplice, Cliff Battles, a running back beyond compare. The Giants were good that year, but they were helpless against the whipsawing tactics of the Baugh-Battles combination.

When they braced for a run, Baugh passed. When they braced for a pass, Battles ran. Each artist made the other better, and each was at his superlative best that day. The Redskins routed the strongest defensive team in the league, 49-14. And this was in a low-scoring era.

So the Redskins won the championship and went on to Chicago to meet the mighty Bears on a day of bitter, penetrating cold. This was when the Slinger revolutionized football.

Before this wonder-worker appeared on the scene, there were definite theories on forward passing. They became generally accepted ground rules. When a team was inside the opponent's 30-yard line, it was considered proper to pass on any down. In what could be roughly described as the middle third of the gridiron, caution reigned. Passing was rare. But inside its own 30 no team was ever insane enough to pass—

except maybe one trailing by so much that desperation replaced common sense.

Baugh knocked that theory dizzy and destroyed all previous strategic concepts. The first time the Redskins got possession of the ball, the Bears had backed them up near the goal line on an out-of-bounds kick to the 9-yard line. In that hazardous position—particularly with an icy field—no team would be foolhardy enough to try even one exploratory rush. The only sound thing to do was to punt on first down.

The 'Skins swung into punt formation with Baugh, a truly great kicker, standing in the end zone for the one obvious play. But as Sammy was to prove over and over again, whenever he was at the controls nothing was ever obvious.

He calmly and expertly threw a forward pass from the end zone, possibly the first such throw in pro football history. Battles caught the ball for a gain of 42 yards. Then Sammy started his bombardment in earnest. His passes whisked the Redskins to the 7. Battles scored on a reverse.

The next three Washington touchdowns came on passes from Baugh. The Redskins beat the Bears, 28-21. There was one incident in that game which demonstrated how quickly the Slinger was to learn.

Before that game Baugh had never met Bronko Nagurski, either socially or athletically. They met just beyond midfield when the Bronk charged into the clear. Baugh, a sure-tackling safety man, closed in on him. He hit the Bronk and bounced back five yards, and the great Nagurski never so much as interrupted stride.

To Sammy's everlasting credit, he made no more attempts to tackle Nagurski. He just harried him and slowed him down until someone bigger and stronger could come along to stop the Bronk in the only sure fashion—from the rear.

That was Baugh's first championship game. When the next one came three years later he was to regret it. This was the classic 73-0 game against the Chicago Bears. So lopsided was the score that it seems difficult to believe that the game had a turning point. It came immediately after Bullet Bill Osmanski of the Bears had romped 68 yards for the first touchdown.

The Monsters kicked off and the Redskins swung quickly to the attack behind Baugh's pitching artistry. They moved downfield, then Sammy launched a beautiful floater diagonally across the gridiron to Charlie Malone, all by himself in the right corner of the end zone. It was a perfect pass.

But as Malone wheeled to catch it, he discovered that he

was in that portion of Griffith Stadium which Washington outfielders referred to as the "sun field." He was looking into the glaring rays of the sun. The ball hit him on the chest, unseen, and dribbled to the ground.

Many observers—this one among them—are convinced that a successful catch, which would have tied the score, would have given the Redskins an emotional lift to make a contest of it. It is even conceivable that they might have won. The theory was offered to Slingin' Sam afterwards. He listened intently. Then he was prodded for an answer.

"Suppose Malone had caught that ball," he was asked. "What effect would that have had on the outcome of the game?"

"I reckon it woulda made the score 73-7," he drawled, too much a sportsman to buy the theory.

When the Bears went undefeated in 1942, it looked like another of those 73-0 things when they met the Redskins in the play-off. It started as if it would be a runaway when Lee Artoe, a lumbering tackle, ran 50 yards for a touchdown.

But Baugh struck back. He whirled a 39-yard pass to Wilbur Moore for a touchdown. When Bob Masterson added the extra point, the count was 7-6. A later touchdown by Andy Farkas was helpful but not necessary as the 'Skins won, 14-6. But it was some prodigious punting by Baugh which kept the Bears at bay. Sammy got off one quick-kick—it still is the record—of 85 yards.

That game demonstrated other of the tall Texan's abilities. After his wondrous passing had set up the first Redskin touchdown, he had the supremely confident Bears in a state of jitters. They leaped every time he cocked his arm. So he sent Farkas bulling through the middle of the line on twelve straight plays for the second touchdown. He thereby proved that his passing was a potent weapon even when unused.

Second was his kicking ability. He punted the Bears dizzy. After all, he had been the leading kicker for three straight seasons and his average of 51.4 yards per kick in 1940 is still the record.

It was his extraordinary ability to quick-kick from his position of deep back which made Washington so reluctant to join the parade and switch from its productive single-wing style of attack to the newfangled T-formation. Sammy could kick low line drives that shot over the head of the unprepared safety man and rolled and rolled.

By 1943 the war had decimated the ranks of the league.

But Sammy was frozen on his ranch back home. Each year from the start of his career he had been adding to his acreage, and the money was rolling in from salaries, endorsements, movies and the like. Most estimates place his total take at well over \$300,000. What had he done with it?

"Half went in taxes and half went in Texas," he drawled laconically.

Baugh was only a commuting performer in 1943. He flew up from his ranch on weekends, played a game and flew back again. It seemed to have no effect on his performances. He threw six touchdown passes against the Dodgers and four more against the Lions. Again he was the top passer in the league and—just to fancy it up a bit—he also was the top defender against passes. This was the complete, all-round football player.

Just before the Redskins and Bears again met in the play-off for the championship (this was getting to be a habit), Baugh took off for a longer weekend than usual in order to get in some practice. The Redskins even fooled around with the T.

"Listen, Dutch," said Sammy to Dutch Bergman, the new Washington coach, "how about giving us a few T-formation plays?"

"Say, that isn't a bad idea," said Dutch. "Maybe we'll catch them by surprise. I'll figure out a half-dozen plays."

He did, and the 'Skins practiced them with great secrecy and delight. They never used them.

On the first play there was a pile-up. When they untangled the mass, Baugh was on the bottom. He had been accidentally kicked in the head. He was led to the sidelines in tears. He also was on Queer Street. But when his replacement was hurt in the third quarter, he leaped up.

"I'm okay now," he said. "Let me back."

He went back. The half-dozen trick T-formation plays? Sammy couldn't even remember the ones he had been calling for years.

"Correct me, fellows," he said in the huddle, "if I call something wrong. What happens if I call 35 on 3?"

They looked at him worriedly. This was the simplest play in the repertoire. Yet in his dazed condition he completed 7 of 11 passes for 110 yards and two touchdowns. One touchdown pass was to Joe Aguirre, the end.

"Know what, Sam?" he said with a puzzled frown. "In all the years we've been together that's the first bad pass you

ever threw me. You always have thrown ahead of me and made me reach for the ball. This time I had to stop and come back for it."

The Bears won, 41-21.

But the switch to the T was on for keeps in 1944. Baugh had to learn his trade all over again. He kept remembering something Sid Luckman of the Bears had told him.

"It takes a quarterback two years to learn how to handle the ball in a T-formation," Luckman had said. "It's like trying to learn magic. It doesn't come easily."

At one point during that season, Sammy made a temporary surrender.

"Listen, fellers," he drawled in the huddle. "Let's git back to the old single wing. We'll use the old plays, the old formations and the old assignments."

He passed the opposition dizzy.

Yet he cut in half the Luckman probationary period. By the time the 1945 season came around, he was a master of the T. He was such a master that he completed 70 per cent of his passes as he led the Redskins to another championship.

Just for a change, the opposition was different. On the other side of the scrimmage line were the Cleveland Rams, sparked by their freshman sensation, Bob Waterfield. The weather was windy and raw. The wind played a villainous trick on the old Slinger.

He tried to pass from his own end zone as he had done so often in the past. But a prankish gust lifted the ball so that it struck a goal post, bounding back for an automatic safety. That represented two points. The Rams won, 15-14. Ironical, isn't it? This was to be Slingin' Sam's last championship.

The rest of his journey was downhill. It wasn't that Sammy declined so much. It was that the Redskins fell apart around him. He had no support on which he could rely. Once during the next few years he was asked to take a bow at a gathering of F.B.I. men.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is the most protection I've had all year."

That alone should show how much he had improved as a speaker. In his first season in Washington he was dragooned into going to an affair. The toastmaster introduced him in a long and flowery speech, concluding with the line, "And here's Slingin' Sammy Baugh to say hello."

The hall rocked with applause in a standing ovation, while

Sammy shuffled nervously to the microphone. There was quiet at long last.

"Hello," said Sammy—and sat down.

Even in the dreary later years of his career, the Old Master had moments of greatness. He once completed 24 passes against Boston, he threw four touchdown passes against Detroit, and somehow or other came up with his sixth passing championship in 1949.

His last real stab at super-production, perhaps, was in 1947 against the Chicago Cardinals. The Redskins were dreadful while the Cards under Jimmy Conzelman were on their way to winning the play-off for the championship.

Baugh engineered a monumental upset that day. He completed 25 of 33 passes for 355 yards. What's more, he threw six touchdown passes as the 'Skins upended the Cards, 45-21.

It was against the Cardinals in 1952 that Sammy made his exit. He had hurt his right hand in training camp and knew that the end was near in this, his sixteenth season.

The first time the Washingtons were on the offense, a lean, craggy-featured guy with a 33 on his back was crouching behind center. Baugh took the snap, retreated and fired a pass. He completed it—and another and another and another. The Cards were getting exasperated and the big defensive specialists began to pour in on the nimble old man.

They couldn't pin him down. He completed his fifth, sixth and seventh in succession. The red-doggers barreled in with increasing intensity. Sammy hit for the eighth and ninth. The young bulls on defense didn't have the respect for the old gentleman that their predecessors had had. The old-timers had respected him because he played clean. With the one exception of the guy poleaxed by a thrown ball, none roughed him up.

But the Cardinals were coming at him with such calculated fury that even the cold-blooded Baugh began to get mad. He completed his tenth straight pass when Don Joyce, a 250-pound bruiser, slammed him rudely to the turf.

On the next play Sammy spun one more artful pass—his eleventh straight completion—just before Joyce came at him. Although outweighed by seventy pounds, Baugh punched Joyce in the nose. They had a brisk little skirmish and both were thumbed out for fighting.

It was the first time Sammy had ever been thrown out of a game, and the first time he was ever involved in a fight. On

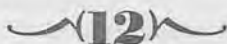
that rather unhappy note he ended his glorious career—except for a complimentary ball-holding chore in Washington so that his worshippers in the capital could bid him a fond farewell.

He is better remembered, though, as he was in his heyday as the incomparable marksman, the passer without a peer. Slingin' Sam was the best, and he was the dominant figure in every game he played.

Very late in his career he trotted off the bench at the Polo Grounds to hold the ball for a field goal attempt by the Redskins against the Giants. The announcement over the public address system was curiously incomplete.

"Holding the ball for the kick," intoned the voice, "will be Sammy Baugh." No one else was identified. No other information was given. Perhaps that's as it should have been.

Whenever Slingin' Sammy Baugh was on the gridiron, no one else was important.



JOE CARR

Pioneer President

"IF YOU'LL give up football," said Branch Rickey, his sonorous voice rippling off the words with almost hypnotic appeal, "I'll make you the biggest man in baseball."

"If that's the price I'd have to pay," said Joe Carr, a man beyond price and above temptation, "I'll have no part of it."

This was a strange confrontation. By the mid-1930's the genius of Branch Rickey had been solidly established. As general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals he had built a weak franchise into a dynasty. He was one of the most powerful and persuasive men in baseball. Besides an unerring eye for talent with muscles, the Mahatma could spot talent with brains.

In Joe Carr, a dedicated little guy from Columbus, Ohio, the Top Branch envisioned a league president or, perhaps even a future commissioner. It was Carr who later rescued

the minor leagues when the depression shrank them to fourteen circuits. He was named promotional director for the minors and given blanket instructions.

"Do something about it," he was told.

He did something about it, all right, and spared nothing of himself in the doing. Not even a heart attack in 1937 could slow down this zealous and tireless bundle of energy. He paid for his labor of love in May of 1939 when another heart attack took his life. But he had accomplished his task with extraordinary skill, organizing forty-one minor leagues, twenty-six by his efforts alone.

But if baseball men remember him with affectionate appreciation, the National Football League remembers him with boundless gratitude. Joe Carr was the driving force behind its organization and served as its first president with unselfish zeal.

Wiser than any parent, he took this precocious infant and led it with gentle but firm hand past the pitfalls of the formative years. He imparted to it much of his own stability and character, setting it on the way to responsible manhood. The National Football League was his baby, and not even Rickie's blandishments could persuade him to abandon it.

The Mahatma's offer, of course, was an immense tribute to the qualities of the man. Yet there never was anything self-seeking about Joe Carr. Neither gold nor glory interested him. He had the idealistic devotion of a missionary and sport was the gospel he spread. At one time he simultaneously served as president of the National Football League, president of the Columbus baseball team of the American Association and president of the American Basketball League.

Sport was so much a part of his life that it almost was in his blood stream. Carr was born in Columbus on October 22, 1880, and even before he was twenty his penchant for organization was evident. He formed a baseball team among the employees of the Panhandle division of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his home city and called them the Panhandle White Sox.

Young Joe was then working as assistant sports editor for the *Ohio State Journal*. Not only was he able to write about sports, but he could also make use of his flair for promotion. In 1904 he branched out in a new direction. He organized the Columbus Panhandles, a pro football team.

His players were all railroad men, an item which gave him an extra bargaining advantage as a booking agent. He never

had to worry about away games on his schedule. His athletes used their passes to ride free on the railroads, and this made them attractive as visitors because guarantees could be pared to the bone. They simply hopped a train Saturday night, played on Sunday and were punching the time clocks in Columbus at seven o'clock Monday morning.

These hard-bitten railroaders often visited Carr in the sports department during the week. They never stayed long. The noise of the telegraph machines clackety-clacking chased them.

"Can't you shut off that damn thing?" said Ted Nesser one evening.

"I didn't even think you'd notice it," said the smiling Carr. "You slam locomotive boilers with sledge hammers all day. Some of you even hammer at seams from the inside."

"That's different," said the sheepish Nesser. "This clicking drives me nuts."

The Nesser family was easily the most remarkable one ever to enter sports. Seven brothers, plus the son of the oldest brother, played for the Panhandles, usually at the same time.

During those years Carr carried water on both shoulders, serving as president of the Ohio State Baseball League and as head man, on and off, for the Panhandles. Pro football was strictly catch-as-catch-can during the first decade of the century. Although it began to make strides in the second decade, it was much too haphazard for a man with the orderly mind of Joe Carr.

He loathed many aspects of the operation. Players jumped from team to team, ignoring promises or written contracts. Owners had no scruples, outbidding each other for genuine pros and for collegians they imported under assumed names. Finances were so unstable that players collected in advance. Teams would assemble in a hotel lobby on a Sunday morning and run through signals, their only rehearsal together. They'd play that afternoon and disband, reappearing a week later perhaps on opposite sides of the scrimmage line.

What Carr disliked most—and feared most—was the betting. Players frequently wagered much or all of their salaries on themselves. Carr knew this could lead to betting against themselves, and he wanted no part of dishonesty.

On one Panhandle trip, he walked into the baggage car on the return trip. A dice game was in progress.

"I won't stand for gambling," said Carr, a little guy among all those bruisers.

"Calm down, Joe," said one of them. "We're just killing time and having fun."

"Do it some other way," said Carr in tight-lipped anger. He picked up the dice and flung them out the open door.

He was just as relentless when he was president of the N.F.L. many years later. He laid down the law to the owners.

"I don't want to hear," he said, "of anyone betting as much as a cigar."

Carr was the first man to see the dangers inherent in gambling. This made him a Solomon before his time. And he also was the first to realize that pro football was bogged down in its own disorderly morass. The only thing that could save it and point it in the proper direction was organizing it on a league basis, such as baseball had. He kept pressing for such an organization.

On September 17, 1920, a meeting was held in the automobile agency of Ralph Hays in Canton, Ohio, for the purpose of forming the American Professional Football Association.

"I think you should be president, Joe," said Hays beforehand. "Your experience as a baseball executive makes you the most logical man."

"No," said Carr, "I'm an unknown. This league should be headed by the biggest name in football, Jim Thorpe."

So the big Indian was elected president. Eleven franchises were awarded at \$100 each for teams in Canton, Cleveland, Dayton, Akron, Massillon, Rochester, Rock Island, Muncie, Hammond, Chicago (the Cardinals) and Decatur (later the Chicago Bears). It was a monumental failure. Reorganization was the only solution.

In April of 1921 the association got a new name, the National Football League, and a new president, Joe Carr. His sports credo was simple. He demanded justice for the player as well as the owner and insisted that the public had inherent rights in the operation, rights which must be considered first, last and always.

Three teams dropped out—Massillon, Muncie and Hammond—and five were added—Green Bay, Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati and Columbus.

Carr modeled the player contract after the one used in baseball. He cracked down sharply on the winked-at practice of hiring collegians under assumed names. This he regarded as a Pandora's Box, a mischief-producer which could only

bring down the wrath of campus authorities on the struggling pros.

"This practice has to stop," he announced at the meeting in January of 1922. "I realize you all have been guilty, but the one team I've caught red-handed is Green Bay. So I am hereby declaring forfeited the Green Bay franchise."

It was rescued and reinstated a few months later by Curly Lambeau, but the effects of this move were enduring. The practice of surreptitiously hiring collegians under assumed names came to a halt.

There was one other reform that Carr jammed through in 1925. It was precipitated by Red Grange and the furor which surrounded the pro debut of the Galloping Ghost in the same season in which he had played college ball. The campus coaches were furious with this coup, especially since it implied that Grange had committed himself to a professional career while still presumed to be an amateur.

No shilly-shallying did Carr permit in the resolution he forced on his owners. The wording was unequivocal. Here it is:

"The National Football League places itself on record as unalterably opposed to any encroachment upon college football and hereby pledges its hearty support to college authorities in maintaining the advancing interest in college football and in preserving the amateur standing of all college athletes.

"We believe there is a public demand for professional football . . . and to the end that this league may not jeopardize the amateur standing of any college player, it is the unanimous decision of this meeting that every member of the National Football League be positively prohibited from inducing or attempting to induce any college player to engage in professional football until his class at college shall have graduated, and any member violating this rule be fined not less than \$1,000 or loss of its franchise, or both."

Peace it's wonderful. The resolution brought peace between the collegians and the pros. What's more, that resolution still is in force.

Not too long before the passing of that fateful resolution, Carr had forced his league to take a giant step forward—perhaps Giant step would be more accurate. He came to New York in an effort to persuade Billy Gibson, the fight manager, to buy a franchise. By the most fortunate of coincidences he persuaded Tim Mara instead.

"I've just been trying to interest Billy," he explained to

Mara, "in investing in a New York franchise for our league. Until we establish ourselves with a New York outlet, we'll stay small time. I don't want to sound like a visionary, but I can see the day when pro football will be as big league as big league baseball."

Carr sold the idea to Mara and the N.F.L. instantly had the solid cornerstone it needed. A year later he put a franchise in Brooklyn and eventually talked George Preston Marshall into starting a team in Boston (later the Washington Redskins). In 1934 he switched a weak Portsmouth franchise to Detroit with Dick Richards, a live-wire money man, making this another solid franchise.

But Richards, a flamboyant character, was to bring him grief. The Detroit owner feuded with all of his fellow owners. His pet peeves were Tim Mara of the Giants and George Halas of the Bears.

"I've got a burial ground out at my place in Palm Springs," he announced at a meeting, displaying a macabre sense of humor. "One tombstone is marked 'Tim Mara' and another is 'George Halas.'" Not long thereafter he flew into a rage at Carr.

"Joe Carr just got himself one of my tombstones," he said. No one even smiled.

After the 1935 season, Richards plotted carefully to oust Carr as president of the league. This was the same selfless Carr who had organized and run the N.F.L. at a token salary of \$1,000. He did it from a little two-by-four office in Columbus which also served as his baseball headquarters and his basketball capital during his three years as head of the pro dribblers.

The plot was doomed before it was even hatched. Not one other owner supported Richards. He tried a new tack. The league should keep Carr as president but hire a commissioner. Again the owners stood loyal to Carr.

They knew what a gem they had, just as the minor league baseball men did when Carr began to resuscitate the lesser leagues. Joe went from city to city to stir up interest, crisscrossing the country endlessly. Warren Giles, now president of the National League but then the top man in Rochester, once wondered out loud if the Carr methods were sound.

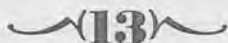
"Joe," said Giles to him one day, "you go bouncing all over the country and you organize small groups of ten to fifteen sponsors. You make no attempt to enlist larger civic groups behind you. Are ten or fifteen sponsors enough?"

"If I have ten," said the stubborn Joe, "I have a start."

"The next thing I know," said Giles, starting to laugh at the private joke he was about to unleash, "you'll be putting a team in Muskogee, Oklahoma."

"I might do just that yet," said Carr coolly and reflectively. He did, too.

Changing times have destroyed the minor league baseball setup that Carr built with such loving care. But the massive structure that is the National Football League rests in all its grandeur on the firm foundations laid by an unobtrusive little workman who used his own high principles and common sense as his guidelines. If it now is an architectural masterpiece, it should always be remembered that Joe Carr drew up the blueprints.



BERT BELL

Swivel-Chair Dynamo

FROM THE very beginning Bert Bell was determined to live down his past and achieve success on his own. Being Bert Bell, he naturally used the reverse twist. He did not fit into the Horatio Alger formula of the poor boy who makes good in the big city in the classic rag-to-riches routine.

Bert's handicap was heavier. He was born rich and was reared in the lap of luxury among the aristocracy of Philadelphia's Main Line. His father was the Attorney General of Pennsylvania and his brother later was the Governor. He had an entree everywhere, and the road ahead was wide open to him in whatever field of endeavor he chose.

But Bert had only one real interest in life—football. So he carefully worked his way down to the bottom and began the long climb upward. He was an adequate varsity quarterback at the University of Pennsylvania, an adequate assistant coach at both Penn and Temple, a barely adequate owner and coach of the Philadelphia Eagles and then a truly great commissioner of the National Football League.

Throughout it all he acted as if he were haunted by his past and had to get away from it. Wealth and society were not his cup of tea. Being a born maverick, the first thing he shed was his first name. Not only was he the son of John C. Bell, but he also was the son of Fleurette de Benneville Myers Bell. So he was named de Benneville Bell when he was born on Feb. 25, 1895. He got rid of that front handle fast and became known as Bert.

He acted tough and he talked tough. The most roughneck sport of all, football, was the one he liked best. As he grew older, he also appeared to strive hard to become the black sheep of the family, and he did rather well at it. He drank too much and he gambled too much.

In that strange crucible, though, character was being molded. It was a background which would have destroyed most characters. But as soon as Bert straightened out, his had a new nobility to it. He had deeper perceptions and a fresher understanding of mankind's frailties. All his great human qualities were sharper than ever.

Long before that came to pass, Bert had received his first indoctrination into football at the age of six. His father had become a trustee of the university and served on the intercollegiate rules committee, being outranked in seniority only by the patron saint of American football, Walter Camp.

At that tender age, Bert became the Penn mascot and actually kicked his first football on the sacred sod of Franklin Field. Then he began playing on the square in front of the family mansion in Philadelphia.

By the time he was near graduation from Haverford School, he was the star of the football, basketball and baseball teams. Philadelphians were curious as to which college he would choose, a curiosity heightened by the playful Bert's pretense of hesitancy.

So the query was popped at John Cromwell Bell, Bert's old man and a Penn trustee. No Bell ever equivocates. Father answered straight from the shoulder.

"Bert will go to Penn," he snapped, "or he'll go to hell." Bert went to Penn.

Size was not quite as important in football in 1916, Bert's first varsity year, as it is today. He became the regular quarterback although he weighed only 155 pounds and stood only 5 feet 8 inches. But they played tough football in those days, and Penn had some prodigious performers in such as Lou Little, Lud Wray and Heinie Miller.

The worst game he ever played, perhaps, was against Swarthmore. He fumbled away a punt. Later he got off a punt of his own so hurriedly that the ball went straight up in the air and never got past the line of scrimmage. Bert was shaken. Bob Folwell, the coach, advised him to spend the weekend in Atlantic City and relax.

A stranger sat alongside of Bert on the train.

"See the game today?" said the stranger.

"Yes," said Bert cautiously.

"That guy Bell!" said the stranger bitterly. "What a lousy football player he is. He's a safety man who can't catch punts and who kicks the ball straight up in the air. If he didn't have pull he'd never be on the team. His old man has a lot of dough and is a trustee."

"You don't say," said Bert.

"Yes," continued the angry young man, "if he didn't have pull that crummy little bum couldn't buy his way into the ball park. By the way, what's your name?"

"Bert Bell," said Bert Bell, doubling up with laughter as his new-found friend fled down the aisle.

After the 1917 season, Bert went overseas to France as a first sergeant in the Army, returning for the 1919 season as the captain of the Penn varsity. None of his teammates ever could accuse him of mumbling the signals. It was noisy in Franklin Field, but Bert had a gravelly voice that sounded like coal sliding down a chute. Even in later life his buzz saw tones could be heard a half-block away.

When the football season ended and the Bell eligibility had run its course, his interest in higher education began to wane. He finished the semester and let it go at that. But he returned at a mad gallop the following autumn to become Penn back-field coach.

It was a rather aimless existence for the next dozen years. To please himself he coached football, and to please his father he condescended to accept jobs at a couple of hotels in which the family had a controlling interest.

But he usually reserved the month of August for the race meeting at Saratoga. He bet on the horses in the afternoons and bucked the roulette wheels at the gambling casino at night. He mixed freely with the swells and the riff-raff, proving an enjoyable companion to each segment of society.

Two things jolted him onto the path of rectitude. The stock market crash knocked him into an indebtedness of

\$50,000. His father bailed him out and Bert, a man of strong will, swore off gambling for the rest of his life.

The second item had an even more profound effect on him. Bert fell in love. She was Frances Upton, one of the reigning queens of the Broadway stage. When Bert met her, she was playing opposite Eddie Cantor in the musical comedy, *Whoopee*. She had brains to go with her beauty and told her ardent suitor that she could see no future happiness in being married to a man who drank too much.

"All right," said Bert, "I'll never take another drink."

He never did. Frances Upton had demanded a story-book finish. She got it. They were married and lived happily ever after.

In 1933 the football-mad Bell organized a syndicate that bought the Frankfort Yellow Jackets for \$2,500. The franchise was moved from the suburbs to Philadelphia proper and re-christened the Philadelphia Eagles. These Eagles laid eggs. In three seasons they lost \$80,000. The club folded and was offered for sale at public auction. The only bidder was Bell. He got it for \$4,500.

There were many reasons why the Eagles didn't have a chance. Not the least of them was the arena they used. Because rent was low, Bert took over the huge Philadelphia Stadium, an out-of-the-way site that drew 102,000 one day a year for the Army-Navy game but virtually no one on the other 364 days. The Eagles usually played before at least 100,000 empty seats.

The depths were reached for a game with the Brooklyn Dodgers, a non-attraction anyway. The hapless football Brooks were owned by Dan Topping, now the co-owner of that baseball gold mine, the New York Yankees. Topping drove down from New York with a carload of friends.

It rained on Saturday, the day before the game. On Sunday the rain came down even harder.

"It's silly to try to play, Dan," said Bert to his opposite number. "There won't be anyone here. I'll just take a financial bath."

"But I can't disappoint my friends," said Topping, then too young to be wise or thoughtful.

So they played. There were less than fifty paying customers. They all moved into the only sheltered place in the stadium, the press box. There they enjoyed themselves munching hot dogs and sipping coffee. Who paid for the refreshments? Bell, of course.

It was pretty much of a hand-to-mouth existence. These Eagles didn't fly high. They traveled as cheaply as possible by bus. On a trip to Green Bay, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh one year, they tooted along the road until an open field was spotted. The bus stopped and the players piled out. They practiced and resumed their journey.

Only Bert's dogged determination held them together. He started with his old Penn buddy, Lud Wray, as coach but eventually had to take over the job himself. In those days he was everything from club president to water boy.

Bert tried to head off disaster by making trades. That's how he happened to get Edgar (Eggs) Manske from the Chicago Bears. In a game against the Bears, the Eagles sprung Manske loose on a trick play. Only the safety man was between him and a touchdown. Leading the Bear pursuit of the newest Eagle end was Luke Johnsos, but he couldn't get better than a step behind his former teammate. The quick-thinking Johnsos came up with an idea.

"Lateral to me, Eggs," he shouted.

As soon as Manske heard that familiar voice, he obediently and trustfully lateraled the ball to Johnsos, who gleefully took off in the opposite direction. Luke ran 80 yards for a touchdown. Accompanying him every step of the way down the sidelines was Bert, screaming imprecations and curling Luke's ears with language that was far from polite.

That was what life was like in the early days with Bert Bell and the Eagles. The struggle eased a bit when escape was made from the big stadium to the more convenient location of Shibe Park where the Athletics played baseball. In desperation, Bert approached the saintly Connie Mack about a rental fee.

"Don't you worry, Bert," said Connie, giving him a fatherly pat on the head. "When the season is over, we'll work out terms you can afford."

Rescue came eventually from Alexis Thompson, a wealthy young playboy with an irresistible yen to get into pro ball. He bought the Pittsburgh Steelers from Art Rooney and then they traded franchises, Thompson taking over the Eagles while Bert joined his pal, Rooney, as co-owner of the Steelers.

It was in 1935 that he made a proposal in the league councils which was to revolutionize the league, give it a balance it never before had and start it marching upwards to new heights of popularity.

"Gentlemen," Bert announced, "I've always had the theory that pro football is like a chain. The league is no stronger than its weakest link, and I've been a weak link for so long that I ought to know.

"Every year the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. Four teams control the championships, the Giants and Redskins in the East, the Bears and Packers in the West. Because they are successful, they keep attracting the best college players in the open market—which makes them more successful. The weak teams are powerless to bid against them and they sink lower and lower.

"Here's what I propose. At the end of every college football season, I suggest that we pool the names of all eligible seniors. Then we make our selections in *inverse order* of the standings, the lowest ranked team picking first until we reach the top-ranking team which gets last choice. We do this for round after round until we've exhausted the supply."

It was this distribution of talent which leveled off the teams and gave the league such balance that now even the worst club is close enough to the best to beat it on any given Sunday. The Bell proposal was to become the firmest foundation stone in the National Football League structure. If he did nothing else, the sport would owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for this one far-seeing legislative contribution.

But he was to do far more. By 1946 the N.F.L. had lost its enchantment with its commissioner, Elmer Layden, a one-time collegiate glamour boy as one of Notre Dame's famed Four Horsemen. Elmer was quiet and dignified, a pleasant public image. But he was not forceful. In fact, few believed that the club owners even wanted a forceful commissioner. They may not even have known it themselves.

When they elected one of their own, Bert Bell, as their commissioner in 1946, they were to learn that they had a tiger by the tail. With brisk efficiency he swung into action that first year and skillfully handled the sticky problem of an incipient scandal.

On the morning of the playoff game between the Giants and the Bears, it was discovered that two Giants, Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes, had been offered bribes to fix the game. They refused but did not report the offer to their coach, Steve Owen.

Bell wheeled into action and listened to evidence. He promptly suspended Hapes but permitted Filchock to play—which Filchock did heroically. Later, on new evidence, Bert

also suspended Filchok. In effect, he suspended them for life although he shrewdly avoided legal pitfalls by use of the term "indefinitely." The good name of pro football had a valiant defender.

All action was announced completely and fully to the press. That's when the clubowners began to realize that they had not only elected a commissioner but a matchless expert in public relations. No head of a sport ever has enjoyed the affection and confidence of news seekers as did Bert. He was always available twenty-four hours a day. He even sought the company of sports writers both in and out of season. They found him a delightful companion even though he was strictly a coffee-drinker.

When originally elected, he signed a three-year contract as commissioner at \$20,000 a year. During the first meeting at which he presided, one of the club owners asked him to step outside while they conferred privately. Bert closed the door behind him and joined his buddies in the working press.

"Anything wrong, Bert," anxiously asked one of them.

"I dunno," he said with his quick smile. "I was just getting to like that job, too. The last guy they asked to step outside wasn't invited to return."

He was invited to return. They had just torn up his old contract. He had a new one for five years at \$30,000 per annum. It got to be a habit. Two years later he got a ten-year contract. Five years after that it was extended for twelve years—a whopping raise accompanying each.

By that point in his career he had long since stopped taking orders from the owners. He was giving orders. Much to their surprise, they found themselves liking it.

In 1948 he set up a new pattern in schedule-making. He deliberately designed the list so that high-ranked teams met other higher-ranked teams at the beginning of the season, and lesser ones met their equals. It kept interest alive longer each season because no team was knocked out of contention too fast.

He fought off the rise of the All-America Conference with patience and skill. When the war was won he set the terms of surrender, accepting the Cleveland Browns and San Francisco Forty-Niners. He made peace with the Canadian league and stopped player-raiding.

Under his guidance the N.F.L. took television, a monster that has devoured so many sports, and made it a strong ally. All home games were blacked out and Bert refused to lift the

ban regardless of pressures. Those pressures came from mayors, governors, legislators and congressmen when games were sold out in advance.

"I refuse to lift the blackout," he would say. "It would be an act of bad faith to those who have bought tickets. They bought them in the belief that this was the only way they could see the game. I refuse to be a party to an act of betrayal."

When this led to a suit by the government against the N.F.L. for monopolistic practices, he did not back away. He fought it in court—and won.

At the slightest hint from a Congressional committee, Bert whisked off to Washington and made himself so available that he was on buddy-buddy terms with the congressmen. When one committee took a dubious view of the reluctance of the owners to recognize the players' union, the commissioner did not hesitate.

"Okay, then," he said. "I'll recognize them."

"But will your owners agree?" he was asked.

"They'd better," he said bluntly. "If they don't like the way I run this show, they can get themselves a new boy."

They liked what he did and accepted his ruling. In the latter part of his career he silenced all objections to his action by mentioning the league bylaws, specifically Article 1, Section 14, Paragraph (b). This authorized him to stop anything he thought detrimental to the league. He stretched that proviso until it resembled elastic.

All the owners respected him and most of them loved him as well. The press was just nuts about the man. The players held him in such affectionate esteem that he was regarded as a father-confessor.

Frank Kilroy of the Eagles, a roughneck lineman who liked to make every enemy player realize that "Kilroy was here," repeatedly was fined by Bell for ungentlemanly behavior, the fines totalling \$150. One day Kilroy and his wife encountered the commissioner. Introductions were duly made.

"So you're the man who took away my new coat," said the smiling Mrs. Kilroy.

"Not me," said Bert, nodding toward her husband. "He's the culprit. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can persuade him to play so cleanly he doesn't get fined again, I'll buy you a coat myself."

Bert bought her a new coat.

The Los Angeles Rams had a massive fullback, Tank

Younger, who was continually in trouble for his unruliness. Bell cracked down with three successive fines of \$50. Then he came face to face with Tank.

"Mr. Commissioner," said Tank, "those were powerful big fines you hit me with. I can't afford them. But I've learned my lesson and I won't act up again. Since I've reformed, how about giving me my money back?"

That last was said without hope, a wild shot in the dark. Bert's reaction left Younger gasping for breath.

"I'll make a deal with you," said Bert. "I'm going to appoint you my personal representative on the Rams. From now on you'll be vice-president in charge of keeping order. I'll give you back your \$150. But if you ever go haywire again, don't wait for my telegram. Just mail me a check for \$200."

Thus did Bert win himself another new admirer among the players. He had many such admirers because he visited with them as much as he could and mixed with them. There was no language barrier. He was able to talk their language because he had been through it all himself and really was one of them.

Perhaps the most realistic act of his stewardship was his approach to the gambling menace. He admitted its existence from the very start and did something about it. He hired a group of former F.B.I. agents, all trained investigators, to run down every suspicion and trace every lead.

Then Bert himself placed his fingers on the gambling pulse and counted every throb. He did it by getting a pipeline into the odds-making centers. He got the opening line on the odds of each game and studied it with the avidity of Bet-a-Million Gates. If ever there was an unjustifiable fluctuation, he turned loose his bloodhounds. His vigilance was ceaseless.

Because he spoke about it freely, the public was fully aware of that vigilance. And it also was comforted by it. A tireless and ferocious watchdog was guarding the integrity of the game.

"I know that we don't live in Utopia," he said, "and I'm not the one to say that a man shouldn't bet on our games. But my job is to find out what goes on in order to protect us from the temptations and evils which arise."

During the thirteen years of the Bell regime, the progress of the league followed an upward spiral and its popularity grew at an accelerated pace. Bert awaited every Sunday with

as much eagerness as he had awaited the college games of his youth.

On October 12, 1959, he went to that hallowed shrine of his boyhood, Franklin Field, for a game between the Philadelphia Eagles and the Pittsburgh Steelers. The day was hot. So was the contest, a pulsating thriller that the Eagles won, 28-24.

A minute before the final gun, Joe Labrum of the N.F.L. staff was walking along the cinderpath rimming the gridiron. He glanced into the stands and saw a man slump down in his seat and topple over. Labrum stiffened with shock.

"It's Bert," he screamed.

It was Bert, all right. A heart attack had felled him. An ambulance rushed him off to the hospital. It was too late. Bert Bell was dead. There was something symbolic about the way it happened—at a football game and at Franklin Field.

Football had been his entire life. Through it he achieved a degree of greatness such as few men are privileged to attain. He brought the National Football League to a position of pre-eminence it never had until he skillfully fashioned its destinies.

They came winging into Philadelphia from all over the country for his funeral—club owners, coaches, players and newspapermen. Most were misty-eyed, a few in unashamed tears. The broken-hearted Labrum, Bert's one-time classmate at Penn, watched with a growing wonder.

"I just realized something," he said. "These men aren't here to pay courtesy respects to a departed commissioner. They're here to say farewell to a man they genuinely loved and admired, a man they regarded as their friend."

He was absolutely right.

TIM MARA

The Smiling Irishman

IN HIS gay and breezy fashion Tim Mara had a pungently descriptive way of depicting the formation of his beloved New York Football Giants.

"The Giants were founded," he used to say, "on a combination of brute strength and ignorance. The players supplied the brute strength. I supplied the ignorance."

There are elements of whimsy in this carefree flippancy. But there are also elements of truth to it. Tim blundered into football without knowing the difference between a halfback and a touchback. Yet he had the intelligence, the resourcefulness, the daring, the perseverance, and the competitive fire to carve out a mighty gridiron empire.

The story of Timothy James Mara belongs properly to Horatio Alger, whose rags-to-riches fictional epics thrilled an earlier generation. Tim even had the proper credentials. He was the bright, eager, industrious newsboy who used his brains and personality to start him on the road to success.

He never expected to attain it as a football magnate. If the painful truth must be told, Tim bought the New York Giants franchise without even having seen a football game in his life. As he proudly was to proclaim later on, this was his ignorance.

In a way it was odd that he was totally unfamiliar with the gridiron, because he had always been passionately in love with sports. He was a keen follower of horse racing—this was his livelihood for a long while—and he was like all other native New Yorkers of his day, a worshipper at the shrine of John McGraw and his baseball Giants. The manly art of self-defense fascinated Tim, and he had even taken a few fliers as a boxing promoter.

Strangely enough, it was boxing which led him into football. One April day in 1925, the big handsome Irishman, Tim Mara, dropped in for a visit with Billy Gibson, the fight man-

ager. They were old friends and Billy sought Tim's help in his attempt to maneuver Jack Dempsey into defending his heavyweight championship against Gibson's fighter, Gene Tunney. As a matter of fact, Mara wanted to buy a part of Tunney's contract.

When Tim walked into Gibson's office, he found Billy in deep conversation with two strangers. Introductions were made.

"Tim," said Billy, "I'd like you to meet Joe Carr. He's president of the National Football League. That's the new professional league, you know."

Tim didn't know anything about it but he shook hands with the little enthusiast.

"And this is Dr. Harry March," continued Gibson, indicating the tall pipe-smoker. "The doctor is a New Yorker and he is also interested in pro football." A handshake followed. They sat down.

"I've just been trying to interest Billy," explained Carr to Mara, "in investing in a New York franchise for our league. Until we can establish ourselves with a New York outlet, we'll stay small time. I don't want to sound like a visionary, but I can see the day when pro football will be as big league as big league baseball. What do you say, Billy?"

"No," said Billy, "I don't want to buy a football team." He hesitated a moment and looked at Tim.

"But maybe Tim Mara would," he added.

All eyes focused on Tim.

"What would it cost?" he said.

"You can have a New York franchise for \$2,500," said Carr.

"A New York franchise in anything should be worth \$2,500," said Tim a trifle scornfully, "including one for shining shoes. I'll take it."

So a turning point in sports history was reached with a total lack of dramatics. It was almost too casual. Carr had finally gained an Eastern anchor to his National Football League, and Mara had a football team that he didn't especially want or know anything about.

"What do I do now?" said Tim, the new franchise holder.

"Leave that to me," said Dr. March, puffing placidly on his curved pipe.

"You've got yourself a deal," said Tim, instantly appointing the knowledgeable doctor as secretary of his organization.

That step alone gave graphic proof that Tim was not as

ignorant as he pretended to be. Any man who can recognize his limitations and compensate for them cannot be classified as ignorant. He let a man who knew football run the show for him, and he did not interfere. Even when Tim's football education was completed many years later, he was wise enough to continue his policy of non-interference.

Dr. March knew his business. He hired Bob Folwell, a "name" coach from the Naval Academy. He enlisted four genuine All-America choices for his first team—Joe Alexander of Syracuse, Lynn Bomar of Vanderbilt, Ed McGinley of Penn and Century Milstead of Yale—and surrounded them with top-flight performers of almost equal stature. As an extra gate attraction he enlisted the aging and over-the-hill Jim Thorpe on a half-game basis, figuring that the fabulous Indian would be ideal window dressing.

The Giants played one pre-season exhibition game that maiden year of 1925. On the first scrimmage play the big Indian carried the ball. The Thorpe of old would have spun 80 yards to a touchdown. But the old Thorpe chugged to a stop after a gain of four yards. Dr. March's heart sank.

Tim Mara, however, was viewing his first football game and he was brimful of enthusiasm.

"Wasn't that the greatest run you ever saw?" he shouted excitedly on the sidelines.

Late that season the Giants beat the Chicago Bears, 3-0. When the gun sounded to end the game, Tim sprinted onto the field like a runner leaving his starting blocks. He ran to the referee and grabbed the ball from his astonished grasp.

"The winner gets the football," yelled Tim.

He was learning fast.

Yet there was much to learn and much to be accomplished. It was very discouraging. New York just refused to accept professional football. The Eastern colleges were reaching a new peak in popularity. Yale, Harvard and Princeton ranked with the best in the land. So did Penn, Dartmouth, Cornell and the other teams which were later to form the Ivy League.

In the city itself there were stirrings which were to lead to national recognition for New York University under Chick Meehan, Columbia under Lou Little and Fordham under Major Frank Cavanaugh at first and then under Sleepy Jim Crowley.

Army and Navy were dominant powers and Notre Dame had become an annual visitor, glamourized by Knute Rockne

and his Four Horsemen. It was the era of the rah-rah boys and the climate was unsuited for mercenaries.

The Giants tried giving away tickets. They remained in unclaimed stacks on sports editors' desks. Paying customers were conspicuously absent. The struggle became grim.

With one game left that season, Tim had lost \$40,000. The bargain franchise no longer looked like a bargain. But Tim was more than just a smiling Irishman. He also was a fighting Irishman. With characteristic stubbornness he refused to quit. His nimble mind groped for a solution. Being an avid reader of the sports pages, he knew exactly who the idol of the American public was.

"What we need," he told Dr. March, "is a big attraction. I'm going out to Illinois and sign Red Grange."

But George Halas and the Chicago Bears had beaten him to it. They had signed Grange through Cash-and-Carry Pyle. Mara's trip, however, was not without result. He was able to persuade Pyle to arrange for a game at the Polo Grounds in New York between the Giants and the Bears, reinforced by Grange.

"You'll double the admission prices, of course," said Pyle. It was a statement, not a question.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," bristled Tim. "What fans we draw have been too good to us. I won't hold them up, Grange or no Grange."

Mara would not budge. Regular admission prices prevailed.

Scheduling was loose and haphazard in those days of twenty teams in the league. It was an easy juggle to arrange for Grange's debut in New York on December 6, 1925. It rained for one solid week before the game, but fans streamed constantly into the Giant offices to purchase tickets. The big day arrived. With it arrived what all football men now reverently refer to as "Mara weather."

This is a meteorological phenomenon that has amazed and awed observers for the better part of forty years in New York. It can rain or snow all week long, but on those Sundays when the Giants are playing at home the sun usually shines, with a beneficent warmth. It's almost as if the Mara family has had a secret pact with the weather gods. The Giants will draw an occasional inclement day, but not often. There have been seasons when it rained on the collegians every Saturday while the sun beamed on the Mara minions on Sunday.

The day of the Grange game was one of those days. After a week of rain a hot sun chased away the clouds and brought back Indian summer. Eager spectators began arriving early and often, some in their shirtsleeves. They milled about the gates in such restless impatience that riot call after riot call had to be sent to the police to restore some semblance of order.

They never restored it in its entirety. Because the Army-Navy game had been played in the Polo Grounds a short time earlier, the huge extra stands in front of the bleachers were still in place. Tim was later to give the attendance as 73,651, but he refused to guarantee it because countless thousands of gate-crashers also muscled their way inside.

On that one game he not only recouped all his losses but found himself \$15,000 ahead. In the exuberance of the moment he invited a huge party of friends to be his guests on a return game in Chicago. He compounded his generosity with extravagance by chartering a train. But Grange was injured in mid-week and money had to be refunded. This put Tim back where he started—right behind the 8-ball.

But his had been a career of startling ups and downs. The beginning was strictly on the downbeat. His father died before he was born on the lower East Side of New York on July 29, 1887. It was rugged going in those early years, although the neighbors could not resist the cheerful little Irish boy.

Every day after classes in Public School 14 on 27th Street and Third Avenue, the lively tyke sold newspapers and also served as an usher in a nearby theater. His friends were mostly Irish, many destined to gain political power with Tammany Hall.

The bright, industrious Tim was thirteen years old when he finished grammar school. It was the end of his formal education. Even in that he hewed to the Horatio Alger tradition, being cast early into the world to help support a widowed mother.

Like all Alger heroes, however, Tim didn't find it cruel because he had the wits to meet the challenge. He got a job delivering lawbooks to attorneys, and this merely expanded an opportunity he already had discovered.

Some of his customers on his newsboy route were book-makers. Others were guests in the East Side hotels. The book-makers often asked him to pick up wagers that had been lost, and they paid him a 5 per cent commission for the ser-

vice. They also used him to make payoffs, and the pleased winners usually gave him a tip.

At the age of twelve Timothy James Mara learned that there were far more collections than payoffs and that the bookies—this is his own description—“lived the best and worked the least.” An idea was stirring within him, young as he was.

The boy began covering the small bets himself instead of passing them on to the bookmakers. When he advanced into the lawbook business, he carried bets as well as books with his deliveries. By the time he was sixteen he was in business for himself.

He had a mind like an IBM computing machine. He could calculate odds in a flash and developed a contempt for what he used to call “a Dutch book.” This was one in which the bookmaker failed to have the percentages work in his favor.

By 1921 he went at it in style. He moved his base of operations to the race track, which was akin to a broker buying a seat on the stock exchange. Bookmaking was legal in those days, and the Mara charm soon won for him the patronage of such as the Whitneys, the Sinclairs and other members of the turf aristocracy. He was also patronized by that high-wheeling peasant, Chicago O'Brien, a fabulous gambler.

O'Brien bet so heavily that he had to work through agents and through many bookmakers. Tim served as an agent. He placed as much as \$50,000 on a race for the O'Brien account. For this he collected a commission of 5 per cent. He usually took a flyer himself on the O'Brien choice with a \$1,000 wager of his own. If the horse lost, he had his commission of \$2,500 minus the personal wager of \$1,000 or a net gain of \$1,500. If the horse won, he collected whatever the odds were. Tim, smart boy that he was, could not lose.

By the time the opportunity came to buy the Giant franchise in 1925, Tim was well established financially and politically. He lived with his wife, Lizette, and his sons, Jack and Wellington, on swank Park Avenue. He had a summer home on Lake Luzerne and moved in the better circles. One of his close friends was Alfred E. Smith, then the Governor of New York State and soon to be the Democratic candidate for President.

Tim had promoted fights under the corporate title of the Aram A. C. (Mara spelled backwards). Gibson was urging Tim to use his political influence to get Tunney a bout with Dempsey and even promised 25 per cent of Gentleman

Gene's earnings as champion. When Tunney did win the title, Mara sued for his share, finally settling out of court.

It was his friendship with Gibson, however, which led him by accident into football. Tim left the running of the Giants to Dr. March until 1934 when pari-mutuel betting was legislated into New York and the once legal handbooks were outlawed. Tim promptly closed shop and turned his attention exclusively to football.

By then he had gotten to know something about the sport, although its technical aspects had no appeal to him. His gift was in dealing with people and he did that well.

He never forgot his own humble beginnings, and his sympathies were easily aroused by those in distress. The distress in New York was vast after the stock market crash of 1929. The Great Depression had begun.

Various charity drives were launched to help the unemployed. One of the most successful was a basketball show in Madison Square Garden put on by a committee of sportswriters spearheaded by Dan Daniel, Joe Williams and Ned Irish. That was to give birth to another idea. Jimmy Walker, the debonair mayor of the city, phoned Mara.

"Tim," said Jimmy, "would you be willing to schedule a charity game and turn over all receipts to unemployment relief?"

"Certainly, Jimmy," said Tim without the slightest hesitation. "You name the team and we'll play 'em."

The one team that carried the most glamour and appeal to New Yorkers was Notre Dame. The writers sounded out Knute Rockne and he was willing to assemble a group of graduates including the legendary Four Horsemen. It had to be an instant click at the gate. It was.

The Notre Dame All-Stars were no match for the Giants even if they had been in their prime—and they were not. But for the sake of sweet charity they were willing to try. The game drew a packed house, and while not a real contest, it was nowhere near as funny as Sleepy Jim Crowley, one of the Horsemen and a noted raconteur, later made it out to be.

According to Somnolent James, the rugged Hunk Anderson backed up the line for the All-Stars to guard against the passing of Benny Friedman. But Benny ran with the ball as blockers almost murdered the two middle linemen, Noble Kizer and Adam Walsh. So on the next play Kizer offered a suggestion.

"I think I'll also drop back to defend against passes," he said.

Walsh was horrified. "What?" he exploded. "And leave me up here all alone? Not on your life. I'm dropping back, too."

Fortunately, Friedman passed. The Notre Damers batted it down.

Glen (Judge) Carberry, a devoted Crowley henchman, was defensive left end and Sleepy Jim was defensive left half. Crowley whispered to his buddy who had implicit faith in him.

"Crash in on Friedman, Judge," said the impish Jimmy. "I'll cover the receiver."

Carberry crashed and was obliterated.

"That's the way, Judge," encouraged Crowley.

"If you say so, Jim," said the faithful Carberry.

After the fifth attempt, the battered Judge dragged himself back to Crowley.

"Listen, Jim," he pleaded, "let's change this system. You go in and rack him up while I stay back here."

"Let's compromise, Judge," said the helpful Sleepy Jim. "We'll both drop back to defend against passes."

Crowley's amusing stories to the contrary, the Notre Damers played valiantly and lost only 21-0. The Giants showed them mercy so as not to embarrass them too much. There were unexpected historical connotations. It was the last football game Rockne ever coached. A few months later the great Rock was killed in a plane crash.

The charity affair achieved its objective. A check for \$115,153, an astonishingly large sum, was turned over to the Mayor for unemployment relief.

Not long thereafter Tim had to select a new coach. It showed what a far-seeing and perceptive man he was.

A few years earlier the Kansas City Cowboys, then in the league, came whooping to town for a game with the Giants. The tremendous tackle play of Steve Owen caught the fancy of the New York brain trust—which certainly didn't include Tim—and the Giants arranged a deal for the 270-pound Oklahoman. A little fearfully, Owen reported to discuss contract with Mara.

"What was Kansas City paying you?" asked Tim bluntly.

"Fifty bucks a game," said Steve.

"I'll double it," said Tim with typical generosity.

Thus did he gain the instant admiration and gratitude of the hulking Owen. Furthermore, he gave Steve an off-season

job with the Mara Fuel Company, a business he set up and turned over to his brother, Jack.

As far as Tim was concerned, the eye-catching feature of Owen's efforts in the coal yard was that he was able to handle the tough-fibered, hard-boiled workmen with the same ease that he urged a little extra out of the Giant players in his role as captain. When the time came for a new coach to be appointed, Tim phoned Steve.

"I'm about to name a new coach," said Tim. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"Certainly, Mr. Mara," said Steve. "I can think of a half-dozen men who might do a good job for you." He named them.

"My new coach isn't on that list," said Tim. "I've already decided on my man."

"Who?" said Steve.

"You," said Tim—and hung up on him.

They didn't as much as sign a contract. A firm handshake between two ruggedly honest men was sufficient. And Stout Steve was to preside for twenty-three years, bringing the Giants steadily along the road to greatness.

It had been tough a few years earlier, though. When Pyle took Grange away from the Bears for the 1926 season, he thought he had the National Football League by the throat when he announced that he had formed the New York Football Yankees and would play his games at Yankee Stadium. Cash-and-Carry was pretty insolent in his demands and so sure of himself that some of the weaker owners were ready to capitulate to him. But not Tim.

"You can't muscle your way in on me," he roared. "I have territorial rights in New York and you can't get in here without my permission. I won't give it. I'll fight you every inch of the way."

He did. He fought Pyle and the incursions of his "outlaw" league by every means at his command. It almost broke him. The cost to Tim was \$76,000, but Pyle saw his league collapse around him. He was a more penitent man when he applied for franchise permission the next year, and the impulsive Tim generously gave that permission.

It just couldn't work, though. The Giants came up that 1927 season with a championship team, one so remarkable defensively that it yielded a mere twenty points to thirteen opponents. The war against Pyle's league set a pattern for the future. Tim fought off all whom he regarded as intruders,

usually scheduling his own home games to run counter to the other team's home games in a head-on clash for patronage.

Most serious of these "wars" was the costly four-year struggle against the well-heeled All-America Conference. Tim was the driving spirit behind the National Football League fight. The Nationals were almost brought to their knees but outlasted their rivals before compromising to absorb the two strongest franchises, the Cleveland Browns and San Francisco Forty-Niners. Millions of dollars were lost before the armistice.

Tim had died before the formation of the American Football League, but his fighting spirit was part of the legacy he left his two sons, Jack and Wellington. They were able to carry on just as their father would have wanted them.

There was an inner toughness to Tim below the surface of heartiness and joviality. He had needed it to survive as a newsboy and during his early years. It enabled him to meet the other case-hardened pioneers on equal terms.

There was a game with the Chicago Bears at the Polo Grounds in 1928. For a change, "Mara weather" did not prevail. It snowed and snowed and snowed. Not even the ushers showed up at the ball park. But George Halas, the Papa Bear, obdurately demanded his \$5,000 guarantee as prescribed by league regulations.

"Okay, George," said Tim after long arguing had failed to budge the Papa Bear. "I'll give you the \$5,000 guarantee. But I intend to lock the gates and admit no one to the park. You'll play the game for your money and I will be the only spectator."

Halas surrendered and accepted a compromise guarantee. There were eighty spectators present.

Tim was luckier with the Green Bay Packers in 1930. They had scheduled a home-and-home series, the Giants to get \$4,000 for visiting Green Bay and the Packers to receive \$5,000 for coming to the Polo Grounds. Tim wanted to eliminate guarantees and split the total receipts. Curly Lambeau of Green Bay refused. Mara cleared \$60,000 on the two games.

One year Tim tried to wheedle Benny Friedman, the Michigan All-America passing wizard, from the Detroit Wolverines. His offer was refused by LeRoy Andrews, owner of the team. So Mara bought out the franchise. He had Friedman.

Throughout the long struggle to make the Giants a power in the National Football League, Tim did more than serve as

a leader in councils and as a shrewd overseer of his Giants. He was also planning with rare skill for the future, the future that would be without him.

He trained his two sons to take over his empire. He trained them well. Jack was president and Wellington (also known as Duke) was vice president. Tim himself was a sort of minister without portfolio. He pulled the strings in the background. But as the sons continued to learn their jobs he pulled them with less and less frequency. By the time he died in 1959, the boys were on their own.

"Only the winner goes to dinner," Tim used to sing out, a philosophic gem he learned at the race tracks.

He did more than leave his mark on the Giants. He left it indelibly on the entire National Football League. He gave to both his own integrity, wisdom, persistence, foresight, ingenuity, combativeness and stability. The one-time newsboy left the richest of inheritances.

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GEORGE PRESTON MARSHALL

The Great Showboat

GEORGE PRESTON MARSHALL was about to leave New York for the Dallas Pan-American Exposition in 1937. Naturally, he departed with a flourish. He had drawn the lush assignment of staging and producing the entire entertainment program of the exposition—athletic, theatrical, orchestral and anything else he could think of. For this he received a fee of \$100,000 and a budget of \$500,000, sums which would have awed anyone except the Magnificent Marshall.

A special train awaited him in Grand Central Station, and the glowing red disk on the back of the observation car bore the legend, "Dallas Exposition." On the rear platform stood Marshall, intently studying his watch. As the hands reached twelve, he gave an imperious signal.

The train began to move. Instantly the male chorus of twenty-four, all wearing cowboy regalia, began to sing, "The

Eyes of Texas." The thirty-two cowgirls began to stomp. Marshall's wife, Corinne Griffith, the one-time Orchid Girl of the screen, tossed roses to the spectators. The Magnificent Marshall purred happily.

"What an exit!" he exulted. "What a truly great exit!"

Marshall has been making grand entrances and exits for most of his life. The showman supreme, he brought qualities of showmanship with him into professional football and marked it indelibly with the color of his own flamboyant personality.

He rode the crest when he had Slingin' Sammy Baugh, the incomparable passer, lighting up the skies for the Redskins. Any other owner would have been content with such football fireworks. But not George. He had to fancy up the show even more.

He came up with his extraordinary Redskin band in full Indian dress and heightened the impact of its appearances by having it play the stirring marching song, "Hail to the Redskins." This produces almost as much of an emotional wallop at Griffith Stadium as the "Marseillaise" at the Arc de Triomphe.

His halftime shows are meticulously planned down to the finest detail. So carefully plotted are they that George was not even trapped on the occasion when the whole thing could have blown up in his face. For his Christmas show one December he had arranged to have Santa Claus arrive on the gridiron by parachute. But a wayward wind dropped poor Santa a mile away from the stadium. The unabashed Marshall promptly produced an emergency Santa from the sidelines. The show must go on.

Notable would have been the Marshall contributions if he had only confined them to the extracurricular phases of football. But he didn't. He was still new to the National Football League as the boss of the then Boston Redskins in 1932, when his showman's mind perceived flaws in the rules, flaws which made pro football dull. Marshall abhors nothing more than dullness.

For years the professionals had been dutifully following the collegians in every rules change, adopting each alteration whether they liked it or not. And they were completely resigned to accepting old provisions in the code that they didn't want at all.

When Marshall spoke, everyone listened. (There was no choice.) He spoke with a brassy forcefulness and could shout

down dissenters unable to penetrate the high decibel content of his words. Being smart as well as ingenious, he first enlisted the support of George Halas, a solid pillar of the league, whose opinions carried a great amount of weight.

"Gentlemen," said Marshall at the 1932 meeting, "it's about time we realized that we're not only in the football business. We're also in the entertainment business. If the colleges want to louse up their game with bad rules, let 'em. We don't have to follow suit. The hell with the colleges. We should do what's best for us. I say we should adopt rules that will give the pros a spectacular individuality and national significance. Here are the rules changes I propose." He listed them.

1. Return the goal posts from the end zone to the goal line where they belong.

2. Permit forward passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, instead of from five yards back.

3. Spot the ball in 15 yards from the sidelines for greater maneuverability.

4. Relax the stringent rules on substitutions so that players can re-enter the game more easily and more often.

5. Permit free communication between the coach and the quarterback.

There were a few lesser changes, but those were the main ones. Halas seconded the motions. The rules changes were adopted. The far-seeing Marshall was years ahead of his time. So highly successful were the changes that he started a whole new trend. The play-for-pay boys became the progressive leaders on rules changes. The tail was wagging the dog. Eventually the collegians followed the example of the pros and adopted most of the rules their advanced thinking prescribed.

Although the campus seers stubbornly refused to return the goal posts to the goal line, they finally made a left-handed acknowledgment thirty years later of the wisdom of Marshall's suggestion to the pros. They left the posts where they were but widened the distance between the uprights in order to encourage field-goal kicking. It was a face-saving gesture which fooled no one—especially the smug Marshall, laughing in his strange cackle at such delayed vindication.

It was at that same meeting, however, that George bobbed up with another of his brilliant ideas. It did not relate to the rules, per se, but to the overall structure of the league. It

gave pro ball a purpose it did not have before and was, perhaps, the most important reform ever made.

The Magnificent One looked down his nose at the bush league operation of which he was a part. The size of the league had varied from a high of twenty teams to a low of eight. Scheduling was haphazard and catch-as-catch-can. Some teams played more games than others, and the league championship was determined on a percentage basis.

Nonsense, roared George. He insisted that the only sane solution was uniform scheduling and the splitting of the league into two divisions. Then, at season's end, the two sectional leaders would meet in a championship playoff. This would give pro football the equivalent of the big league baseball climax of a World Series.

The other club owners looked at each other in surprise. Why hadn't anyone thought of it before? Marshall, the showman, was the guy who did, and he pushed it through without opposition once Halas had taken the floor to second the motion.

The relationship over the years between the stolid Halas and the volatile Marshall has been an odd one. They have been pals and fellow conspirators. They have been at each other's throats. Someone once described them as "bosom enemies."

The 1937 championship playoff between the Bears and the Redskins is a glorious illustration. It was played in arctic weather in the frozen tundra of Wrigley Field in Chicago. Sammy Baugh retired to the sidelines near the end of the game, just after he had completed a touchdown pass for a 28-21 Washington victory. Tempers were short.

A Bear and Redskin skidded out of bounds and into the 'Skin bench. Fists began to fly as both teams poured zestfully into the free-for-all. Marshall, watching with quickening interest from a front row box, suddenly leaped over the rail.

"They've slugged Baugh," he screamed, and then rushed to protect the most precious commodity he owned. The police began pulling the combatants apart. In the scuffle the Magnificent One, resplendent in his raccoon coat, was jostled over toward the Bear bench, which was right in front of the Marshall box where Corinne Griffith, George's wife, waited anxiously.

In a flash her hero was face to face with an angry Halas.

"Get out of here," snarled Halas to Marshall. "Get back in that box where you belong. Too bad it isn't a cage,

you . . ." He added some choice words such as are found only in Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

"You shut that filthy mouth of yours," snarled Marshall to Halas, "before I punch those gold teeth down that red throat of yours, you miserable . . ." He also added unchoice words.

Before they could start swinging at each other, the gendarmes pulled them apart and returned Marshall to his box. Corinne was holding her hands over her ears.

"What language!" she said with a shudder.

"You shouldn't listen," he said, starting to wilt.

"As for that Halas," she said, "he's positively revolting."

"Just a minute," said the mercurial Marshall. "Don't you *dare* talk about Halas that way. He's my best friend."

Corinne surrendered on the spot. Not even a wife could understand that total paradox, George Preston Marshall.

The Magnificent One was born on October 11, 1896, in Grafton, West Virginia. His father was T. Hill Marshall, the publisher of *The Grafton Leader*, and George was born with the equivalent of a silver spoon in his mouth.

Almost from the start the boy showed that he had both acquisitive tendencies and the gift of promotional genius. When he was eleven years old, he decided to raise rabbits to sell. So did some of the other neighborhood children. Because rabbits had certain proclivities, there soon were so many of them that they were a glut on the market at 40 cents apiece.

The nimble-minded George soon circumvented that. He took out an ad in his father's paper, offering for sale "a rare Jacksonville hare" for the practically giveaway price of \$1.25. Buyers flocked to him.

When his father bought a laundry in Washington and moved the family to the capital, George was exposed to education at the Friends Select School and later at Randolph-Macon. The young man was too eager and restless for it to take.

Then he found his true metier. He became an extra in stock company shows at Poli's Theater in Washington. A flourishing career as an actor ended for this budding Barrymore when he overplayed a role. He was helping carry Viola Allen, star of the show, onto the stage in a sedan chair. George put it down too abruptly. She bounced out of the chair and he bounced out of the show.

His next role was as a soldier in 1917 and 1918. By the time he was discharged, his father had died and George had both a widowed mother to support and an unsuccessful laun-

dry to run. He leaped to the challenge and turned loose all his promotional persuasiveness. Was he successful? By the time he sold out almost two decades later, the Luxurious Laundryman (a later-day nickname) had fifty-three stores and ninety-six retail outlets.

He dressed his employees in blue-and-gold uniforms and disguised his stores with such simple decor that they barely resembled laundries. A showcase, for instance, would have nothing except a blue vase containing white flowers. His advertising was skillful and tantalizing, humorous whenever possible.

The prize offering was a full-page advertisement. The only thing on the entire white page was a decorous but eye-catching line of type at the bottom. It said:

"This space was cleaned by the Palace Laundry and Dry Cleaning Company."

As Marshall began to prosper, his dormant interest in sports was reawakened. The gregarious Marshall had friends in every field of sport, and he was such a gay boulevardier that he also had friends in every realm of society—real society and the cafe brand.

He had friends in politics, too. He once accompanied that other gay boulevardier, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, to Europe. When Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland was nominated as a favorite son for the presidency of the United States at the 1932 Democratic Convention, who do you think seconded the nomination? Right. It was George Preston in person.

One friend in sports was that triple-threat executive, Joe Carr. He was high in the councils in minor league baseball, the president of the National Football League and boss of the pro basketball league. Carr sold Marshall on the idea of sponsoring a basketball team for Washington. Always ready to give his laundry a plug, the publicity-minded extrovert called his team the Palace Big Five. His star was Horse Hagerty, one of the most colorful of the Original Celtics.

And that's when Marshall first formed his beautiful—or whatever it is—friendship with Halas. The Papa Bear held the Chicago basketball franchise. They got to know each other well. Too well.

Their teams met in a key game one night, each serving as a self-appointed timer. It wasn't that they distrusted each other. They just wanted to be sure. With eight seconds to go Washington led by a point. Halas shoved his watch in his

pocket and began to walk away from the timers' table, Marshall shouting at him and following in protest. A Chicagoan flicked in a field goal to win the game. Halas blew his whistle to signify the expiration of playing time. Marshall was apoplectic.

He hurled his watch on the ground and stomped on it. Halas just laughed and laughed and laughed.

But basketball was small time in those days, and Marshall yearned for a more elaborate showcase. He spoke to his buddy, Halas, and to Carr, head of the N.F.L. Thus did he discover that he could get the Boston franchise. He christened his team the Redskins (thereby making them first cousins of the Boston Braves) and began operations in 1932.

It was a clinker all the way. The Boston sportswriters had no interest in pro football and the resentful Marshall didn't help by his vitriolic remarks. He has a sharp tongue, an irritating laugh and a personality that can become abrasive. Few people feel neutral toward him. He is either disliked intensely or liked immensely. Only Halas can do both.

The Redskins lost \$40,000 in their maiden year. Marshall discarded Lud Wray as his coach and went overboard on his Redskin motif. He hired Lone Star Dietz, a real Indian, as his chief.

One of Marshall's troubles has always been that he bubbles with ideas like a fountain and never stops gushing. Coaches bristle when he tries to jam those ideas down their throats, but George, always trying to be helpful, rarely can resist the temptation to let them share in his wisdom.

There was the time, for example, when the Redskins played the New York Giants. Proud of his strong defense in that low-scoring era, Marshall decided that the soundest strategy was to kick off to the Giants at the start and pin them back against their own goal line.

"If we win the toss, Lone Star," said the boss, "I want you to elect to kick off." The Redskins won the toss.

"Good," said Marshall as he prepared to leave the field for a better vantage point in the press box. "We are to kick off. Got it, Lone Star?"

"Yes, boss," said the poor Indian.

Marshall hastened upstairs and looked down on the gridiron. He let out a bleat of dismay. The 'Skins were in receiving position and the Giants were kicking off. He grabbed the phone to the bench.

"Lone Star," he shrieked. "I thought I told you to kick off."

"We already did, boss," said Lone Star. "Unfortunately, the Giants ran the ball back for a touchdown."

George kept getting more and more disillusioned with Boston. The crusher came in 1936 when his team, heading toward a championship, was playing the Chicago Bears, the hottest attraction of all. The Boston papers ignored it. One sheet had not a line on the coming Bear-Redskin game. But it did have a six-column picture of a girls' field hockey game.

"I knew I was in the wrong town," said George afterwards, "when a Harvard-Princeton game drew only 20,000 spectators on the same day that the Narragansett race track drew 40,000. That's when I was sure that New England had sold its soul to the mutuel machines."

When Marshall burns bridges, he burns them behind him. His Redskins won the Eastern championship and the right to play the Green Bay Packers for the league title. George yanked the game out of Boston and staged it in New York's Polo Grounds. But at least he knew where he was going. He was going home to Washington.

If the 1936 Redskins (Boston) were good, the 1937 Redskins (Washington) were great. Joining them in the nation's capital was a tall, lean, shy Texan with a whiplash arm, Slingin' Sammy Baugh. He was to keep Marshall prosperous for sixteen years.

George sold only 916 season tickets that year, but as soon as the Redskin hysteria had engulfed Washington, he had a sellout for every home game. So overwhelming was the demand that not a ticket was ever sold on game day.

Sure, Baugh deserves much of the credit. But so does Marshall. His flair for showmanship was untrammelled. He had that marvelous Redskins band and that marvelous Redskin marching song as starters. He put on halftime displays that had fans talking about them for the rest of the week.

In later years some of his critics insisted that Marshall devoted more energy to assembling halftime shows than he did to assembling full-time football players.

In 1960, for instance, an unscheduled blizzard hit Washington a few hours before a game with the Giants. Because it was so unexpected there was no machinery immediately available to remove a couple of feet of snow from the gridiron.

A worried Jack Mara, president of the Giants, was looking

disconsolately at the field when Marshall popped up, beaming.

"Thank God, they're coming," said George.

"Snowplows?" said Jack.

"No," said Marshall, brushing aside the query as inconsequential. "They're bringing out overshoes for the band."

Oh, well. The field was finally cleared in a fashion. They never did get off the tarpaulin which was frozen to the field. They played atop it. The Giants won. The Redskin band wore its overshoes and played very well. In fact, the band played better than the Redskin team.

But the honeymoon that Baugh supplied was a glorious one. Marshall was riding high. Before Baugh's arrival he took a brief fling as publisher of the Hearst paper in Washington, and after that he was the promotional inspiration (and president) of Roosevelt Raceway, a forerunner of the harness racing track.

The Magnificent One was riding his highest in 1940. His team was going great. The most important people in the capital were lionizing him in an effort to get into his stadium. His joy was boundless when his Redskins turned back the last minute threat of the Chicago Bears and won a thriller, 7-3.

Even in his milder moments Marshall is no diplomat. But when he is at his most blissful, he is likely to say anything. So he opened his mouth—and put his foot in it.

The Bears were in a rage at the game's end because no interference penalty had been called when Sid Luckman essayed what should have been the winning touchdown pass. They stormed and ranted.

"Crybabies!" snorted Marshall. "They're front-runners. They're not a second-half team. The Bears are quitters."

These words were not lost on his dear friend, George Halas. The shrewd Papa Bear clipped out the interviews and used them to trigger the explosion which became the classic 73-0 rout of the Redskins by the Monsters in the championship playoff.

But when the next real crisis came in his career as a pro football magnate, the Magnificent Marshall arose in all his might to face it. This was in the early winter of 1943, smack in the middle of World War II. The armed forces had decimated the league, leaving only the lame, the crippled and the halt. There was a question as to whether rosters could be even partially filled, and there was strong sentiment at the league meeting to close up shop for the duration of the war.

Cleveland definitely pulled out. Pittsburgh hesitated. What stunned the gathering was that Halas, about to go into service himself, was ready to close up shop with his Bears. If he folded, it was a cinch that his henchmen on the Cardinals and Dodgers would do the same. Philadelphia neatly straddled the fence.

"I won't quit," said that doughty old fighter on the Giants, Tim Mara. Curly Lambeau of the Packers said the same. So did Fred Mandel, owner of the Detroit Lions.

"If we fold," warned Marshall, "we're likely to destroy a league that we've been building for more than twenty years. It would be like trying to warm up an old soufflé.

"The Redskins won't fold. We're going to continue even if it means that we have a four-team league consisting of Giants, Lions, Packers and Redskins."

Then he got more eloquent. Few men can get more eloquent than the Magnificent One. He has a ringing voice and perfect stage presence, an impressive 200 pounds, 6 feet 2 inches, with unruly hair that he brushes back from his forehead with the sweeping gesture of a Barrymore. He stemmed the tide. The league survived the crisis.

Yet the war still hit Marshall harder than most. First of all he lost Ray Flaherty, the best coach he ever had and the only one who would put up with no nonsense from his boss.

At the war's end an aging Sammy Baugh turned in his cleats and took back his spurs as he returned to Texas. Without their super-star and prime gate attraction, Marshall and the Redskins were heading for trouble.

More came from a new source. The All-American Conference sprung into being for the 1946 season. Either out of pure perverseness or because his limited seating capacity in Griffith Stadium limited his payroll, George lost veteran players and draft choices to the new league. He refused to bid for them.

By the time peace was declared in the football war, Washington was in last place in its division. George grew crotchety because his natural enthusiasm usually overestimated the real strength of his squad. Coaches moved in and out as if through a revolving door. They either got mad at their boss or he at them—or both.

Compounding his difficulties in the late 1950's and into the 1960's was the fact that he had no Negro players on the Redskins. He denied that he was prejudiced, even though his

television network penetrated into the Deep South. Stubborn man that he is, he just would not yield.

A classic crack from Tex Maule of *Sports Illustrated* when the 'Skins drafted the gifted Norman Snead from Wake Forest as the hoped-for successor to Sammy Baugh.

"Snead faces the blackest future and the whitest huddle in the league," he said.

Capitulation came after the Redskins shifted from out-moded Griffith Stadium to the glittering New Washington (D.C.) Stadium. They got their first Negro, Bobby Mitchell, and he combined with Snead to give Marshall's legions the sparkle they had lacked for so long.

The fires in that flaming personality have been dimmed by the passing years. His critics have been many, and no man in pro football has been flayed more than Marshall. Yet he was a powerful force in shaping the destinies of the N.F.L.

Whatever else he was, the tempestuous and controversial George Preston Marshall was the showman supreme.



CURLY LAMBEAU

Peerless Packer

JEAN NICOLET founded Green Bay in 1634. Curley Lambeau founded the Packers in 1919. To the citizens of that bosky Wisconsin metropolis, there is no question as to which is the more important event. If a vote were held, Lambeau would win by a landslide.

Green Bay represents the sports phenomenon of the age. When the Packers played the New York Giants in 1962 for the championship, there were more persons in attendance at Yankee Stadium (64,892) than there are in Green Bay (62,888).

Yet Green Bay is the only small town which survived the fearful attrition which eliminated other small towns during the rugged early days of the National Football League. It did more than survive, though. It held its own with the civic

giants until it is now the only little fellow left in any major league in any major sport.

The reason? No one has to grope for an answer. The one and only man responsible for this athletic anachronism is Earl Louis (Curly) Lambeau. He was the relentless, driving dynamo who got the Packers started, then propelled them along the road to greatness during his thirty-one years at the controls.

He has long since relinquished those controls, and Vince Lombardi has become the new empire-builder. But if ever a man and a team were indivisible, it would have to be Curly and the Packers.

The two were so intertwined that the story of Curly's life is virtually the story of the Packers. The first led inexorably to the second.

Curly was born in Green Bay—where else?—on April 9, 1898, the son of Marcel Lambeau, the town's leading building contractor. In other words, he grew up on the correct side of the railroad tracks. He was the kid who owned the football. It was homemade in the beginning, fashioned from a salt sack stuffed with leaves from the Wisconsin woods. Then it was a real football.

In every neighborhood game he was the leader, not because he owned the ball but because authority came naturally to him. He happened to be one of those rare characters who was meant to be a boss, not an underling.

When he entered East High in Green Bay, that school had not beaten its hated rival, West High, in the better part of a decade. Curly took care of that when he led his team to a 7-0 victory in his senior year of 1916. But then he decided to stay out of college for a year.

By the fall of 1918 the pressures began to grow on him. Local alumni from Notre Dame pleaded with him to matriculate at South Bend where a remarkable young coach had just taken over, a fellow named Knute Rockne.

Because World War I was under way, Curly enrolled in the Student Army Training Corps and was eligible for varsity play although only a freshman. He was to become the regular fullback, performing in the same backfield with the immortal George Gipp, one of the hallowed heroes of American athletics.

But the finger of fate touched him on the throat. Curly underwent a tonsillectomy that spring, and it was so serious that it laid him low for six weeks. He went home to recuperate

and mull over his future. He had lost a semester of school. Should he return?

Frank Peck made up his mind for him. Peck was an official of the Indian Packing Company of Green Bay. He met Curly on the street one day and offered the shiny-faced boy with the coal black curls a job with his firm at the overly generous salary—for that era—of \$250 a month.

Curly grabbed it and toiled contentedly through the spring and summer. But when autumn approached, so did the old urge. When he was unable to resist it, Curly sought an audience with his benefactor.

"Mr. Peck," he said eagerly, "I've been talking to some of the other young fellows and we think we'll be able to get together a football team. It will be a great thing for Green Bay and the company. We even could call ourselves the Packers. Will you back us?"

"Certainly, Curly," said the boss. "I'll let you have \$500 for uniforms. From there on it's all yours."

Thus was born the Green Bay Packers.

The twenty-one-year-old Lambeau was coach, captain and star. Every night after work his team assembled for practice in the yard of the packing company, and Lambeau did his job well. His Packers won ten straight games and the townspeople suddenly became aware and began to give them considerable support. But when the Packers split the total gate receipts for the season, the division of spoils came to \$16.75 per man.

It was a game against Ishpeming which was to have a profound influence on Curly's strategic thinking for the rest of his football life.

"Ishpeming was tough," he later was to recall. "On our first three running plays we lost three men with broken bones. So we never called for another running play. We just passed them silly and won, 33-0. That was the day I realized how valuable the forward pass was."

Curly's thinking was to revolutionize professional football. He was the first of the pass-minded coaches, and it was his own success with the aerial weapon which influenced other coaches to follow his example.

Being a shrewd judge of talent, Curly made sure he had the men to exploit the pass. He always had excellent passers, starting with himself and then Red Dunn. After that he went in for such super-passers as Arnie Herber and Cecil Isbell.

But he usually had super-receivers to go with them, the prize examples being Johnny Blood and Don Hutson.

The Packers still were a town team in 1920, but a year later they joined the new National Football League, finishing fourth. In those free and easy pioneer days, it was a common practice for all pro teams to hire collegians under assumed names as reinforcements.

Joe Carr, president of the league, fought against it and when he finally cracked down, Green Bay was the victim. The franchise fee of \$50 was returned to John Clair of the Acme Packing Company, successors to the Indian Packing Company.

That didn't daunt Curly. He saved up \$50 to buy back the franchise, but then had no money to go to Canton for the league meeting in June of 1922. He was wandering sadly around town when he encountered Don Murphy, the carefree son of a wealthy Green Bay lumberman.

"What are you so glum about?" asked the cheerful Murphy. "That football team of yours?"

"Yes," said Curly. "I've got the fifty bucks to buy back the franchise, but I have no way to get to Canton to buy it."

"I'll think of something," said Murphy. "If I come up with the dough, will you promise to let me be in the opening line-up next season?"

"It's a deal," said Curly.

Murphy thought of something. He sold his Marmon roadster for \$1,500 and went to Canton with Curly. They reclaimed the franchise and Lambeau made good his promise. Murphy got in for the first play. He either piled it up or it piled him up. Then he happily retired.

It was a tremendous struggle in the formative years. But Lambeau never gave up hope and his own enthusiasm eventually was communicated to the wealthy men who would assure the Packers' financial health. Then Curly began to reach outside the state of Wisconsin for talent.

There was a flash of promise in 1927 when Green Bay finished second to the Giants, but the team slumped in 1928 and then Curly made his coup. He nailed the three men who would supply the spark of greatness. They were Cal Hubbard from the Giants, Mike Michalske from the Yankees and Johnny Blood from Pottsville.

Curly knew his quest was over. But he also knew that his own job had just begun. He was an insatiable taskmaster. He lashed and drove his players in a ferocious striving for per-

fection. He worked and nagged them until he had them on the verge of rebellion.

"If that buzzard ever died," said the usually good-humored Hubbard one day, "they'd have trouble finding six guys to volunteer as pallbearers."

But if they grumbled, they obeyed. When they didn't obey, Curly cracked down with stiff fines. He had an automatic levy of \$500 for anyone who missed practice. One day four of his better players failed to make appearance.

"That will cost you \$500 each," said Curly evenly. "Write out the checks."

Hopeful that Lambeau would relent and not cash them, the angry foursome reluctantly wrote out the checks. Curley could even read their minds.

"And I'm cashing them, too," he said, pocketing the checks, "and I'm doing it before you can stop payment."

A mastodonic lineman shook a finger at Curly.

"If you cash my check," he snarled, "I'll kill you."

"It won't do you any good," said Curly. "It would merely cost you another \$500."

But Curly's Simon Legree tactics achieved their objective. The Packers won their first championship in 1929. Then they won in 1930 and again in 1931.

It was in that middle year that Curly played his last game. His passing attack had gone awry one day and he raged and stormed.

"I'll show you fellows how to throw passes," he screamed. He put himself in the game as a substitute, leaving resentful players behind him on the bench as well as on the field. Cal Hubbard watched him trot out. He offered a happy solution.

"Let's open the gates on Curly, fellows," he said.

The gates were duly opened. The ball snapped back to Lambeau from center. The Packer blockers all stepped aside and admitted a swarm of enemy tacklers. They virtually hammered Lambeau underground.

Curly struggled to his feet, cast a reproachful glance at his grinning hired hands and limped to the sidelines. He never played again.

Green Bay fortunes ebbed for a few years and then came surging on after Curly made his most prized catch of all, Don Hutson.

The Alabama Antelope made the Packers tremendous gate attractions, and they always did tremendously well in New York. It was there that Curly came up with his bright idea.

"The worst spot on the field for watching a football game," he said, "is the bench. The coach doesn't even see what's going on. The best spot in a park is the press box. It's up high and the view is unobstructed."

He turned to his team, then training at Jack Martin's Bear Mountain Inn, just below West Point on the Hudson River.

"Fellows," he announced, "next Sunday I'll give you your orders from the press box. I'll talk to you before the game and I'll be in the clubhouse at halftime. For the first time in my life, though, I'll know what's going on."

Being a careful man, Curly left nothing to chance. As soon as he reached the Polo Grounds on the morning of the game, he gave it a dry run. Stop watch in hand, he arose from his seat in the press box that hangs underneath the eaves on the south side.

He walked briskly along the runway across the roof and wheeled down the iron steps. He was at the rear of the upper grandstand. He bounded down the steps, moved along the narrow passageway in front of the stands and took a right turn through the portal leading to the series of ramps that zigzag across the back to street level. In a flash he was through the press gate and onto Eighth Avenue. A short run and he was outside the clubhouse which the baseball architects had placed beyond centerfield. Curly burst through the dressing room door and snapped his stopwatch.

"Just under four minutes," said Curly. "I'll give myself an extra minute to play it safe. This is the greatest idea I've ever had."

When the game began, Lambeau almost grew muscle-bound from patting himself on the back. From his vantage point high above the field, he saw details he never had seen before. Barking orders over the phone to an assistant on the bench, he was able to make the minor adjustments in both offense and defense which added to the efficacy of each.

Just before the half ended, Curly gathered together his notes for his run to the clubhouse. He would be able to brief his players as he never had before. Jubilantly he took off. Across the roof and down the iron stairs he raced to the back of the grandstand. Then he gasped in dismay.

Lambeau was not the only man-in-motion at halftime. Some 50,000 fans also decided to stretch their legs during the intermission and stoke up on coffee and hot dogs. The staircases and the passageways were choked.

He inched his way through the mob while the hands on the

clock above the centerfield clubhouse moved a lot faster than he did. Once he had wormed his way through to the ramps, he encountered slightly less obstruction, but the halftime intermission was almost over before Curly arrived at the clubhouse door panicky and out of breath.

The door was locked.

Curly pounded on it with his fists. He screamed for help. No one heard him. He raced to the side of the clubhouse and saw a window opened slightly at the bottom. He grasped the sill with his hands and pulled himself up. He could barely see into the room.

What he saw were the retreating backs of his Packers as they filed out of the clubhouse for the start of the second half.

"Go get 'em, fellows," he exhorted weakly.

It was the shortest Lambeau pep talk on record. No one even heard him. All the priceless information he had stored up in the first half was worthless because it was undelivered.

Nor were his troubles entirely over. When Curly first reached the Polo Grounds that day, he had arrived on the chartered bus with his squad. He had entered with them and had gone onto the field with them, going directly from the gridiron to the press box. But now he was outside the ball park and he didn't have a ticket. He returned to his point of departure, the press gate.

"I'm Curly Lambeau," he said to Ernie Viberg, the gimlet-eyed guardian of the portal who had been chasing away gate-crashers ever since John McGraw was a small boy. Viberg gave him a fishy stare.

"I'm Curly Lambeau," repeated the distraught Curly. "I'm the coach of the Packers."

"And I'm Mahatma Gandhi," said Viberg, unimpressed. "I've already chased five guys claiming to be Curly Lambeau. Scram, bum."

Curly exploded with such violence that a Giant official wandered over to investigate the commotion.

"Hello, Curly," he said in surprise. "What are you doing out there?" Then he turned to Viberg.

"He's okay, Ernie," he said. "Let him in."

It marked the first and last time Lambeau attempted to do his coaching from the press box.

An excellent coach he was, too. Because his first exposure to top-grade football was under Rockne at Notre Dame, his Packers used the Rockne style of attack, the famous Notre Dame box with the backfield lining up in a T and shifting to

right or left formation. It had solid striking power in all directions, and it was only with extreme reluctance that Curly eventually bowed to popular demand and yielded to the T-formation craze which had swept the sport.

Although Curly exploited the forward pass more than any other coach, he never was tempted by easy riches. He realized that the aerial game worked best when the running attack was sound and potent. So his offense was always beautifully balanced.

With his keen eye for recognizing talent, he assembled the runners as well as the passers, always making sure he had the linemen to make them click. Although he did not neglect his defenses, they held secondary interest to him.

"Lambeau liked to coach offense best," said Buckets Goldenberg, one of his superior guards. "He really didn't care if the other team scored 40 points as long as we scored 41."

The scoring potentialities of Don Hutson intrigued him so much that he was willing to weaken his defense to have the frail end in his line-up. But the ingenious Curly eventually figured out a way of having his cake and eating it, too. He latched onto Larry Craig, a blocking back from South Carolina, and used the burly Southerner to handle Hutson's defensive end spot, thereby releasing the fleet Don to the safety position on defense, a place far better suited to his talents.

Lambeau was among the first coaches to show movies to his hired hands. He didn't handle the projector and run and re-run the films as the modern coach does. He just sat back and watched, supplying a sound track that was painfully caustic. And he was just as explosive in the projection room as he had been on the sidelines.

"Why do you get so excited?" a player once asked the Bombastic Belgian.

"I think better when I get excited," said Curly.

If a graph were made of the Lambeau reign, it would show a steady upward line from the beginning through the peak years of three successive championships from 1929 through 1931. Then would come a dip and another upward line from the arrival of Hutson to the title surges of 1938 and 1939.

Actually, there was no dip for the next couple of years. But George Halas had created his team of Bear supermen, the 73-0 wonders. They edged out excellent Packer teams. There was enough momentum left during the war, however, to enable Lambeau to secure his last title shot for Green Bay in 1944. Then he was done, victimized by circumstances.

His downfall began, in all probability, in 1946 when the

rival All-America Conference was formed. Curly didn't have the financial depth to outbid the other league in a wild spending quest for talent. He was caught in a price war without enough ammunition.

There were other difficulties. Because of public pressure, which accused him of being old-fashioned, he had to adopt the T-formation style of attack even though it wasn't suited to the type of players he had.

That wasn't all. Curly had run the Packers as a one-man show, but the sport had grown so big and so complex that the executive committee of the organization began to edge him aside in many of his self-appointed tasks. He fought the encroachments but knew he was defeated in his effort to be elected Packer president.

He was having troubles at home and on the field. His new players were for the most part returning service veterans. They refused to take his petulance, his tongue-lashings and his iron discipline.

The solid citizens of Green Bay also became disenchanted with him. Curly spent his winters at Malibu Beach in California and was labelled "The Earl of Hollywood." It was said with contempt. He had grown too big for his britches, they seemed to feel. Moreover, Curly no longer had the time to exchange pleasantries with the townsfolk on the streets. This convinced them he had gone high-hat.

Their resentment spread until it reached out among the players. Curly was responsible for that. The Packers were beaten by the Chicago Cardinals, then the league champions, as a result of two long runs. Curly was blind with rage when he reached the clubhouse afterwards.

"Everyone is fined half of his game salary," he announced.

"What for?" said someone, breaking the shocked silence.

"Indifferent play," snapped Curly.

That's when he lost his players. He returned the money in January. It was too late. The damage to morale had been done.

By the season's end in 1949, Lambeau knew he had also lost his team. He was balked at every turn in his struggle to reacquire front office control. On February 1, 1950, the surrender was complete. He resigned.

The Chicago Cardinals grabbed him eagerly and he coached there in 1950 and 1951. He did nothing. Just as eagerly, they let him go. He was a square peg in a hole that was circular. It was the same when he took over the top as-

signment for the Washington Redskins in 1952 and 1953. Before the next season even began, the hot-tempered Curly became involved in a violent argument in a hotel lobby with the fiery George Preston Marshall, owner of the 'Skins. He was out there, too.

It finished the Brooding Belgian with football. It was just as well. He had left his heart behind him in Green Bay, and he was a mechanical man elsewhere without it.

Not many in Green Bay mourned when Curly departed, but the flames of loyalty still blazed among some of his stars from yesteryear. Most disconsolate was Buckets Goldenberg.

"We're through," he moaned. "I don't see how the Packers can last without him. Curly Lambeau was the Packers."

Buckets was half correct. The Packers did survive without him. But the last sentence is as true now as the day it was uttered.

Curly Lambeau was the Packers.



17

GEORGE HALAS*The Papa Bear*

GEORGE HALAS was destined to become an empire builder. He is the man who founded the dynasty of the Chicago Bears, held it together during the lean early years and directed its expansion into the mightiest football power in the land.

Like Red Grange, the man who later was to become his brightest star, Halas also was profoundly influenced by both Bob Zuppke and the University of Illinois. But the parallel between Grange and Halas is a short one, because the lines veer off sharply in different directions.

Grange arrived at the Champaign campus in 1922, a man blessed with enormous natural talent. Halas arrived there in 1914, and he had no talent at all. What he had, though, was an inner flame that burned with such fierce intensity it would have consumed a lesser man. A half-century later it still was blazing.

Zuppke wasn't even aware that Halas existed until George's sophomore year. There was no reason why Zup should have been aware of him.

The only team Halas could qualify for at Crane High in Chicago was the lightweight team. He weighed 140 pounds and he played tackle. As an Illinois freshman he was so scrawny that he was ignored. But a year later that six-foot frame began to fill out a bit. He grew to 170 pounds and no longer looked ridiculous in a football uniform. It's a cinch that no candidate was more spirited than he.

With the square jaw and steely eyes of the born fighter, Halas went at everything as if it were a crusade. He flung himself into each assignment. He was always driving, driving, driving.

One day he was running plays from a halfback spot as if intent on committing suicide.

"Who in the world is that?" said Zup.

"George Halas, a kid from Chicago," said an assistant.

"That kid runs so hard he'll get killed," said Zup. "Make an end out of him."

So Halas became an end. If he performed any heroics on the college gridiron, they have been lost to posterity. But he did develop into so slick a basketball player that he was captain of the varsity in his senior year, and his baseball skills earned him a fling with the New York Yankees.

It was at a banquet to the Illinois team at the end of George's final varsity year that the boy heard words which were to affect his life. They also were to have a significant bearing on the history of professional football. Zup waxed philosophic in his farewell to his squad.

"Why is it," he lamented, "that just as my players begin to know something about football I lose them by graduation?"

The words engraved themselves in Halas' memory. They came echoing back in full force a year later. The First World War was being fought then, and George was commissioned an ensign in the Navy, assigned to Great Lakes Naval Training Station. And Great Lakes had a football team.

Halas had never seen one like it. The sailors had Paddy Driscoll and Jimmy Conzelman and the cream of the college crop. Here was the postgraduate proficiency that Zup had been dreaming about. George was only twenty-three years old in that 1918 season, but his imagination already had begun to carry him into the future. The wheels had started to spin for Halas, the visionary.

The climax to a successful season for Great Lakes was its selection to play the Mare Island Marines in the Rose Bowl on January 1, 1919, the lone all-service matching in the history of the Pasadena classic. Out of relative obscurity bounced Halas.

"That was the only game I really starred in," he once confessed. "Although the Marines were favored, we beat them, 17-0. I caught two passes from Paddy Driscoll for touchdowns. I also intercepted a pass and returned it 77 yards to the 3. It was a good day."

That Halas also had had a fine season as well was indicated by the fact that Walter Camp picked him for his All-America second team.

A discharge from the Navy came swiftly after the Rose Bowl game, and just as swiftly Halas signed a contract with the New York Yankees. Off he went to spring training as an outfielder.

Just before an exhibition game with the Dodgers, the hustling Halas bristled at the riding he was getting from Rube Marquard, the star Brooklyn pitcher. His competitive urge grew. He laced viciously into a Marquard pitch, tore around the bases and slid into third.

It was a costly slide because it injured his hip and robbed him of both freedom of movement and speed. Halas was in the starting line-up for the Yankees on opening day and celebrated with two hits against the Athletics. But the damage had been done. The injury slowed him down so much that Miller Huggins, the Yankee manager, sent him to the famed Bonesetter Reese for treatment.

"There goes one of the best outfield prospects I ever saw," said Huggins.

But it was to prove a tremendous break for pro football.

Halas finished out the season, playing baseball for St. Paul. But seething within him was that irresistible craving for football, especially on a postgraduate level.

George joined up with Hammond against the Canton Bulldogs for his professional debut, a game which supplied him with two thrills. One was his paycheck for \$100. The other was the awesome privilege of playing against Jim Thorpe.

"The thing I remember most about that game," he has since said, "was the way our big fullback, Gil Falcon, spilled Thorpe with an ankle tackle and sent him crashing into our bench. The Indian was dazed and blood trickled from a cut

over his right eye. They patched him up. On the next play Thorpe smashed through our line and hit Falcon a shoulder block that sent him pinwheeling. We had to take time out to pump air into him. That Indian was in a class by himself."

Halas fell instantly in love with pro football and he began to plan. Not far from Chicago, at Decatur, was the Staley Starch Works. It was owned by A. E. Staley, a sports nut. He already had a top-flight semi-pro baseball team, coached by the immortal Iron Man McGinnity. So Halas sold Stanley the idea of a football team, too.

The future Papa Bear rounded up his players with shrewd selectivity. He also was able to offer year-round jobs and two hours a day off—on company time—for practice during the football season. No other team had the luxury of regular practice. It showed in the results. The Staleys lost only one of thirteen games. But it was too expensive for the sponsor. So Staley sent for Halas.

"George," he said, "we simply can't underwrite the expenses any longer. Why don't you move the boys up to Chicago? I think you can make a go of pro football there. I'll give you \$5,000 to get started. All I ask is that you continue to call the team 'The Staleys' for one season."

Thus, one of the most valuable franchises in football was not only given away free, but a bonus of \$5,000 was handed over to the man for accepting it. Maybe that's when Halas discovered that he had the Midas touch.

But George did make one slip to regret in the excitement of his change in locale. He outslickered himself, and that is something Halas almost never does. In order to save one \$100-per-week salary, he took in Ed (Dutch) Sternaman as his partner and didn't unload him until after considerable grief and money.

The new partners popped in on Bill Veeck, Sr., father of the later-day promotional whizbang. As the boss of the Chicago Cubs, Veeck had the say on whether they could bring their football team to Wrigley Field. It took them just seventy-five seconds to consummate a deal that has remained unchanged for more than forty years.

It was rugged going in those days. Halas paid his publicity man \$15 a week and George himself delivered the notices at the desks of the sports editors, with a stack of free tickets. The press notices went unused, the tickets untaken. After practice every day the Papa Bear split his squad in half. One group would stand outside Northwestern University and the

other at the University of Chicago, passing out throwaway handbills advertising the next week's game.

But paying customers were singularly uninterested. Halas thrilled at one report of a game that he spotted in the *Chicago Daily News*. It gave its usual one line coverage but tacked on one extravagant sentence: "It was a very fine game."

Yet he lost only \$71.63 in his maiden year in Chicago. Expenses were kept to a minimum. For one thing, the Bears were able to consolidate the jobs of right end, captain, coach and president in one man, George Halas. In his spare time, he also assisted as press agent, ticket seller, trainer, groundskeeper and general factotum.

At one stage in the early struggle the Papa Bear took a correspondence course in refrigeration engineering. On the strength of that he was hired as night watchman in a \$300,000 refrigerating plant. This gave him an opportunity to work over football plays night after night in his tireless, restless, inquiring fashion.

When the rift with Sternaman became irreconcilable, Halas bought out his partner and peddled other shares elsewhere. Among his stockholders was the mother of Brute Trafton, the gargantuan center.

The board of directors consisted of George Halas, his brother Frank and the Brute. Whenever they had any profits to divide, one of the directors would remember that the coach had not been paid. By the oddest coincidence the board always split, two to one, George and Frank voting to pay the coach who always happened to be George Halas. So the Trafton family eventually saw the handwriting on the wall and sold out to Halas, too.

Before that occurred, however, the Monsters of the Midway booked a game with Rock Island and dressed for the fray across the river in Davenport. Being both a thorough and cautious man, Halas collected his \$3,000 guarantee in advance—and in cash.

But what to do with it? George didn't want his dough heisted. So he put the wad in the coat pocket of his biggest man, Trafton, who was blissfully unaware of the transaction.

The game broke up in a king-size riot and the man in the middle of the swirling, angry mob was Trafton, coat dangling carelessly across his shoulders. The crowd chased him down the street with the Brute running for the bridge across the river.

"Wanna lift, bud?" said a kindly motorist, drawing alongside. The Brute gratefully climbed in and reached safety. A long while later Halas also arrived.

"Where's my money?" he roared, reached for it in the pocket of the astonished Brute.

"If I'da known that," said the Brute sadly, "I'd never have taken the lift to Davenport. I'da run all the way to Mexico with it."

At that same approximate time in his career, Halas had another memorable encounter with Thorpe. It was in a game at Wrigley Field and steady rains had turned the gridiron into a quagmire. But nothing could stop Thorpe, including the Bears. The great Sac and Fox was about to score a touchdown.

Halas sensed that Thorpe would carry himself. So did the massive tackle alongside him, Hugh Blacklock. They surged in together and Blacklock hit the Indian head-on. The slippery ball squirted out of Thorpe's arms and popped into the hands of Halas. George caught it running and never broke stride.

There was a roar of anger, and then George could hear the squish of feet in pursuit. It was Thorpe. Fast as he was, George knew he could never outrun a greyhound like Jim. He also knew that Thorpe didn't tackle like ordinary men but whipped his body across the legs of enemy runners like a scythe chopping down a stalk of grain.

By some sixth sense Halas divined when Thorpe was about to let him have it. Then he'd zig. Just before another thunderbolt was ready to be launched, he'd zag. It was a zany race from one sideline to the other in a sea of mud.

Ten yards from the goal line Thorpe let go. Halas went flying into a pool of water.

"I swam the rest of the way for a touchdown," he modestly said afterwards. "It had to be the longest scoring run in football history, not 98 yards but 198 yards at least."

Halas was to have another experience with an Indian. But it wasn't Thorpe and it wasn't pleasant. It was in a game against the Giants and in the New York backfield was Joe Guyon, one-time teammate of Thorpe with the Carlisle Indians.

Halas always played like a man obsessed, giving every bit of himself every minute. He was tough and he was rough. If he thought it necessary to cut a corner ever so slightly, he never flinched from what he considered his duty.

Guyon had been especially troublesome for the Bears, and

Halas decided he needed personal attention to teach him better manners. A crashing fall might take some of the enthusiasm out of the Indian, especially if it was an unexpected crash.

Halas waited and soon found his opportunity. Guyon was poised, his back to the Bear end, when George threw himself with all the force at his command. He was in midair, coming at the Giant halfback with full velocity, when Guyon instinctively turned and brought up his knees into Halas' rib cage. George lay on the ground, moaning a little. Guyon waved an admonishing finger in his direction.

"George," he said, "let that be a lesson to you. Never try to sneak up behind an Indian."

They carted Halas off the field on a stretcher. His two broken ribs didn't pain him half as much as the 15-yard clipping penalty.

The arrival of Red Grange lifted Halas, the Bears and the entire National Football League over the hump. The redhead brought them newspaper recognition, crowd appeal and respect. Yet the struggle was far from ended.

When Grange and Cash-and-Carry Pyle formed their outlaw league in 1926, talent raids made the whole N.F.L. a little shaky and the Bears were hurt. What alarmed Halas most was that his old buddy, Paddy Driscoll, was being tempted to leave the Chicago Cardinals for fancier offers by the outlaws. The Papa Bear didn't hesitate. He went straight to Chris O'Brien, owner of the Cards.

"We can't let Paddy escape from our league, Chris," said George. "I know you can't afford to match their offer. But I can. I'll pay you \$3,000 for Paddy's contract and I'll pay him \$10,000 for the season."

This was not total unselfishness, however. Halas kept Driscoll in the league but he also reinforced his own shaky position with a halfback of superior skills.

Yet the ills of the Bears lay much deeper. The breach between Halas and Sternaman kept widening.

"Here's how bad it was," said a Bear of that era. "We had two offenses, one given us by George and the other by Dutch. No one knew what to do on any play. There were times when our own men were bumping heads. You've never seen such a mess."

It was Halas, a far-seeing man, who came up with a solution.

"It's time we got a competent coach," he said. So he fired

himself and hired Ralph Jones. It was a shocker in many ways. Who was Ralph Jones? He had coached Lake Forest Academy in suburban Chicago. A schoolboy coach to handle the Bears? The football world was aghast.

But Halas knew what he was doing. Not only was he bringing in a neutral, but he was bringing in a sound strategist. It was not unlike a theatrical producer hiring a play doctor to eliminate the weak spots in a play. The T-formation of the Bears also was sick. It had tremendous power over the middle but little strength to the outside.

Jones eliminated the tight formation by stationing the end out some five yards in a split. He widened the spacing of the backfield. And he introduced the man-in-motion. But it was Grange who accidentally gave it full potency. Red grew weary of peeling off as a decoy. One day he took one step to the right and ostentatiously went in motion to the left. Carl Brumbaugh, the quarterback, studied the defensive maneuvers.

The fullback covered Red. So Brummy called for a plunge through the vacated fullback hole. The next time the halfback covered Red. Brummy threw a pass to the end. The next time no one covered Red. So Brummy tossed Grange a touchdown pass.

Something else was added in Jones' first year of 1930. The Bears got themselves a one-man football team named Bronko Nagurski. So their fortunes began to skyrocket and Halas did nothing to dispel the growing notion that the Chicago Bears were to football what the New York Yankees were to baseball.

Since success breeds success, the talent began to come in such numbers that not even the institution of a player draft could slow it down. Halas had such an endless supply of manpower that he was able to trade off his surplus each year to lesser teams for top draft choices, thereby solidifying his supremacy.

Jones stayed only three years, but he left behind him a modernized T-formation. It was with reluctance that Halas accepted his resignation, and it was with just as much reluctance—or so he claimed at the time—that he appointed a successor, himself.

"It will only be temporary," he said, "one season at most."

But George made a serious mistake. His Bears won their divisional title and beat the Giants in that famous 23-21 game in the first championship playoff ever held. George was

hooked. He just couldn't let go. Nor did he try. He was up over his ears and loving every minute of it.

The tremendous upsurge of pro football had begun. As the Bears prospered, so did Halas. He branched out into various forms of business from real estate to a mail order house. The Midas touch was there. As soon as he ventured into oil he naturally hit gushers.

But he hit gushers on the gridiron, too. One strike was the signing of Sid Luckman of Columbia as his quarterback. The wily Halas made sure he'd get him by offering the Pittsburgh Steelers a mess of good players if they'd draft him and pass him on to the Bears in 1939. It took a year for Sid to get the feel of it, first as a halfback and then as a quarterback. But in 1940 he was ready. So were the Bears.

Late that season the Monsters of the Midway played the Washington Redskins. It was a brutal game of primitive savagery. The Bears never have been a gentle team—it's a Halas heritage—and they were rough. So were the Redskins with their mighty Slingin' Sammy Baugh and other enormously talented players.

The 'Skins went into the closing minutes with a tenuous 7-3 lead, and Luckman was leading the final gallant assault to the goal line. He thought he had the winning touchdown when he fired a pass to Bullet Bill Osmanski in the end zone. But a Redskin had a stranglehold on Osmanski—or so the Bears claimed. They screamed and they ranted but officials refused to call interference. The game ended with the losing Bears on the verge of apoplectic strokes.

"Crybabies!" said George Preston Marshall, the owner of the Redskins. "They're front runners. They're not a second-half team. The Bears are quitters."

Marshall was highly uncomplimentary in his postgame comments to the press. Halas treasured every rash word. He saved all the clippings from the Washington newspapers and posted them on his bulletin board in the Bear clubhouse when his heroes began preparations for their championship game with the Redskins in Washington.

However, Halas, the master psychologist, was alarmed by his own handiwork. The Bears' reaction to the clippings scared him.

"I've overplayed my hand," he moaned to Luke Johnsos, an assistant coach. "These guys are so mad that they'll be too busy trying to kill the Redskins instead of beating them at football. I've got to calm them down."

He did it with a work load. He and his staff studied the movies. So did the players. Every play was analyzed, how this one clicked and why this one didn't. Variations were added to plays. Few game preparations were more thorough.

But all plans were predicated on one huge gamble. This was an era when defenses were confined to a few simple alternatives and not the complex, highly intricate and involved machinations that two-platoon football demands. Halas conferred with Luckman.

"I'm gambling that the Redskins don't change their defense," said George. Then he added musingly, "But no coach has ever changed a winning defense. There's one way to find out. On the first play I want you to send George McAfee inside right tackle. If the defenses are the same, turn Osmanski loose."

By game time the hot anger of the Bears had simmered to a cold fury. Their mental condition was perfect. So was their play.

Luckman sent McAfee bursting inside tackle on the first play after the kickoff. McAfee gained eight yards. Luckman was smiling when he returned to the huddle.

"Same defense, fellows," he said. They all smiled.

Osmanski took the hand-off and streaked to his left. George Musso, the big guard, removed one line backer. George Wilson, the right end, came tearing diagonally across the field. He timed his block until he had two tacklers in his gunsights. Then he fired. It was like a double-barrelled shotgun. He erased both with one block. Bullet Bill sped 68 yards for a touchdown.

Shortly thereafter came the turning point in the game, even though the final result makes it hardly recognizable. Baugh spun a beautiful pass to Charlie Malone, free in the end zone. Blinded by the sun, he dropped it. At that moment the Redskins were through for the day.

The Bears then gave a demonstration of power football, marching 80 yards for a touchdown. Then Joe Manacik streaked for a tally and Ken Kavanaugh caught a pass for a fourth. It was 28-0 at halftime.

Pretty soon the Bears were scoring as often when the Redskins had the ball as when they had it themselves. They could do no wrong. This was absolute perfection.

At the end of the third quarter Halas relaxed for the first time. The score was then 54-0.

When the Bears scored their eleventh touchdown, Red

Friesell, the referee, came racing over to Halas on the sidelines.

"George," he said, "I'm in a terrible jam. The fans have kept every football kicked into the stands after each conversion. This is the last football we have. Would you mind asking your boys not to kick for the extra point but to run or pass for it?"

"My boys are perfect little gentleman," said the overjoyed Halas. "They'll be more than happy to oblige." So they obliged with a pass.

The final score was that classic of classics, 73-0.

The entire sports world was stunned. It focused more attention on the pro game than it had had since Grange, and even the last doubter was now convinced that the pros were infinitely superior to the collegians in every phase of the sport. And the beaming Halas, the designer of this awesome engine of destruction, was the No. 1 football man in the land.

Immediately the imitators began to pay him the sincerest form of flattery. Shortly after the Bears demolished the Redskins with their T-formation, Clark Shaughnessy's Stanford team walloped Nebraska in the Rose Bowl with the T. That settled it.

The T was the solution to all ills. The country went wild for the T. Within a few years all the pro teams and most of the college teams had switched from the single wing or whatever formation they had used to the T.

The Bears of that vintage were the perfect football team, the greatest beyond question of all one-platoon teams. They were so good that Tim Cohane, the sports editor of *Look* magazine, penned a clever bit of verse when the Monsters of the Midway drafted Tommy Harmon of Michigan, supposedly the best halfback since Grange. Wrote Tim in tongue-in-cheek fashion:

*If Harmon takes the offer
To fit in Halas' scheme,
The question then to proffer
Is: Can he make the team?*

It so happened that Harmon didn't take the offer. But by then it had become academic. The war was on and the Bears went off to service. Leading them was the Papa Bear, Lieutenant Commander George Stanley Halas. While he was off in distant lands, he often received droll letters from his old

teammate, Jimmy Conzelman, who always has referred to Halas as "the nicest rich man I know." One letter had this to say:

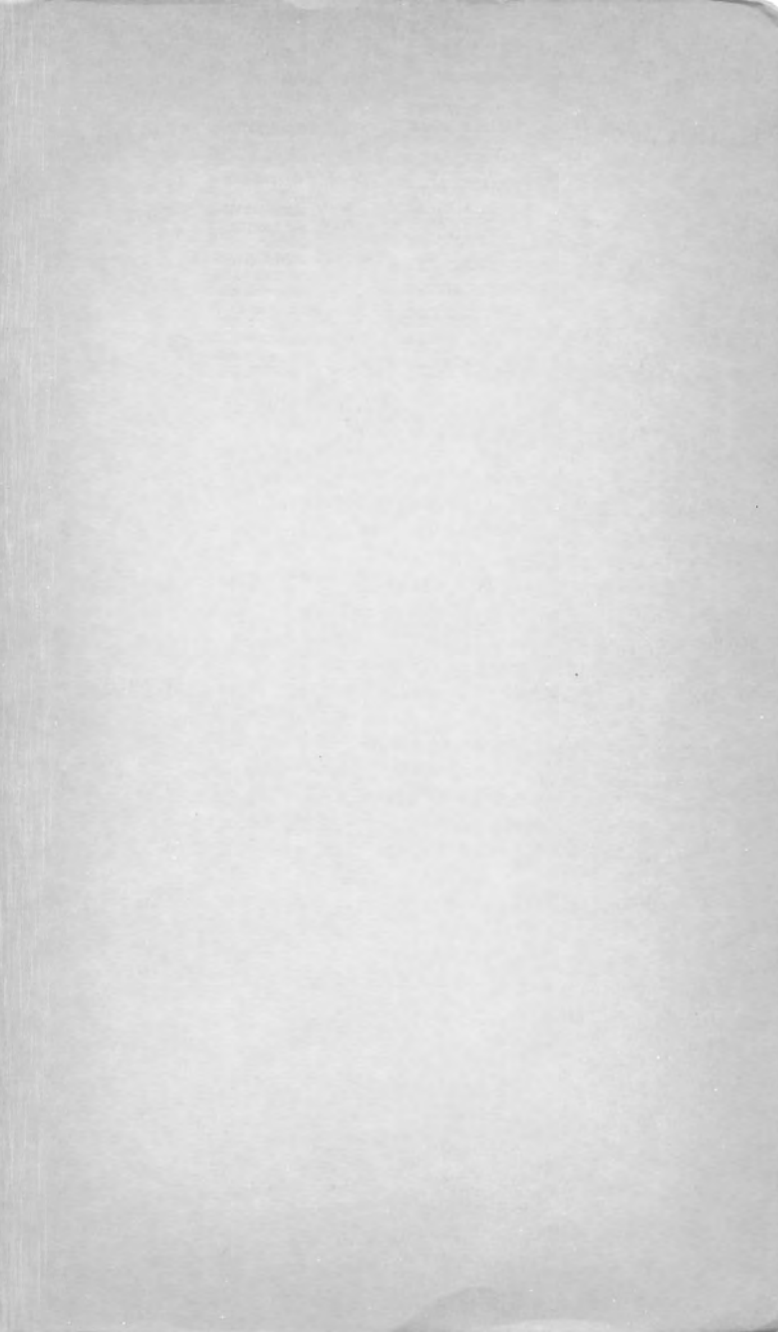
"Having you out there is a risky business for the Allies. With your Midas touch you'll undoubtedly wind up owning every island in the South Pacific. Every atoll will carry the sign, 'No Trespassing. George Halas, Prop.' The Japanese will not only have to sign a peace treaty with each government but with you."

But when Halas returned from the wars, he returned to another strong Bear team, even though the new All-America Conference was cutting down the supply of manpower. The AAC cast covetous eyes on three players in particular, Johnny Lujack, Bobby Layne and George Connor. By the time Halas was through manipulating all three were with the Bears. It made for quite a quarterback squad, the L boys—Luckman, Lujack and Layne.

However, the National Football League eventually clamped down on the trade of draft choices and thereby crimped the Halas style. He stopped piling up surplus talent and his planning went askew when Lujack, already ticketed as Luckman's successor in the start of a new quarterback dynasty, injured a shoulder. George has been scrambling for a quarterback of super-star stature ever since.

In 1955 Owner Halas fired Coach Halas, claiming his alter ego should give way to a younger man. So he selected his old pal, Paddy Driscoll, who was only one year younger. After two seasons of idleness, the Papa Bear returned to his old job as coach.

Halas has been a vital, vibrant part of pro football almost from the beginning, and his contributions have been enormous. He is an imperishable part of it and he has an imperishable monument to prove it, the Chicago Bears.





PRO FOOTBALL'S HALL OF FAME

The inspiring stories and the legendary exploits of 17 football immortals — the first to be chosen as Hall of Famers

JIM THORPE

The Incomparable Indian

PETE HENRY

The Jolly Jolter

RED GRANGE

The Galloping Ghost

JOHNNY BLOOD

The Magnificent Screwball

ERNIE NEVERS

The Iron Man

CAL HUBBARD

The Big Umpire

MEL HEIN

Old Indestructible

BRONKO NAGURSKI

The Rock of Ages

DUTCH CLARK

The Flying Dutchman

DON HUTSON

The Alabama Antelope

SAMMY BAUGH

The Slinger

JOE CARR

Pioneer President

BERT BELL

Swivel-Chair Dynamo

TIM MARA

The Smiling Irishman

**GEORGE PRESTON
MARSHALL**

The Great Showboat

CURLY LAMBEAU

Peerless Packer

GEORGE HALAS

The Papa Bear

Told by the dean of American sportswriters,
Arthur Daley of *The New York Times*

